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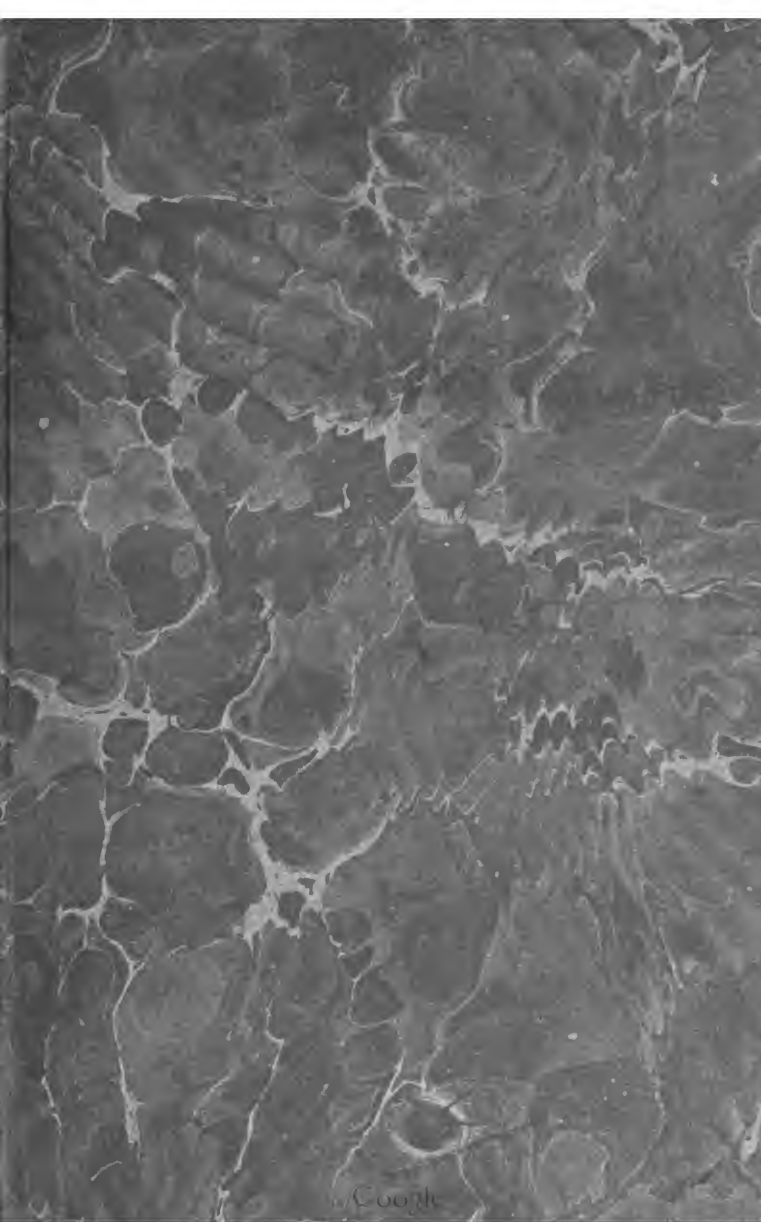
The hills of contemplation

Fiona McKay

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THE HILLS OF CONTEMPLATION

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

VOICES OF THE VALLEY.

LEAVES OF GOLD.

ETC.

THE HILLS OF CONTEMPLATION

THOUGHTS FOR CONTEMPLATION
FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR

BY
FIONA MCKAY

"Come, let us go to the hills of contemplation,
Whence the limpid waters flow."

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

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Dedication
TO
THE GREAT LOVER OF SOULS

**Go, little book,
Your whisperings, may be,—
For who the course of Truth can see ?—
Shall urge the faltering feet
To climb with more persistent beat
The mountain's craggy slope.
Shall lead, perchance, where patient Hope
Waits to fulfil her wingèd part,
And lifts all burden from the heart;
Where Joy steps in and breaks with song
The way that hitherto seemed long.
Yet more, I trust, you shall wake love in every soul
For Love Himself, the Way, the Goal.—
God speed you, little book !**

Fiona McKay.

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January

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“Our Lord’s Sacred Infancy.”

A LITTLE Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,
That sin has cast away.

O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball !

J. Banister Tabb.

FIRST WEEK OF JANUARY

I.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THINE ears shall hear the voice of one admonishing thee behind thy back: This is the way, walk ye in it: and go not aside to the right hand, nor to the left.

Isa. xxx. 21.

II.—“GOD.”

“I am Who am.”

Upon Thy Face, O God, Thy world
Looks ever up in love and awe;
Thy stars in circles ever onward hurled
Sustain the steadying yoke of law.

.
Amid an ordered universe,
Man's spirit only dare rebel,
With light, O God, its darkness pierce !
With love its raging chaos quell !

Aubrey de Vere.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

HOW narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leadeth to life; and few there are that find it! *St. Matt. vii. 14.*

This pathway up the lofty mountain of perfection, in that it ascends upwards and is straight, requires that those who climb it should carry nothing with them which shall press them downwards, or embarrass them in their ascent upwards. And as this is a matter in which we should seek and aim after God alone, so God only ought to be the sole object of our efforts. *St. John of the Cross.*

In thy garden stand,
And tend with pious hand
The flowers thou plantest there,
Which are thy proper care,
O man of God! in meekness and in love,
And waiting for the blissful realms above.

Cardinal Newman.

We are on a life-long journey from earth to heaven. In this journey we need a guide, and we shall find one in a rule of life wisely framed.

Mme. Cecilia.

Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God.

2 Tim. ii. 15.

We must have store.
Go, soul, out of thyself and seek for more.

Crashaw.

JANUARY 2.

GOD.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

St. John i. 1.

It is true that things which concern the Godhead are of themselves calculated to excite in us love, and consequently devotion, since God is to be loved above all things; yet it is due to the weakness of the human mind that just as it needs to be led by the hand to the knowledge of Divine things, so also must it be led to Divine love by means of the things of sense already known to it; and the chief of these things is the Humanity of Christ—so “that knowing God visibly in the flesh, we may thereby be carried away to the love of things invisible.”

St. Thomas Aquinas.

Reason, have done !
Of thee I'll none
While face to face I see the sun.

J. Banister Tabb.

He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh
is set at liberty from a multitude of opinions.

Thomas à Kempis

I have gained by knowing Thee, my God !
Henceforth I crave to love Thee evermore !

St. John of the Cross.

LET every soul be subject to higher powers:
for there is no power but from God: and
those that are, are ordained of God.

Rom. xiii. 1.

You wish to enter into the faith, but you know not the road; you wish to be cured of your unbelief, and you inquire for the remedy: learn, then, of those who were once such as you are. Copy the manner in which they set out; imitate their external actions, if you cannot as yet enter into their internal dispositions.

Pascal.

If I might choose one gift God's hand could
yield,

What would I crown my life withal to-day ?
What would I choose, and what would I forgo ?
Would all desire go up in that swift cry,
Were it one little moment's space, *to know*
God's love which passeth knowledge, verily ;
And, ere the glory fadeth off, to die ?
Would God that I were sure of choosing so !

Emily Hickey.

The mind accepted, yea, the heart revered,
That which the will lacked strength to follow.

Aubrey de Vere.

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

Tr. Fr. Caswall.

GIVE me understanding, and I will search
Thy law; and I will keep it with my
whole heart.

Ps. cxviii. 34.

What are all sciences but sparkles of the life God leads in the world of nature and of matter? Every phenomenon is a transparency in the many-coloured mantle in which He has arrayed His Humanity. Every law is but a fraction of His will, and therefore a partial revelation of Himself.

Fr. Faber.

The glory of Him Who moveth everything
Doth penetrate the universe.

Dante.

How little does this world appear when I view the heavens! How little do the material heavens and this immense universe appear, when I think of Thee, my God!

St. Ignatius.

Over all the world, within man's heart
The unwritten law abode, from earliest time
Upon our being stamp'd, nor wholly lost:
Men saw it, loved it, praised—and disobeyed.

Aubrey de Vere.

The world subsists to display the mercy and the justice of God: men are not treated as they would be were they the same as when they issued from the hands of their Maker; but as His enemies, God in mercy bestows upon them sufficient light to return to Him, if they are disposed to see and to follow Him; and sufficient to condemn them if they refuse.

Pascal.

THUS saith the Almighty Lord: have I not prayed you as a Father his sons, as a mother her daughters . . . that you would be My people, and I would be your God; that you would be My children, and I would be your Father.

2 Esdras i. 28, 29.

Nothing in life has any meaning except as it draws us further into God, and presses us more closely to Him. The world is no better than a complication of awkward riddles, or a gloomy storehouse of disquieting mysteries, unless we look at it by the light of this simple truth, that the Eternal God is the last and only end of every soul of man.

Fr. Faber.

To the soul
Far more than to the intellect of man
I deemed the gift vouchsafed, when on me first
This new-born science dawned.

Aubrey de Vere.

The heart has its arguments, which reason
knows not: this is felt in a thousand ways.

Pascal.

Father ! what hast Thou grown to now ?

A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love.

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God ! to see Thy Face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart,

O make Thyself more space. *Fr. Faber.*

GOD said: My Spirit shall remain in man
for ever.

Gen. vi. 3.

There are two ways of taking account of the nature of man: that in which we consider him in relation to the final objects of his being—and in this view he is grand and incomprehensible—and that in which we allow our judgment of him to be formed by the mere habitual sight of his actions. . . . Two things may acquaint man with the whole constitution of his nature, Instinct and Experience.

Pascal.

I loved thee of old: I saved:
Upon My palms thy name is graved.

Aubrey de Vere.

Let us return all good to the great and all-powerful God, acknowledging that all proceeds from Him, thanking Him for all His benefits, since everything comes from Him.

St. Francis of Sales.

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high !
Because Thou first hast lovèd me ;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

Apart from Thee all things are nought:
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss !
Grant me to love Thee as I ought ;
Thou givest all in giving this !

Tr. : Fr. Faber.

SEE that you refuse Him not that speaketh.

Heb. xii. 25.

We live in the midst of revelations. We are continually receiving what we call inspirations. There is hardly ever a complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us wellnigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear these whisperings of God.

Fr. Faber.

No marvel this:

The earth was shaped for myriad forms of
greatness,

As freedom, genius, beauty, science, art,
Some extant, some to be: such forms of
greatness

Are, through God's will, greatness conditional:
Where Christ is greatest these are great;
elsewhere

Great only to betray.

Aubrey de Vere.

From One Word are all things, and this
One all things speak; and this is the Beginning
which also speaks to us; without this
Word no one understands or judges rightly.

Thomas à Kempis.

O greatly dare ! securely learn

How fearlessly thy feet

Should earth's decaying splendour spurn

To gain the heavenly seat.

Leo XIII.

SECOND WEEK OF JANUARY

“THE CHURCH.”

“The fountain of gardens : the well of living waters.”

Canticles iv. 15.

HOW long shall men deny the flower
Because its root is in the earth,
And crave with tears from God the dower
They have, and have despised as dearth ?

Coventry Patmore.

THOU art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And to thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

St. Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

Once grasp that the Catholic Church is Christ's historical expression of Himself: once see in her Eyes the Divine glance, and through her face the Face of Christ Himself: once hear from her lips that Voice which speaks always "as one having authority"; and you will understand that no nobler life is possible for a human soul than to "lose herself" in that glorious Society which is His Body; no greater wisdom than to think with her; no purer love than that which burns in her Heart, who, with Christ as her Soul, is indeed the Saviour of the world.

Mgr. Benson.

Thou, Mother, wouldst all hearts in thy one heart could be

To welcome that dear Lord, the Manna from above—

That all might be one throne, one heaven of purity,

One canticle of love.

O Mother, do not pause, perform the blest desire,

Make body, soul, and heart completely only thine !

What in us is not Christ—O burn it, Sacred Fire !
Consume it, Love Divine !

Fr. Digby Best.

BEHOLD I am with you at all times, even to the consummation of the world.

St. Matt. xxviii. 20.

We should enter God's Temple in order to become holy. All therein should conduce to our sanctification; that baptismal font which reminds us of the origin of our spiritual regeneration, and puts us in mind of the grace and obligations of our baptism; those altars teach us, that we have a heart wherein Jesus wishes to dwell, and wherein we can offer as many sacrifices as we have temptations. Those confessionals, do they not invite us to sigh for our sins, and do they not make us long to be bathed in the precious Blood of Jesus? That Divine and adorable tabernacle, does it not lovingly entreat us to kneel and pray before Him with great purity of intention, and to ask for the grace to love Him more and more?

Fr. Fléchier.

O where true joy and rest,
Where an untroubled breast,
Save here with Thee, O Jesu, shall I find?
Here in Thy living Church of ancient days,
Which all amid the world's quick-shifting maze,
Thou hast on Peter built, a refuge for mankind!

Fr. Caswall.

Two precepts bind all souls beneath Thy sway—
Holy life,
Love, not strife.

Fr. Digby Best.

BEHOLD I have given thee a door opened
which no man can shut.

It is impossible to review the whole assemblage of the proofs of the Christian religion without feeling this force to a degree that no reasonable man can resist. *Pascal.*

Thou that soughtest
Shall not lack consummation. Many a race,
Shivering in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Shall cease from faith, and shamed though
shameless, sink
Back to its native clay; but over thine
God shall extend the shadow of His Hand.

Aubrey de Vere.

Divine Revelation is a science, not of the understanding, but of the heart. It is intelligible only to those who have a light heart. *Pascal.*

Let no one enter who disdains to bow.
High truths profanely gazed at unadored,
Will be abused at first, at last abhorred.

O stainless peace of blest Humility !
Of all who fain would enter, few, alas !
Catch the true meaning of that kind, sad eye ;
While thou, God's portress, stationed by His
door,
Dost stretch thy cross so near the marble floor,
That children only, without bending, pass.

Aubrey de Vere.

JANUARY 11. THE CHURCH.

LORD, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast
the words of eternal life. *St. John vi. 69.*

“No prophecy is of private interpretation.” We must believe nothing in religion but what has been declared by the Church, but many things declared by the Church must be spoken by the Spirit in the Soul before she can hear them in the word of the Church. Her orthodoxy, then, consists in this, that she must try what she hears in herself by that word, in which all is contained, either explicitly or implicitly.

Coventry Patmore.

As the moon its splendour borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Draws His Church her sacred light.
Touch'd by His, her hands have healing,
Bread of life, absolving key,
Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom;
The Spirit hers; His Temple she.

Aubrey de Vere.

They are running in Thy footsteps,
On the road which Thou didst tread.

St. John of the Cross.

Fall, ye nations, at her feet;
Hers that Truth whose fruit is Freedom,
Light her yoke, her burden sweet !

Aubrey de Vere.

GO ye and teach all nations.

St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

Here is this vast river of grace pouring from Calvary, the river that ought to be making glad the City of God. Here is this enormous reservoir of grace, bubbling up in every Sacrament, soaking the ground beneath our feet, freshening the air we breathe. And we still in our hateful false humility talk as if perfection were a dream and sanctification the privilege of those who see God in glory. . . . Here are we Catholics to whom have been committed the treasures of truth and grace; and here about us is the world to whom we have not transmitted them. . . . Father, by the prayer of Thy crucified Son, forgive us also; for we know not what we do.

Mgr. Benson.

All the wealth of thy Spouse is entrusted to thee,
At thy feet we poor children gather;
For the future, at least, let us innocent be
In the Face of our Heavenly Father !

Fr. Digby Best.

None meets thee here
But his heart goes up to a happier sphere !
He sees, from the blossom of sense unfolded
By the Paraclete's breath, its Divine increase
Rose-leaf on rose-leaf in sanctity moulded,
The home and the realm of man's race above;
The vision of Truth and the kingdom of Love !

Aubrey de Vere.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation. *Isa. lii. 7.*

What a comfort it is to think of the vastness of the Church, of her holiness! There is the incessant action of those mighty Sacraments and the whole planet transfigured with the daily Mass. There is all heaven busy, as if time were too short, with a hundred occupations for each Christian soul, set in motion at the soul's request, or self moved by gratuitous love and pity. *Fr. Faber.*

Let the King
Me ever into these His cellars bring,
Where flows such wine as we can have of none
But Him Who trod the wine-press all alone.

Crashaw.

If I met a priest and an angel on the same road, I should at once kiss the hands of the priest before attending to the angel.

St. Francis of Assisi.

These are thy saints, Church of the living God;
These are thy teachers, O inerrant world,
Who dare thee for the love of Him Who came
Seeking fair gems amidst the filth of sin, . . .
To store as jewels in His crown at last:
Those precious stones which love should
sharply cut,
Dug from the darksome depths of Adam's guilt.

Chatterton Dix.

HOW lovely are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord
of Hosts !

Ps. lxxxiii. 2.

What wonderful things have those holy men done for God and for the salvation of souls, who, in union with their Divine Master, have devoted all their powers to God's work, and said heartily and most earnestly: "Take, O Lord, all my liberty, my memory, my understanding, and all my will. All these things Thou gavest to me, I give them all back."

Fr. Gallwey, S.J.

They in Thy stead the truth maintain,
And guard the Christian Faith from stain.

Tr.: Fr. Faber.

The Church finds itself happily situated between Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, drawn by the one, conducted by the other.

St. Chrysostom.

O balanced Soul, heaven-bound through time
and space,

Midway 'twixt atoms and immensities,
Swerve not to right or left from guidance given.

'Tis in thyself that high and low embrace:
The great can bend, the small can always rise.
Go thou thy way, thy foot on earth, thy
heart in heaven.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

Oh ! for that vision, perfect, face to face,
Which knows no harsh confusion, nothing
warped,

The Vision Beatific, saints shall see !

Chatterton Dix.

THIRD WEEK OF JANUARY

“SIN.”

THE teeth thereof are the teeth of a lion,
killing the souls of men.

Ecclus. xxi. 3.

With justice mark not Thou, O Light Divine !
My guilt, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear !
Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe !
Wash with Thy Blood my sins !

Michael Angelo.

IF your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow : and if they be red as crimson, they shall be as white as wool. *Isa. i. 18.*

Let him never cease from prayer who has once begun it, be his life ever so wicked ; for prayer is the way to amend it, and without prayer such amendment will be much more difficult. Let him believe that His words are true Who says that if we truly repent, and resolve never to offend Him, He will take us into His favour again, give us the graces He gave us before, and occasionally even greater if our repentance really deserve it.

St. Theresa.

Jesus, no more ! It is full tide ;
From Thy Head and from Thy Feet,
From Thy Hands and from Thy Side,
All the purple rivers meet. . . .

I counted wrong : there is but one ;
But O that one is one all o'er. . . .
This Thy Blood's deluge—to us is found
A deluge of deliverance. . . .
Ne'er wast Thou in a sense so sadly true,
The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

Crashaw.

When a man shall have done what lieth in him : as I live, saith the Lord, I will not remember his sins any more.

Thomas à Kempis.

I KNOW my iniquity, and my sin is always
before me.

Ps. l. 5.

Our Lord Himself tells us that no one can come to the Father except through Him, and that all we ask for in His Name shall be given us. As to the penitent sinner, we are wrong to call him a sinner, for he is not one any longer, because he already detests his sin. And even if the Holy Spirit is not yet in his heart by indwelling, He is there through the help He is giving him to repent.

St. Francis of Sales.

If Thou weepest, then must I weep too,
. . . yet what can *I* undo,
I the undone, the undone,
To comfort Thee, God's Son ?
Oh, draw me near, and, for some lowest use,
That I may be
Lost and undone in Thee,
Me from mine own self loose !

Crashaw.

Love too comes back wherever it was born,
Whether in hearts below or heaven above,
From God to man, from man to God; from
me
To that which is my life, when every morn
I look into my Chalice, there to see
Myself reflected in the depths of Love.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

ACCORDING to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my iniquity. *Ps. l. 3.*

Habitual sin may be justly called the highest point of sin, since it causes the loss of the fear of God, and begets a contempt for His holy law. A sinful act, often reiterated, becomes a habit, habit engenders necessity, necessity becomes impossibility, impossibility is the mother of despair. *St. Bernard.*

Late though I come, at last
The dress I cast
Of my deceit, which hid
Till late
My soiled estate:
All that I did, I did
In secrecy.

Lord, in my secret places cleanse Thou me !

Laurence Housman.

We do more for others by correcting ourselves, than by endeavouring to correct them.

Fénelon.

Yea, though I sin each day times seven,
And dare not lift the fearfullest eyes to
Heaven,
Thanks must I give,
Because that seven times are not eight or nine,
And that my darkness is all mine.

Coventry Patmore.

WASH me more yet from my iniquity, and
 cleanse me from my sin. *Ps. l. 4.*

The same God Who is offended with
 - mortal sin—a God infinitely great and loving,
 the God to Whom we are indebted for every-
 thing, and Who has so often prevented us
 from falling into mortal sin—this same God is
 offended by venial sin. *Fr. de la Colombière, S.J.*

Now our deeds
 Thou knowest, and how we sinned.

Dante.

Alas ! fatal experience has taught me but
 too often that the lightest venial fault
 diminishes the horror of sin; that it strength-
 ens in my soul an attachment to evil; that
 it is easy to fall when venial sins are dis-
 regarded.

Fr. Segneri, S.J.

Dost Thou not know
 I never turned aside to mock Thy woe ?
 I had respect to Thy great love for men :
 What will Thou, then,
 Question of each new lust—

Oh, Christ, let be !
 Stretch not Thine ever-pleading Hands thus
 wide,
 Nor with imperious gesture touch Thy Side !

Laurence Housman.

CREATE a clean heart in me, O God

Ps. l. 12.

God utterly abhors sin, yet in His wisdom He suffers it in order to leave perfect free-will to His creatures, so that they who are able to offend, by not offending may incur His greater favour. Be it ours to accept and bless the freedom He thus gives us; but forasmuch as while suffering sin He abhors it, let us strive earnestly to abhor it too, earnestly entreating that it be not committed, and using all available means to hinder its birth, progress or triumph.

St. Theresa.

Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission.

Milton.

Make a sincere resolution of never wilfully, and with full deliberation, consenting to any known sin, howsoever venial it may seem to be; and much more of never indulging any habit or custom of any such sin.

Bishop Challoner.

Dear mystery of Love, which so decreed
By strong design to win
Sure entrance in
To man's most secret need,
Thou for our piteous sakes
Becamest sin !

Laurence Housman.

WASH yourselves, be clean. Take away
the evil of your devices from My eyes.

Isa. i. 16.

O Father, Thy children are all disfigured,
and no longer resemble Thee! They are
irritated, they are discouraged when told
they should belong to Thee as Thou dost to
Thyself. Reversing this righteous order,
they foolishly desire to raise themselves into
divinities: they desire to belong to them-
selves; or at least, only to give themselves
to Thee without reserve on certain conditions,
and for their own interest.

Fénelon.

As the foul flesh lays by the hindering robe,
Letting the water probe
And purge each stain,
Till with that sweet medicinal receipt
From face to feet
The body is made sane;
So from my shame-faced soul, do I aside
All covering lay (who have so long denied
Thy cleansing power), to be purified.

Laurence Housman.

Do not have the least fear that our un-
faithfulness can make us unworthy of the
mercy of God: nothing is so worthy of His
mercy as great wretchedness.

Fénelon.

Yet canst Thou use these sin-stained hands?
“These hands,” quoth Christ, “of them I
make thy need.”

Laurence Housman.

BEHOLD the man that made not God his helper.

Ps. li. 9.

It is the Uncreated Spirit, says St. Paul, who, immersed in the depths of the Divinity, can penetrate into the mire of the malice of sin; and as there is but the immense capacity of the knowledge of God, who can comprehend what He is, and the honour which is due to Him, so there is only His perfect intelligence, which can form a true estimate of the enormity of mortal sin.

Fr. Texier.

Lord, I am foul; there is no whole
Fair part in me
Where Thou canst deign to be !
This form is not Thy making, since it stole
Fruit from the bitter tree. *Laurence Housman.*

Towards sinners Thou art most patient;
towards penitents Thou art most pitiful.

St. Augustine.

From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
By that same path our true forefathers trod;
And let not reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower and
grass,

Before I learn that Love, which is, and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God !

Tennyson.

And Him I thank Who can make live again.

Cobentry Patmore.

FOURTH WEEK OF JANUARY

I.—“CONVERSION.”

THEY that fear the Lord will prepare their hearts, and in His sight will sanctify their souls.

Ecclus. ii. 20.

II.—“THE REASONABLE SERVICE.”

Whatsoever you do, do it from the heart as to the Lord, and not to men.

Knowing that you shall receive of the Lord the reward of inheritance.

Serve ye the Lord Christ.

Col. iii. 23, 24.

WHAT doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul ?

St. Matt. xvi. 26.

I fancied it was because I had no certain light as to the direction of my life. that I put off from day to day following Thee alone by despising all worldly hopes. The day came when my eyes were opened to myself, and the voice of my conscience asked me in a tone of reproach, "Where art thou, O tongue ? for thou wert saying that thou wouldst not give up the yoke of vanity for an uncertain truth. See, now it is certain, and is still knocking at the door."

St. Augustine.

Greater love He could not show
Than to wait for thee till now—
O ungrateful sinner ! move—
Give thy Saviour love for love.

Fr. Digby Best.

O most tender and gentle Lord Jesus,
teach me so to contemplate Thee, that I may
love Thee sincerely and simply as Thou hast
loved me.

Cardinal Newman.

O hear a suppliant heart, all crusht,
And crumbled into contrite dust.

Crashaw.

THE Spirit breatheth where He will: and thou hearest His voice, but thou knowest not whence He cometh, and whither He goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

St. John iii. 8.

Consider and admire the wonders of the grace of God in the conversion of St. Paul, suddenly changed from a fiery zealot for the Jewish religion and a persecutor for the Church of Christ to be a fervent Christian. Learn hence the greatness of God's mercy, and the power of His grace; learn never to despair of the conversion of anyone, however remote he may seem from the faith or grace of God.

Bishop Challoner.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread !
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness
For us poor sinners' sake.

Fr. Faber.

How strange it is ! Two thieves were crucified with our Saviour, and both received the inspiration of contrition, yet only one of them was converted. Assuredly neither the one nor the other had ever done anything good, and the penitent thief was one of the most desperate robbers ; nevertheless at the last moment of his life he looked upon the Cross, found therein Redemption, and was saved.

St. Francis of Sales.

Pray lest I, brought to death,
Die, and fall short of Thee !

Laurence Housman.

A MEN I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

St. Matt. xviii. 3.

In the Bosom of the Most High God, amid the astounding marvels of the Most Holy Trinity, amid the boundless silences and the uncreated fires of the illimitable majesty of God—there is our home—there is to be our life—there are our interests, and our occupations for all eternity! What an incredible faith, incredible even from the very exceedingness of its simplicity. What grave, broad thoughts it suggests to us, and yet such homely, plain practical truths! The grandeur of the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity makes us children all at once.

Fr. Faber.

Now with the rising golden dawn,
Let us the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Fr. Caswall.

Sweet Hope, arise on dewy wing,
Meet music in me making;
Blow through me, Zephyr-breathing Spring,
All life within me waking.
Ye graces, under whose control
The flowers of peace are springing,
Commence that season in my soul,
That sets the angels singing.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

JANUARY 25. CONVERSION.

IF you seek the Lord your God, you shall find Him, provided always you seek with all your heart, and in the bitter tribulation of your soul.

Deut. iv. 29.

It is of little worth to acknowledge our sins, we must also feel an inward grief, a salutary compunction of heart, and that bitterness of soul which the Apostle calls sadness unto God.

Bourdaloue.

Scripture speaks of a converted man as a new man, because, in fact, it produces a wonderful renewal in a regenerated creature. . . . It is by degrees that the work is perfected. We must first fight against the dire enemies of our salvation.

Fr. Houdry.

Behold that dark brown chrysalis, seeming dead—

Can such things live ? Will life's reviving might
Arouse this sleeper from so dark a night ?

Yes, see !—Over its wings had error's meshes
spread,

The bonds of lie and prejudice and hell :

And the beholder, in an underbreath,

Sighed sadly as he whispered, " This is
death ! "

But no—a power thrills through the lifeless
shell ;

And into glorious morn the spirit springs,
The light of heaven gleaming from its wings.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

JANUARY 26. CONVERSION.

K NOW that it is now the hour to rise from sleep.

Rom. xiii. 14.

I had no answer to make to those words of Thine to me, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee." I, who was convinced of the truth, had nothing whatever to answer Thee, everywhere showing Thyself to speak true things, except slow words and sleepy words. "Anon, anon"; "Presently"; "Leave me alone for a little while." But "presently, presently," had no present, and my little while went on for a long while.

St. Augustine.

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes, I sped;

And shot, precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears
From those strong Feet that followed, followed
after.

Francis Thompson.

My son, forsake thyself and thou shalt find
Me !

Lord, how often shall I resign myself, and
wherein shall I forsake myself?—always,
yea, every hour; as well in small things as in
great.

Thomas à Kempis.

JANUARY 27. CONVERSION.

GOD sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world might be saved by Him.

St. John iii. 17.

Years have passed, and each year God called you. He urged you, He begged, He prayed, He entreated, He made great promises. But you would not. The world, youth, riches, honours, above all things, pleasures, were tempting. God was put off. Will you come to God *now*?

Fr. Faber.

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have nought beside.)
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Francis Thompson.

What hast thou done for God, my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for His mercy upon thee.

Fr. Faber.

THE Spirit and the Bride say: Come. And he that heareth, let him say: Come. And he that thirsteth, let him come: And he that will, let him take of the water of life freely.

Apoc. xxii. 17.

God, when He created man, gave him a free will, and this in so perfect a way that, without constraint, without impairing his liberty, He rules him by His power, frightens him by His threats, and wins him by His blessings. . . . It is to gain them that He warns, that He encourages them, that He leads them on in so wonderful a manner as to bring them, with His assistance, to that happiness which is their destiny.

Cardinal Bellarmine.

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His Hand, outstretched caressingly ?
“ Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest !
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest
Me.”

Francis Thompson.

Give me grace, O my Father, to be utterly ashamed of my own reluctance ! Rouse me from sloth and coldness, and make me desire Thee with my whole heart.

Cardinal Newman.

ONE is your Master, Christ.

St. Matt. xxiii. 10.

To be a servant of God is to be charitable towards our neighbour, to have in the superior part of the soul an answering resolution to follow the will of God, joined to the deepest humility, and simple confidence in Him.

St. Francis of Sales.

His will is our peace; this is the sea
To which is moving onwards whatsoever
It doth create.

Dante.

Since all our obligations are summed up in the threefold duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, we must take these as the base.

Mme. Cecilia.

There is no progress but in the following of Christ, Who is the way, the truth, and the life, and the gate by which he who will be saved must enter.

St. John of the Cross.

Mix all your many worlds above,
And loose them into one of love.

Crashaw.

I AM the vine, you the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for without Me you can do nothing.

St. John xv. 4.

No natural power in the creation can possibly raise the soul to God. To effect this great object a Divine power must descend from God, and enter the soul of man, purifying and sanctifying his nature, illuminating him with Divine light, strengthening and attracting him to ascend above himself in will and desire by the infusion of a Divine virtue. This is the mystery of grace.

Archbishop Ullathorne.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Fr. Faber.

Your first care must be to be anxiously and longingly earnest in your endeavours to imitate Christ in all your actions; doing every one of them to the uttermost of your power, as the Lord Himself would have done them.

St. John of the Cross.

I step, I mount where He has led.

Cardinal Newman.

THOU art my God, my heart hath been
inflamed: I am always with Thee: Thou
art the God of my heart, and the God that is
my portion for ever.

Ps. lxxii. 26.

We must be attentive to the voice of grace;
that is to say, we must obey the motives
which faith inspires in us. Herein lies our
salvation, and the more docile we are to the
lesson of faith, the holier will our lives be,
and the more pleasing to God. God has
made the first advance to us; but in order
that we may have the opportunity of acquiring
merit, He leaves us free to respond to them.

Abbé Saudreau.

This our eyes will see—

**Faith that shoulders great loads lustily;
Hope that shoots up a hundredfold;
And love in roses wondrous to behold.**

Michael Field.

**Have an earnest desire that God may give
you all He knows you to be deficient in, for
His greater honour and glory.**

St. John of the Cross.

**Time flies, and judgment nears;
Go! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal years.**

Fr. Faber.

February

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

"The Sacred Passion."

I AM a lily among thorns.

Canticles ii. 2.

I would lift
Flashes of such faith that I may drain
From each gem the wells of Blood that press.

Michael Field.

FIRST WEEK OF FEBRUARY

“GRACE.”

“Arise, O north wind, and come, O south wind, blow through my garden, and let the aromatical spices thereof flow.”

Canticles iv. 16.

MY heart shall be Thy garden, come, my
own,

Into Thy garden, Thine be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest
flowers,

From root to crowning petal Thine alone.

Alice Meynell.

SING ye to the Lord, for He hath done
great things.

Isa. xii. 5.

To each day is sufficient its good and evil.
This daily fulfilment of the will of God is
the coming of His kingdom within us, and
these together are our daily bread. *Fénelon.*

What is that
Which Virtue's self doth rest on; that which
yields her
Light for her feet, and daily, heavenly bread;
Which from demoniac pride and madness
shields her,
And storms that most assail the loftiest head?
The Christian's humble faith; that faith
which cheers
The orphan's quivering heart and stays the
widow's tears.
Aubrey de Vere.

Let God be served in all things—His yoke
is sweet; and it is of great importance that
the soul should not be dragged, as they say,
but carried gently, that it may make greater
progress. *St. Theresa.*

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us know and
love Thee,
Unfold to us the treasures of Thy grace,
That so our hearts, from things of earth
uplifted,
May long alone to gaze upon Thy Face.
Sweet Heart of Jesus, we implore,
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

BE strong in the grace which is in Christ
Jesus.

2 Tim. ii. 1.

The first and ceaseless endeavours of man should be man himself, to see what he hath been, what he is, and what he shall be. What he hath been, nothing; what he is, a reasonable creature; what he shall be, a guest of Paradise or of hell, of an eternal felicity or of an everlasting unhappiness. Behold what man is through sin, vanity, weakness, inconstancy. What he becometh by grace; a child of light, a terrestrial Angel, the son of a celestial Father, by adoption brother and co-heir of Jesus Christ, a vessel of election, the temple of the Holy Ghost.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And, to the end persisting, safe arrive.

Milton.

Remember that without God we can do nothing; but with His grace we should dare and undertake everything.

St. Angela Merici.

If every year we would root out one vice
we should sooner become perfect men.

Thomas à Kempis.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs

I do not pray;

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,

Just for to-day.

Sr. M. Xavier.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercy of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God, your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be reformed in the newness of your mind, that you may prove what is the good, and the acceptable, and the perfect will of God.

Rom. xii. 1, 2.

In the world of grace the pulses of the Divine life are almost visible. Each actual grace is an impulse of the Divine will, proceeding out of the depths of an illimitable mercy, an exquisite justice, and an infinite intelligence: and who shall number each day's graces on the earth?

Fr. Faber.

Much woe that man befalls
Who does not turn when sent, nor come
when Heaven calls.

Coventry Patmore.

There is a greater distance between sin
and grace than between grace and glory.

St. Francis of Assisi.

Sole hope, when we our sins repent,
So bounteous of Thy grace;
If thus Thou'rt good while we lament,
Oh, what when face to face?
Jesus, that name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light;
More than I ask in Thee I find
And lavish in delight.

Dryden.

Life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!

Crashaw.

UNTO the place from whence the rivers
come they return, to flow again.

Eccles. i. 7.

Graces are raining down upon us great and small, all our lives long, and inspirations are falling upon us, thick as snowflakes, and almost as softly and as silently, and we are fastened with a thousand fastenings to great unknown eternal purposes. . . . We are closed all round and walled in, not so much with the sun, moon, and stars, with the air and floor of our own planet, as with the living and inevitable presence of the All-holy, who will not spare us one moment from His sight.

Fr. Faber.

What means it ? Glory, sweetness, might ?
Not these but something holier far—
Shadows of Him, that Light of Light,
Whose priestly vestments all things are.

Aubrey de Vere.

One grâce wins another grâce.

Bl. Egidius.

For what is each heart, wheresoe'er it may
live,
But the centre of all the love God has to give,
As dear to its Father, whatever its station,
As if it by itself were the whole of creation ?

Fr. Faber.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,

In season, gay :

Let me be faithful to Thy grace,

Just for to-day. *Sr. M. Xavier.*

TRUST perfectly in the grace which is offered you in the revelation of Jesus Christ.
1 *St. Peter* i. 13.

Do you know what it is to be truly spiritual? It is to be the slaves of God: those who are signed with His mark—which is that of the Cross—He may sell all the world over for slaves, as He Himself was sold. But unless souls are resolved on this, they will never improve much, for the foundation of all this building is humility; and if this be not very sincere, our Lord will not allow the building to rise high lest it should fall entirely to the ground. It is necessary for this purpose, that the foundation should not consist of prayer and contemplation only; for unless you acquire virtues by the exercise of them, you will always be behind: for you know well that in the spiritual life, he who does not increase must decrease. I consider it impossible for love to stand still.

St. Theresa.

- Let God do that which He wills.
Let His servants endure and adore !

Aubrey de Vere.

Woe to him who does not humbly profit by the graces God bestows upon him for his spiritual good, and he who uses these gifts rather to procure his own glory than that of God !

St. Francis of Assisi.

On, ever on ! While He who guides Thee
flings
His golden grain along the azure way.

Aubrey de Vere.

“MASTER, where dwellest Thou ?” He saith to them: **“Come and see.”**

St. John i. 38, 39.

Desiring us to obey His signified will, God entreats, exhorts, inspires, urges, pleads with us; but when He suffers us to resist, He merely leaves us to exercise our free will, contrary to His desire and intention. Verily His desire is most earnest; for what can be a warmer expression of it than Our Lord's parable of the King who made a great supper, and not only invited and pressed, but constrained his guests to come and eat.

St. Francis of Sales.

“They have no wine.” The tender guest
Was grieved their feast should lack for
aught:

O great in love ! O full of grace !
That winds in Thee a river broad
From Christ. . . .

Be this Thy gift: that man henceforth
No more should creep through life content
(Draining the springs impure of earth)
With life's material element.

“They have no wine.” At heaven's high feast
That soft petition still hath place,
And bathes—so wills that kingly Priest
Whose “hour” is come—the worlds with
grace.

Aubrey de Vere.

LOOK to yourselves that you lose not the things which you have wrought.

2 St. John i. 8.

Man will have to render an account even of those graces he has not had, because if he worked with the grace which had been given to him, he would have obtained others which he has not received.

Bl. Egid'us.

How shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill ? . . .

First let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast or heathen sacrifice; . . .

Next as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace,
The Cross to carry in his place.

Cardinal Newman.

Of all the gifts of the Holy Spirit the principle is the grace to conquer self.

St. Francis of Assisi.

And Thou, my soul, thy wings of might
Put forth.

Aubrey de Vere.

O let us twine
Our roots with Thine,
That we may rise
Upon Thy wings and reach the skies.

Crashaw.

SECOND WEEK OF FEBRUARY

"FAITH."

Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appears not.

Heb. xi. 1.

IN vain the vision blest
Of Heaven were found,
Did Faith no ladder rest
Upon the ground.

J. Banister Tabb.

THE just man liveth by faith.

Rom. i. 17.

Faith is the basis and foundation of all the other virtues, but especially of hope and charity. Now when I say of charity I include the whole multitude of virtues by which charity is accompanied and followed. When charity is closely united to faith, it vivifies it; whence it follows that there is a dead faith and a dying faith. Dead faith is that which is separated from charity.

St. Francis of Sales.

Strong Son of God ! Immortal Love !

Whom we, that have not seen Thy Face
By Faith, and Faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove. . . .
We have but Faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness:—let it grow !

Tennyson.

The just man acts by faith in the smallest things. . . . Of all that is in the world he takes part only in what is unpleasant, not in what is pleasant. He loves his neighbours, but his charity does not restrict itself within these bounds, but flows out to his enemies, and then to those of God.

Pascal.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light;
Thou showest us Thy Face in heaven.

Fr. Faber

WITHOUT faith it is impossible to please
God.

Heb. xi. 6.

Consider the great truths which Christian faith teaches. That there is one God infinitely good, whose eye is always upon us; a God who is our first beginning and our last end, our Creator and Redeemer, to whom we belong by all kinds of titles; who made us for Himself and sent us hither for no other purpose but to love and serve Him in this world, and to be eternally happy with Him in the next.

Bishop Challoner.

Follow the Christ,—the King !
Live pure ! Speak true ! Right wrong !
Follow the King !
Else wherefore born ?

Tennyson.

He is a true and genuine Catholic that loveth the truth of God, the Church, the body of Christ; that preferreth nothing before the religion of God; nothing before the Catholic faith.

St. Vincentius.

How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief.

Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

Apoc. iii. 11.

BY faith we understand that the world was framed by the Word of God; that from invisible things visible things might be made.

Heb. xi. 3.

The actual practical faith that our Lord is God is something higher and sweeter than meditations on the mystery of the Incarnation, or on His Divine perfections. It is our very life as His redeemed and pardoned creatures. It is the basis of all devotion, as it is the ground of all holiness. Without this faith and the holy fear and reverence which spring from it, devotions to the sacred Humanity have little better than an artistic beauty. The deeper we go into this doctrine the more real seems the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament, the more lofty the majesty of Mary.

Fr. Faber.

Faith of our Fathers ! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er they hear that glorious word,
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

Fr. Faber.

God became man to unite in one Person
the object of your sight and of your faith.

St. Augustine.

O Shepherd of the faithful, O Jesus, gra-
cious be,
Increase the faith of all who put their faith
in Thee.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

THIS is the victory which overcometh
the world, our faith. 1 St. John v. 4.

Until faith exists in the soul it is dead in the sight of God. Faith must precede all other virtues. It is the door into the Church of God.

Fr. R. F. Clarke, S.J.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Cardinal Newman.

Sickness is contagious, so is vice; but goodness and grace are also contagious. In a thousand ways salvation is more easy when our days are spent with the good and holy who live by faith.

Fr. Gallwey, S.J.

O happy in their soul's high solitude,
Who commune thus with God and not with
earth !

Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,
A ready prey, as though in absent mood
They calmly move, nor hear the unmannered
mirth.

Cardinal Newman.

Through silence and the trembling stars
Comes faith from tracts no feet have trod !

Tennyson.

ALL things are possible to Him that believeth.

St. Mark ix. 23.

Faith soars aloft. It listens for the notes of heaven, the faint voices or echoes which scarce reach the earth. . . . It is foolishness in the eyes of the world ; but it is a foolishness of God wiser than the world's wisdom. . . . Let us think it enough, let us think it far too great a privilege for sinners such as we are, to inherit the faith once delivered to the saints ; let us accept it thankfully ; let us guard it watchfully ; let us transmit it faithfully to those who come after us.

Cardinal Newman.

Faith is no weakly flower,
By sudden heat, or chill, or stormy shower,
To perish in an hour ;
But rich in hidden worth,
A plant of grace, though striking root in
earth,
It boasts a hardy birth ;
Still from its native skies
Draws energy which common shocks defies,
And lives where nature dies !

Fr. Caswall.

Faith says many things on which the senses are silent ; but nothing which they deny. It is superior to them, but never contrary.

Pascal.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.

Cardinal Newman.

WE see now through a glass in a dark manner.
1 Cor. xiii. 12.

The Almighty, to impart to us the gift of faith, penetrates the soul and speaks to her; not by reasoning but by inspiration. . . . It is worthy of admiration that God proposes the mysteries of faith to our understandings, enveloped in dark clouds and thick veils, so that we cannot clearly see the truths we are required to believe; we merely catch a glimpse of them.
St. Francis of Sales.

A cloud no bigger than a hand,
And yet the gates of Heaven seem of brass,
And closed fast ?
Oh, ye of little faith ! Dost thou not see,
That in the darkened hour,
And in the falling shower,
Thy great and highest good lies utterly !
Look up ! make brave thy soul to bear the
sight
Of th' Ineffable Light,
Who calleth thee unto a cloudless land.

Fiona McKay.

It is faith that is required of thee, and a sincere life; not the height of understanding, nor the diving deep into the mysteries of God.
Thomas à Kempis.

What is nearer to Thy ears, O Lord, than a confessing heart and a life of faith ?

St. Augustine.

BEING justified therefore by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access through faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and glory in the hope of the glory of the sons of God.

Rom. v. 1, 2.

There is light enough for those who are disposed to see, and darkness enough for those who are disinclined. There is illumination sufficient to inform the elect, and obscurity sufficient to humble them.

Pascal.

He who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of
Light,
No other doctrine needs.

Milton.

A watchful faith not only performs good works as does a lively faith, but it penetrates and comprehends with promptness and subtlety all revealed truths. It is active and diligent in seeking out and embracing all that can advance and strengthen it. It is watchful and quick in discerning what is good and avoiding what is evil.

St. Francis of Sales.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

Cardinal Newman.

THIRD WEEK OF FEBRUARY

“HOPE.”

“Faith alone will not save us without good works ; we must also have Hope and Charity.”

Catholic Catechism.

**I HEARD a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, “Is there any hope?”
To which an answer pealed to that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand ;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.**

Tennyson.

LET all them that hope in Thee be glad :
they shall rejoice for ever, and thou
shalt dwell in them. *Ps. v. 12.*

Hope has been justly called a Divine or theological virtue; considered in every point of view, it terminates in God, and has this same adorable Being for its object.

St. Francis of Sales.

Love is the star by which our course we steer,
Love for our kind, its image glassed below ;
And when the breeze of hope begins to blow
The radiance spreads on that dilated sphere
O'er life's dark waters, nearer and more near.
A silver path that star appears to throw
Towards us, and with light that plain to sow
Which shakes beneath the shock of our
career.

Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
Itself a beacon unto those that stray :
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
To all whom Hope impels her seas to roam !
What, then, is Hope ? a Faith that dares to
move !

Aubrey de Vere.

O my God, with what great humility and self-abasement ought we not to live on this earth ! Yet at the same time what cause we have to anchor our hope and confidence firmly in our Lord.

St. Francis of Sales.

WE are saved by hope. But hope that is seen is not hope. For what a man seeth, why doth he hope for? But if we hope for that which we see not: we wait for it with patience.

Rom. viii. 24, 25.

If hope and fear go hand in hand, much more do hope and charity. But if hope is to be the stepping-stone to perfect charity, it must not dwell merely on what benefits we may look to obtain from God. It must put before us a higher object. It must point us to the happiness of loving God for His own sake.

Fr. R. F. Clarke, S.J.

Give us, Thou Giver of all good,
A heart of joy that can sing songs to Thee
E'en in the night, or when life's tedious ways
Seem to press heavily through the days:
Joys that will lie deeper than the tears
That rise above unuttered fears;
Or, like a fathomless abyss, is still
And silent, wrapt in a more perfect will,
Which suffers not a lesser need to break
The peace which God alone can give or take.

Aubrey de Vere.

God's hand is ever over His own, and He leads them forward by a way they know not of. The utmost they can do is to believe; what they cannot see now, that they shall see hereafter; and as believing, to act together with God towards it.

Cardinal Newman.

THOU, O Lord, singularly hast settled me
in hope. *Ps. iv. 11.*

The primary motive of hope is the love that God bears me, and His fidelity to all His promises. He cannot refrain His love from the work of His own hands. He has loved me from the first moment of my being. He can give me and will give me all I need if I ask it of Him. What is there, then, that I may not hope for from Him. *Fr. R. F. Clarke, S.J.*

Thou, Love's comrade, Hope,
That yields to wisdom strength, to virtue
scope,
That giv'st to man and nation
The onrushing plumes of spiritual aspiration.
Van-courier of the ages, faith's swift guide,
That still the attained foregoest for the
decried;
On, seraph, on, through night and tempest
winging !
On, heavenwards, on, across the void, vast
hollow !
And be it ours, to thy wide skirts close clinging
Blindly, like babes, thy conquering flight to
follow:
What though the storm of time roar back
beside us ?
Though this world mock or chide us,
We shall not faint or fail until at last
The eternal shore is reached, all peril past !
Aubrey de Vere.

O my God, I will put myself without
reserve into Thy hands. Thou art wisdom
and Thou art love—what can I desire more ?

Cardinal Newman.

WE know that when He shall appear,
we shall be like Him : because we shall
see Him as He is. And everyone that hath
this hope in Him sanctifieth himself, as He
also is holy.

1 St. John iii. 2, 3.

Hope is one of the marks of holiness. The saints never lost hope when all seemed to go wrong, when failure followed upon failure, and disappointment upon disappointment. Present failure made them practise all the more this virtue of hope, and the result was that God rewarded them even in this life for their confidence in Him by unexpected victories, and by a peace and joy that seemed to defy all the attempts of their enemies to disturb it.

Fr. R. F. Clarke, S.J.

Blest is the hope that holds to God
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road,
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Fr. Faber.

Hope, by which we repose in God, is mingled with an ardent impulse, by which we bound towards God.

St. Francis of Sales.

Fair Hope ! our earlier Heav'n ! by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity :
Thy generous wine with age grows strong,
not sour,
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flower.

Crashaw.

NOW the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that you may abound in hope, and in the power of the Holy Ghost.

Rom. xv. 13.

The chief element in hope is confidence in God, not in ourselves. . . . Just in proportion to our confidence in God will be the strength of our hope. My God, give me more confidence in Thee, and then I may hope for great things; great graces, great virtues, and a great reward in heaven. *Fr. R. F. Clarke, S.J.*

Dear Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaven's debt!

The entity of those that are not yet;
Subtlest, but surest being! thou by whom
Our nothing has a definition!

Substantial shade! Whose sweet allay
Blends both the noons of Night and Day:
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting Thee.

Crashaw.

God has determined, unless I interfere with His plan, that I should reach that which will be my greatest happiness.

Cardinal Newman.

Be strong to hope, O Heart!

Though day is bright;
The stars can only shine in the dark night.
Be strong! O Heart of mine,—
Look towards the Light!

A. A. Procter.

RETURN to the stronghold, ye prisoners
of hope.

Zach. ix. 12.

Between hoping and aspiring there is only this difference; that we hope for things which we expect to obtain through the medium of others, while we aspire to things which we aim at of ourselves and by using means of our own. Seeing that we arrive at the enjoyment of our supreme good, which is God, primarily and principally by His favour, grace, and mercy, and that nevertheless this same mercy demands our co-operation with His grace, supplementing the feebleness of our consent with the strength of His grace, therefore our hope is mingled with aspiration; so that we never exactly hope without aspiring, and never altogether aspire without hoping. Hope always ranks highest, being founded on Divine grace.

St. Francis of Sales.

Rich Hope! Love's legacy, under lock
Of Faith!—still spending, and still growing
stock!

Our crown-land lies above, yet each meal
brings

A seemly portion for the sons of kings.

Crashaw.

Hope springs straight from faith, depends
absolutely on it, and is so like it that it is
hard at times to distinguish them.

Mother Mary Loyola.

My God, I firmly hope in Thee,
For Thou art great and good.

Anon.

WE glory also in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and patience trial; and trial hope. And hope confoundeth not.

Rom. v. 3-5.

Let us place our trust in the Providence of God. Let us cut off all those anxieties which serve only to torture our minds uselessly, since, whether we make ourselves uneasy or not, it is God alone who sends us all these things.

St. Chrysostom.

Fortune ? alas, above the world's low wars
Hope walks and kicks the curl'd heads of
conspiring stars.

Her keel cuts not the waves where our winds
stir,

Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and she fly far above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.

Crashaw.

You cannot place yourself into better hands than His who made you what you are, He who has been so good to you before you were what you are. Can He leave you uncared for, now that you are what He would wish you to be.

St. Augustine.

O Holy Truth, whene'er Thy voice is heard,
A thousand echoes answer to the call;
. . . Take me from the thrall
Of passionate Hopes, be Thou my All in All.

Cardinal Newman.

FOURTH WEEK OF FEBRUARY

“CHARITY.”

Love will tend upwards, and is not to be detained by things on earth.

Thomas à Kempis.

WHEN, O my God, shall I be set on fire
With Thy sweet love's enkindling ?
When shall I enter in at last to joy ?
Or when be offered
Wholly upon love's altar and consumed ?

Crashaw.

IF I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

1 Cor. xiii. 2.

Some things are so serious that we say we cannot allow them to go on any longer; and that it is amazing what the power of our wills can do. Now here is a very serious matter—God being so little loved. Can we look on this with indifference? *Fr. Faber.*

Crown Him the Lord of love !
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright. *Matthew Bridges.*

The soul is governed by its virtues, and of these love, as Chief, rules and adapts all others, not merely in right of being first, but because God, having created man in His own Image and Likeness, wills that he should be all love, even as He is. *St. Francis of Sales.*

Oh, who of His redeem'd will Him
Their mutual love refuse ?

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

MY little children, let us not love in word,
nor in tongue, but in deed, and in
truth.

1 St. John iii. 18.

The sole aim of the Scripture is charity. God has so varied that sole precept of charity to satisfy our curiosity, which seeks for diversity, by that diversity which still leads us to the one thing needful. For one only thing is needful, yet we love diversity, and God satisfies both by these diversities, which lead to the one thing needful.

Pascal.

Where Love stands ever, all in all,
No entrance is for grief:
Say then how came to Thee the call
That won the world's relief ?

Thou say'st, " This Law ordains relief
All other laws above,
That Earth cannot contain its grief,
Nor Heaven contain its Love."

Laurence Housman.

To love, to hold your tongue, to suffer, to act against the grain, in order to accomplish the Will of God, accommodating yourself to the will of your neighbour, this is your lot; thrice happy in bearing the cross God gives you with His own hands.

Fénelon.

Love desires to be on high, and will not be kept back.

Thomas à Kempis.

DEARLY beloved, let us love one another :
for charity is of God. And everyone
that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

1 St. John iv. 7.

A loud cry in the ears of God is the ardent affection of the soul, which saith, O my God, my Love, Thou art all mine, and I am all Thine. Give increase to my love that I may learn to taste, with the interior mouth of the heart, how sweet it is to love, and to swim, and to be dissolved in love.

Thomas à Kempis.

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high !
Because Thou first hast lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

Charity coming into the soul brings with her and lodges in it all the other virtues that form her train.

St. Francis of Sales.

If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
His Spirit in each heart that timely shines
to love.

Then haste Thee, Lord ! Come down,
Take Thy great Power and reign !

Cardinal Newman.

Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more Divine and perfect love.

A. A. Procter.

HE that loveth not, knoweth not God: for
God is charity.

1 *St. John* iv. 8.

We are so clumsy, so awkward, so harsh, so dry, so stiff, so unaccommodating, so humiliatingly untender and ungraceful. And what a miracle the opposite is in God. How the vastness of His immensity can leave us so at ease and at large! The terrific extremity of His power can be so smooth, so soft, so light—the frightening exactions so easy to fulfil—His spotless holiness so kindly, so forbearing, so easily contented, and so sweetly imperious. O what an incredible God!

Fr. Faber.

Love, Joy, and Gentleness,
To Thee I press!
Meekness, Long-suffering,
To Thee I cling!
Peace, Temperance, and Faith,
Against whom is no law,
Being the one All in All
To which all flesh must draw.

Laurence Housman.

The knowledge of God is very far from the
love of Him.

Pascal.

No man loveth Thee, but he who sees
Thee; and no man sees Thee, but he who
loves Thee.

St. Augustine.

IN this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. 1 *St. John* iii. 16.

Love is submissive and obedient. . . . In its own eyes mean and contemptible: devout and thankful to God, always trusting and hoping in Him, even when it tastes not the relish of God's sweetness, for there is no living in love without some pain or sorrow..

Thomas à Kempis.

Ah ! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to
mount ?

Ah ! must——

Designer infinite !—

Ah ! must Thou char the wood ere Thou
canst limn with it ? *Francis Thompson.*

I have no other wish but to love Jesus, even to folly ! How sweet is the way of love ! One may waver and fall, but love, availing itself of all things, soon consumes whatever is displeasing to God, and fills our hearts with deep humility and peace.

St. Theresa of the Holy Cross.

The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength.

Commandment i.

Among all loves the love of God holds the sceptre, and so inseparable from, and proper to this love, is the authority to command, that where the love has not the mastery, it ceases to be at all—it perishes.

St. Francis of Sales.

He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.

Tennyson.

Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth; for love proceeds from God and cannot rest but in God.

Love often knows no measure, but is inflamed above measure. When weary is not tired, when strengthened is not constrained; when frightened is not disturbed; but like a lively flame and a torch all on fire, it mounts upwards and seemly passes through all opposition.

Whoso loveth knoweth the cry of this voice.

Thomas à Kempis.

My brother, love God, love God, Who deserves it so much! Do you not hear the very leaves of the trees crying out to us to love God? O Love of God!

Bl. Paul.

THOU shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
Commandment ii.

If we find selfishness cramping our hearts,
let us go and sit down humbly at a pagan's
feet and learn there

That sympathy with Adam's race,
Which in each brother's history reads its
own.

"I am a man," said Plato; "everything
human interests me." Better still, let us beg
of the Sacred Heart, so often close to our own,
that it would widen ours till there is room
there for every one of our brethren—that
is, for every human soul. *Mother Mary Loyola.*

O God ! whose thoughts are highest light,
Whose love runs always clear;
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear.
Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Fr. Faber.

The measure of love is to love without
measure.

St. Francis of Sales.

Let me love Thee more than myself, and
myself only for Thee; and all others in Thee.

Thomas à Kempis.

BY this shall all men know that you are
My disciples, if you have love one for
another.

St. John xiii. 35.

Charity is patient, is kind : charity envieth
not, dealeth not perversely : is not puffed up.
Is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not
provoked to anger, thinketh no evil. Re-
joiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with
the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all
things, endureth all things.

1 Cor. xiii. 4-7.

Hid are the saints of God ; . . .

Yet not all-hid from those Who watch to see ;—
'Neath their dull guise of earth,
Bright bursting gleams unwittingly disclose
Their heaven-wrought birth.

Meekness, love, patience, faith's serene
repose ;

And the soul's tutor'd mirth

Bidding the slow heart dance, to prove her
power

O'er self in its proud hour.

Cardinal Newman.

All bodies, the firmament, the stars, the
earth, and the kingdoms thereof, are not com-
parable to the lowest mind. . . . All bodies
together and all minds together, and all that
they can effect, are not worth the least
motion of charity. This is of an order
infinitely more exalted.

Pascal.

Who can come near to God with a heart
not on fire ?

Fr. Faber.

Oh, how powerful is the pure love of Jesus,
which is mixed with no self-interest, nor
self-love !

Thomas à Kempis.

March

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“St. Joseph.”

A JUST man.

St. Matt. i. 19.

O blessed Saint Joseph ! how great was thy
worth

The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus !—ah, then wilt thou be
Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! a father to me ?

Fr. Faber.

MARCH

STEPS TO THE PASSION

WHO is this that cometh from Edom,
with dyed garments from Bosra, this
beautiful One in His robe, walking in the
greatness of His strength ?

Isa. lxiii. 1.

ECCE AGNUS DEI !

O never could there be garment too good
For Thee to wear, but this of Thine own
Blood !

Crashaw.

STEPS TO THE PASSION.

THUS saith the Lord: keep ye judgment,
and do justice; for my salvation is
near to come, and my justice to be revealed.

Isa. lvi. 1.

Go all through His long Passion, mark His
steps, His tears, His drops of blood; count
the thorns, the blows, the spillings, the
falls; fathom the interior depths of shame
and shrinking, the torture and the sickness
of His Sacred Heart.

Fr. Faber.

The sun runs forth
To stare at Him, who journeys north
From Edom, from the lonely sands,
arrayed
In vesture sanguine as at Bosra made.
O beautiful and whole,
In that red stole.

Michael Field.

I beg you to pause a little and think over
the love of God for us, and what He has
done for us. Seeing that His love was potent
and resistless enough to make Him suffer
thus, how can He amaze us by any words
through which He utters it.

St. Theresa.

Thou, betrayed, Thyself didst break
Thine own Body for our sake:
Thy own Body Thou didst take
In Thy holy hands—and break.

Michael Field.

STEPS TO THE PASSION.

AND there shall come a Redeemer to Sion, and to them that return from iniquity.

Isa. lix. 20.

In the Passion of Christ we should consider, firstly, the cause which moved and compelled Him to suffer, which is the exceeding love He bears us; secondly, the acts of the Passion, or those things which Christ suffered, in which shine forth His perfect self-denial and His embracing and carrying of the Cross; thirdly, the manner in which Christ suffered, in which we find a most perfect model of every virtue; fourthly, the first and last end for which Christ suffered—viz., our redemption, illumination, sanctification, and glorification.

R. P. J. Michael of Coutances.

This was the fairest sight for ever looked upon—

Jesus, His loved, only begotten Son,
Obedient to Him.

As sworded Cherubin.

Michael Field.

I think our Lord authorizes this, as He permits us, when meditating on His Sacred Passion, to ponder over the many labours and torments He must have suffered which the evangelists never mention.

St. Theresa.

Kneel, and your garments before Him spread!
Kneel, He loveth us all.

Michael Field.

STEPS TO THE PASSION.

BEHOLD, the Lord hath made it to be heard in the ends of the earth. Behold, thy Saviour cometh. *Isa. lxiii. 11.*

Not only do we possess in the Passion of our Lord a pattern and a motive to teach us and to excite us, but also merit and help by which we are assisted and encouraged to love God, and for His love to suffer and perform whatever shall be pleasing to Him.

R. P. J. Michael of Coutances.

A Shepherd is alone and in pain,
Deprived of all pleasure and joy,
His thoughts on His shepherdess intent,
And His Heart is by love most cruelly torn.

St. John of the Cross.

Nothing is held back. Head, Hands, Feet, Eyes, Mouth, Back, Heart, all have their torture, all contribute their own peculiar agony to the great Redeeming Sacrifice. His Blood is shed quite wastefully over the olive roots of Gethsemani, on the pavement of Jerusalem, into the hardened thongs and the knotted lashes, all along the way of the Cross, up Calvary, and on the Holy wood of the Cross, and it is shed until the emptied Heart has not another drop to give.

Fr. Faber.

Love is strong as death.

Canticles viii. 7.

MAR. 1. STEPS TO THE PASSION

I AM the Lord thy God from the land of Egypt; and thou shalt know no God but Me, and there is no Saviour beside Me.

Osee xiii. 4.

Jesus has now many lovers of His heavenly kingdom; but few bearers of His Cross. He has many that long for consolation; but few that long for tribulation. He finds many companions of His Table; but few of His fast. All desire to rejoice with Him; few are willing to suffer anything for Him.

Thomas à Kempis.

'Tis Life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh, Life, not Death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller that I want.

Tennyson.

It was excess of love which, on the hill of Calvary, drained the last drop of life-blood from the Sacred Heart of the lover of our souls; it is of this love that Moses and Elias spoke on Mount Tabor amid the glory of the Transfiguration. . . . There will be no more powerful incentive towards the love of our Divine Saviour than the remembrance of His Death and Passion. *St. Francis of Sales.*

May the dear Blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love !

Matthew Bridges.

F

MAR. 2. STEPS TO THE PASSION

SURELY He hath borne our infirmities
and carried our sorrows: and we have
thought Him as it were a leper, and as one
struck by God and afflicted. *Isa. liii. 4.*

It is impossible to express how great is
the suffering of the soul, and how different
from that of the body, unless a person has
experienced it; and our Lord Himself wishes
us to understand this, in order that we may
know the better how much we owe Him.

St. Theresa.

To the cross He nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with Him there crucified—
Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
In this His satisfaction. *Milton.*

O God, how marvellous it is that the
Eternal Word should annihilate and divest
Himself of His own glory for creatures who
correspond so little to His love! “He
humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto
death, even to the death of the Cross”; it is,
then, most reasonable that we should be
obedient to Him, even to death.

St. Francis of Sales.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart, Love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Fr. Faber.

MAR. 3. STEPS TO THE PASSION

THE fear of My redemption is comé. I look about, and there was none to help: I sought, and there was none to give aid: and My own arm hath saved for me, and my indignation itself hath helped me.

Isa. lxiii. 4, 5.

Can we have any conception of a greater love for men than that of our Saviour? . . . It is He Who has had compassion on us, and Who, being our only resource, has taken upon Himself to pay all our debts and to expiate, by a cruel and bloody death, all our sins.

Fr. Eusèbe.

Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man—be judged and die;
And, dying, rise,—and, rising, with Him raise
His brethren ransomed with His own dear
Life.

Milton.

No one has ever contemplated our Saviour crucified, and died in sin; while, on the contrary, those who are dead (in sin) are so because they refuse to look upon Him.

St. Francis of Sales.

He hangs upon the Tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds,
He sheds His Blood for me;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !

Fr. Faber.

MAR. 4. STEPS TO THE PASSION

DESPISED, and the most abject of men,
a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted
with infirmity: and His look was as it were
hidden and despised. *Isa. liii. 3.*

Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of all. Yes,
for He has offered, like a Man who has ran-
somed all who willed to come to Him. It is
the misfortune of those who die on the way,
but as far as He is concerned, He offers them
redemption. *Pascal.*

O unexampled love !
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine !
Milton.

Nothing in this world can give us a more
profound tranquillity than often to contem-
plate our Lord in all the afflictions which
were heaped upon Him from His birth to His
death. *St. Francis of Sales.*

The ground is wet
With bloody sweat. . . .
Yea, and fulfilled His will shall be
In thee and me.

Michael Field.

Live, O for ever live and reign
The Lamb Whom His own love hath slain.

Crashaw.

MAR. 5. STEPS TO THE PASSION

IN His love and in His mercy He re-
deemed them. *Isa. lxiii. 9.*

Who then beholding this innocent Victim,
this royal King, the Son of God, enduring
such cruel torments, can be so callous as not
to weep for Him ? So great are His suffer-
ings that they suffice to expiate the sins of the
whole human race and to save it from the
wrath of the Eternal Father.

St. Francis of Sales.

Hear, Father, hear ! Thy Lamb, at last,
complains

Of some more painful thing than all His pains.
Then bows His all-obedient Head, and dies
His own love's, and our sins' Great Sacrifice.
The sun saw that, and would have seen no
more ;

The centre shook : her useless veil th' in-
glorious temple tore. *Crashaw.*

O good Cross, so much loved by my
Saviour, when wilt thou receive me into
thine arms ? *St. Andrew.*

Look up, languishing soul ! Lo, where the fair
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,

And bids thee ne'er forget

Thy life is one long debt

Of love to Him, Who on this painful tree

Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

Crashaw.

MAR. 6. *STEPS TO THE PASSION*

THE Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

St. Luke xxiv. 7.

We know God only by Jesus Christ. Without this Mediator all communion with God is taken away. Not only do we know God by Jesus Christ alone, but we know ourselves by Jesus Christ alone. We know life and death by Jesus Christ alone. Apart from Jesus Christ we know not what is our life, nor our death, nor God, nor ourselves.

Pascal.

Christ when He died
Deceived the Cross;
And on Death's side
Threw all the loss.

The captive world awaked and found
The Prisoner loose, the gaoler bound.

Crashaw.

All love which has not its origin in the Passion of the Saviour is vain and perilous. Miserable indeed is death without the love of the Saviour ! Miserable is love without the death of the Saviour ! *St. Francis of Sales.*

There is Easter every day and hour
When by the crevice of Thy Tomb we cower,
Ghosts from dark night, and call,
And wait for one footfall
Of the arising awful Love. . . .

Michael Field.

MAR. 7. STEPS TO THE PASSION

HE was offered because it was His own will, and He opened not His mouth.

Isa. liii. 7.

Love and death are so inextricably mingled in His Passion, that no one can truly appreciate one apart from the other. Our choice lies between eternal death and eternal love, and the whole secret of Christian wisdom lies in choosing rightly. *St. Francis of Sales.*

O loving wisdom of our God !

When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight

And to the rescue came.

Cardinal Newman.

We must, with an absolute resolution, will and embrace the graces which God presents to us; for our will must correspond with God's will. And inasmuch as He gives us the means of salvation, we ought to avail ourselves of such means, just as we ought to desire salvation as God desires it for us, and because He desires it. *St. Francis of Sales.*

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain,

Usurp'd the portion of Thy pain,

And from the nails and spear turn'd the steel point of fear :

Their use is changed, not lost; and now they move

Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

Crashaw.

MAR. 8. STEPS TO THE PASSION

HE is cut off out of the land of the living :
for the wickedness of My people have
I struck Him. *Isa. liii. 8.*

Consider what our Lord suffered both in His Body and in His Soul. In His Body, for when lifted up it is supported only by His hands and feet, so that the opening wider of His sacred wounds renders His agony all the more intense. . . . Yet all this is as nothing compared with the far deeper anguish of that Heart which, though languishing with intense love of souls, even those of His executioners, sees so many being eternally lost. *St. Francis of Sales.*

Is tortured thirst itself too sweet a cup ?
Gall and more bitter mocks, shall make it up.
Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart ?
Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds
to search the inmost heart. *Crashaw.*

Oh, what sufferings has He not endured !
Who could sufficiently appreciate the excessive goodness and mercy which induced Him to bear such a heavy weight of doulours ?

Fr. Nouet, S.J.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo.

Cardinal Newman.

MAR. 9. STEPS TO THE PASSION

AND there were also two other male-factors led with Him to be put to death. *St. Luke xxiii. 32.*

If we meet Jesus, we shall meet a cross. . . . Some men meet Him and turn away. Some see Him afar off and turn down another road. Some pass by pretending they do not know Him. Some follow in the sullenness of servile obedience and drag their cross, and it jolts upon the stones, and hurts them all the more, and they fall, but their falls are not in union with those of His upon the old way of the Cross. Few kneel down with the alacrity of a glad surprise, and kiss His feet, and take the Cross off His back. . . . But, oh ! the beauty of that day's sunset to such as these ! *Fr. Faber.*

Belovèd, I can see a road ;
They spur Thee along it as with a goad ;
I hear Thy voice, " Ye must not weep."

** Michael Field.*

Christ suffers willingly, patiently, and lovingly. Within His sacred breast His Heart throbs and thrills with a love so ardent and so burning that His flesh glows like a fire.

St. Francis of Sales.

From pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with Christ we go. . . .
Was ever grief like His ?
Was ever sin like ours ?

Fr. Faber,

MAR. 10. STEPS TO THE PASSION

THIS Man hath done no evil.

St. Luke xxiii. 41.

Jesus Christ would not be slain without the forms of justice, for it is much more ignominious to die by justice than by an unjust sedition. The false justice of Pilate only caused the suffering of Jesus Christ; for he caused Him to be scourged by His false justice, and then slew Him. . . . Thus it is with those who are falsely just. They do good works or evil to please the world, and show that they are not altogether of Jesus Christ, for they are ashamed of Him.

Pascal.

They
Call'd Pilate up, to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty;
Their hands with lashes arm'd,
Their tongues with lies,
And loathsome spittle, blot those
beauteous eyes.

Crashaw.

Oh ! my Saviour and my God, the support of the weak, the strength even of the strong, —mighty soul whose generous feelings are so raised above every infirmity of man—tell us, I beseech Thee, what may be the cause of so keen, so deep a grief.

O Christ, what homage can atone
For this caprice in Thee
To worship me !

Michael Field.

MAR. 11. STEPS TO THE PASSION

HE hath borne the sins of many and hath
prayed for the transgressors.

Isa. liii. 12.

I consider Jesus Christ in all persons and in ourselves. Jesus Christ as a Father in His Father, Jesus Christ as a Brother in His brethren, Jesus Christ as poor in the poor, Jesus Christ as rich in the rich, Jesus Christ as doctor and priest in priests. For by His glory He is all that is great, since He is God; and He is by His mortal life all that is miserable and abject. Therefore He has taken this wretched state to enable Him to be in all persons, and the model of all conditions.

Pascal.

While earth wears wounds, still must Christ's
wounds remain,
Whom Love made Life, and of Whom Life
made Pain,
And of Whom Pain made Death.

Laurence Housman.

Jesus had to pass a life in penance, and to endure His Passion at the end of it. O Lord God Almighty, Who bore the weight of our sins though they wearied Thee, be Thou the Saviour of our souls by Thy Precious Blood.

Cardinal Newman.

O Earth, seek deep, and gather up thy soul,
And come from high and low, and near and
far,

And make Christ whole !

Laurence Housman.

MAR. 12. STEPS TO THE PASSION

JESUS, knowing that His hour was come, riseth from supper, and laying aside His garments, and having taken a towel, girded Himself. After that, He putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of the disciples.

St. John xiii. 1, 4, 5.

The Son of God had already given a rule of conduct to His disciples—namely, to take the last place without disputing about precedence or rank; but in this mystery He gives us an example of a deeper humility, for He lowers Himself so as to wash the feet of those who were not worthy to wash His own.

Fr. Houdry.

The wakeful Matins haste to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King:
The Father's Word and Wisdom, made
Man for man, by man betray'd.

Crashaw.

Jesus Christ did nothing but teach mèn that they were lovers of themselves, that they were slaves, blind, sick, miserable, and sinners, that He would deliver them, enlighten, bless, and heal them, that this would be brought about by hatred of self, and by following Him through poverty and the death of the Cross.

Pascal.

. . . Ere seas had shores, or earth
Foundations laid,
My Cross was made !

Laurence Housman.

MAR. 13. STEPS TO THE PASSION

I HAVE trodden the wine-press alone.

Isa. lxiii. 3.

The Death and Passion of our Lord are the sweetest and strongest motive which can influence our hearts in this mortal life. O Jesus my Lord, how lovable is Thy death, since it is the supreme effort of Thy love !

St. Francis of Sales.

Lord, what is man ? Why should He cost
Thee

So dear ? What had his ruin lost Thee ?

Lord, what is man, that Thou hast over-
bought

So much a thing of nought ?

Crashaw.

Man is not worthy of God, but he is not incapable of being rendered worthy. It is unworthy of God to unite Himself to miserable man, but it is not unworthy of God to raise him from his misery.

Pascal.

Now is the hour of Sorrow's night,
High in His patience as their spite,
Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb
Bears that huge Tree which must bear Him.
The fatal plant, so great of fame,
For fruit of sorrow and of shame,
Shall swell with both for Him ; and mix
All woes into one crucifix.

Crashaw.

MAR. 14. STEPS TO THE PASSION

WHY, then, is Thy apparel red and Thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?

Isa. lxiii. 2.

In meditation on the Passion of Christ there is food for sadness—the thought of the sins of men, and to take these away Christ had need to suffer. But there is also food for joy—the thought of God’s merciful kindness towards us in providing us such a deliverance.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

To Gethsemane I go—
Christ, of God Thy sweat did win
Pardon for this rebel sin.
Sprinkle with these precious drops
Till the accusation stops;
And Thou openest wound on wound
For this soul of Thy compassion swooned.

Michael Field.

O my Lord, I entreat Thee to grant that my whole heart may be so absorbed, and yet so consumed as it were in the burning strength and honeyed sweetness of Thy crucified love, that I may die for the love of Thy love, O Redeemer of my soul, as Thou hast deigned to die for the love of my love !

St. Bernard.

MAR. 15. STEPS TO THE PASSION

COULDST thou not watch one hour ?

St. Mark xiv. 37.

Jesus suffered in His Passion the torments which men inflicted on Him, but in His Agony He suffered torments which He inflicted on Himself: *Turbare semetipsum*. This is a suffering from no human hand, and He who bears it must also be Almighty. Jesus sought some comfort at least in His three friends, and they were asleep. He prayed them to watch with Him awhile, and they left Him with utter carelessness, having so little compassion that it could not hinder their sleeping even for a moment. And thus Jesus was left alone to the wrath of God.

Pascal.

I saw Him there !
I saw Him cross the brook,
With feet that shook,
And enter by the little garden-stair.
Am I of those who watch Him to betray ?
That little garden-path,
That way He hath.

Michael Field.

What kind of marble, then,
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrows company ?

Crashaw.

MAR. 16. STEPS TO THE PASSION

HE humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross. *Phil. ii. 8.*

An inward grief seized the Heart of the Saviour of the world; He walked in silence to the place called Gethsemane, where, finding that His mortal strength succumbed to the extreme anguish of His soul, He was perforce constrained to appeal to His disciples, as if to ask them for some relief.

Fr. de la Colombière, S.J.

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !

Fr. Faber.

Jesus was without one on the earth not merely to feel and share His suffering, but even to know of it; He and Heaven were alone in that knowledge.

Pascal.

How Thou dost mourn to us ! What sound
Comes up to us as from the ground !

A Voice it is of mysteries,
A cry as from the deep-bruised trees;
And love, as when a hart doth pant,
And all the water-brooks are scant.

Michael Field.

MAR. 17. STEPS TO THE PASSION

MY soul is sorrowful even unto death.

St. Mark xiv. 34.

Think of our Lord on His way to Gethsemane. He has finished His last supper, and spoken all His tender, comforting words to His disciples. From this moment He allows the bitterness and anguish of His Passion to overwhelm His soul like a torrent. He would not wait till His enemies came, but His soul went out to meet them, that, as man, He might taste, as we should do, all the repugnance, the loathing, and the dread of what was coming.

Archbishop Bagshawe.

As a sacrifice

Glad to be offer'd, He attends the will
Of His great Father.

Milton.

I believe that Jesus never complained but on this single occasion, but then He complained as if He could no longer restrain His great sorrow. "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

Pascal.

There is a moon—a moon ! There is a Face,
Bent down—of a grace
Most lovely in its charity.

Thou pleadest us from sin
Pardon for us to win.

O Prodigal, God speeding doth embrace
Thine upturned Face.

Michael Field

MAR. 18. STEPS TO THE PASSION

YOU are come out as it were to a robber.

St. Matt. xxvi. 55.

The moment for action is come ! The Traitor is at hand. Jesus rises from His prayer, calm, serene, and goes forth to meet Judas. " Friend, wherefore art thou come ? " How terrible must these words have been to the traitor ! When our Lord calls on me to stand by His side and confess His name, shall I be like Judas and betray Him ? " Wherefore art thou come ? "

Archbishop Bagshawe.

What if my faithless soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin ?

O my Saviour, make me see
How dearly Thou has paid for me ;
That lost again, my life may prove,
As then in death, so now in love.

Crashaw.

Why this grief without wounds — as we might say infinite ? Because Jesus sees that sin is going to produce its bitterest fruit, the death of a God, thus outraging the sanctity of God.

Fr. Prévot.

Plead for me, Love ! allege and show
That faith has farther here to go,
And less to lean on.

Crashaw.

MAR. 19. STEPS TO THE PASSION

“**B**EHOLD the Man !”

St. John xix. 5.

What is meditating on Christ ? It is simply this, thinking habitually and constantly of Him and of His deeds and sufferings. It is to have Him before our minds as One Whom we may contemplate, worship, and address when we rise up, when we lie down, when we eat and drink. . . . By this, and nothing short of this, will our hearts come to feel as they ought. We have strong hearts, hearts as hard as the highways. . . . Yet, if we would be saved—they must be broken up like the ground. *Cardinal Newman.*

The third hour's deepen'd with the cry
Of “Crucify Him, crucify.”

So goes the vote—nor ask them why ?
Like Barabbas ! and let God die.

Crashaw.

“A sign to be contradicted !” See He comes forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment, and so is presented to His own people. . . . How few there are amongst them who can recognize their King and their Saviour. I, too, must choose, as all men must. Shall I accept or reject this King crowned with thorns ? *Archbishop Bagshawe.*

Hail ! our alone Hope ! . . .

And be Thy fair increase

The sinner's pardon and the just man's
peace,

Crashaw.

MAR. 20. STEPS TO THE PASSION

THE sorrows of death surrounded Me,
and the torrents of iniquity troubled
Me.

Ps. xvii. 5.

Leaving the house of Caiphas, and dragged before Pilate and Herod, mocked, beaten, and spit upon, His back torn with scourges, His Head crowned with thorns, Jesus, who on the last day will judge the world, is Himself condemned by unjust judges to a death of ignominy and torture. Jesus is condemned to *death*. His death-warrant is signed, and who signed it but I, when I committed my first mortal sins. . . . Those sins of mine were the voices which cried out, "Let Him be crucified!"

Cardinal Newman.

Haste to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King,
The Father's Word and Wisdom, made
Man for man, by man betray'd;
The world's price set to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of Death and Sin is bought and
sold.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee:
For, by the Covenant of Thy Cross,
Thou hast saved at once the whole world's loss.

Crashaw.

Interpose, I pray Thee, Thine own
precious death, Thy Cross and Passion,
between my soul and Thy judgment, now and
in the hour of my death. Amen. *Crashaw.*

MAR. 21. STEPS TO THE PASSION

SURELY He hath borne our iniquities.

Isa. liii. 4.

A strong and therefore heavy Cross, for it is strong enough to bear Him on it when He arrives at Calvary, is placed upon His torn shoulders. He receives it gently and meekly, nay, with gladness of heart, for it is to be the salvation of mankind. True; but recollect, that heavy Cross is the weight of our sins. . . . Bowed down under the weight and the length of the unwieldy Cross, Jesus slowly sets forth on His way. His agony in the garden itself was sufficient to exhaust Him; but it was only the first of a multitude of sufferings. He sets off with His whole heart.

Cardinal Newman.

Now is the noon of Sorrows night:
High in His patience, as their spite,
Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb
Bears that huge Tree which must bear Him.

Crashaw.

At one place, looking up, He sees His Mother. For an instant they just see each other, and He goes forward.

Fr. Faber.

Her eyes on His are fastened. Lo !
They stand there, met on Calvary's height. . . .
She stands before Him on the Road
He bears the Cross; He climbs the steep:
To earth He sinks: she does not weep. . . .
He passes by: she drops behind.

Aubrey de Vere.

MAR. 22. STEPS TO THE PASSION

THE weakness of God is stronger than men.
1 Cor. i. 25.

At length His strength fails utterly, and He is unable to proceed. The executioners stand perplexed. What are they to do? How is He to get to Calvary? Soon they see a stranger who seems strong and active—Simon of Cyrene. They compel him to carry the Cross with Jesus. The sight of the sufferer pierces the man's heart. He takes the part assigned to Him with joy. This came of Mary's intercession. . . . She showed herself a Mother by following Him with her prayers, since she could help Him in no other way.
Cardinal Newman.

Look up, languishing soul! Lo, where the fair
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'er forget
Thy life is one long debt
Of love to Him, Who on this painful tree
Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

Crashaw.

How could I ever fancy He would forgive me! unless He had Himself told us that He underwent His bitter passion in order that He might forgive us.
Cardinal Newman.

The merits of the Passion are abundantly applied to us in the Holy Mass, by virtue of which we receive real torrents of heavenly blessings.
Anon.

MAR. 23. STEPS TO THE PASSION

BY whose stripes you were healed.

1 St. Peter ii. 24.

As Jesus toils along up the hill, covered with the sweat of death, a woman makes her way through the crowd, and wipes His Face with a napkin. In reward of her piety the cloth retains the impression of the Sacred Countenance upon it. . . . O Jesus, let us one and all minister to Thee according to our places and powers. *Cardinal Newman.*

Even balance of both worlds! our world of sin,
And that of grace, Heaven-weigh'd in Him

Us with our price thou weighedst;

Our price for us Thou payedst,

Soon as the right-hand scale rejoiced to prove
How much Death weigh'd more light than
Love. *Crashaw.*

At the sight of the sufferings of Jesus the Holy Women are so pierced with grief that they cry out and bewail Him, careless what happens to them by so doing. Jesus, turning to them, said, " Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." Is it possible that *I* am one of the reprobates ?

Cardinal Newman.

. . . While in sport He wears a spiteful crown,
The serious showers along His decent
Face run sadly down. *Crashaw.*

MAR. 24. STEPS TO THE PASSION

THEY have dug my hands and feet.
They have numbered all my bones.

Ps. xxi. 17, 18.

At length He has arrived at the place of sacrifice, and they begin to prepare Him for the Cross. His garments are torn from His bleeding body, and He, the Holy of Holiest, stands exposed to the gaze of the coarse and scoffing multitude.

Cardinal Newman.

Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues
with lies,
And loathsome spittle, blot those beauteous
eyes.

Crashaw.

O Thou Who in Thy Passion wast stripped
of all Thy clothes, and held up to the
curiosity and mockery of the rabble, strip
me of myself here and now, that in the Last
Day I come not to shame before men and
angels.

Cardinal Newman.

O sad sweet Tree !
Woeful and joyful we
Both weep and sing in shade of Thee,
When the dear nails did lock
And graft into Thy gracious stock.
. . . Wide mayest Thou spread
Thine arms, and with Thy bright and blissful
Head
O'erlook all Libanus.

O save us then,
Merciful King of men !

Crashaw.

MAR. 25. STEPS TO THE PASSION

WHO hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood. *Apoc. i. 5.*

The Cross is laid on the ground, and Jesus stretched upon it. It is, after much exertion, jerked into the hole ready to receive it. . . . There He hung, a perplexity to the multitude, a terror to evil spirits, the wonder, the awe, yet the joy, the adoration of the Angels.

Cardinal Newman.

Save us, O save us, Lord.

We now will own no shorter wish,

Nor name a narrower word;

Thy blood bids us be bold,

Thy wounds give us fair hold,

Thy sorrows chide our shame:

Thy cross, Thy nature, and Thy name

Advance our claim,

And cry with one accord,

Save them, O save them, Lord !

Crashaw.

Jesus supports the whole world by His Divine power, for He is God; but the weight was less heavy than was the Cross which our sins hewed out for Him. Our sins cost Him His humiliation.

He hangs upon the Tree,

Hangs there for my misdeeds,

He sheds His Blood for me;

He bleeds,

My Saviour bleeds !

Fr. Faber.

MAR. 26. STEPS TO THE PASSION

AND Jesus was silent.

St. Matt. xxvi. 63.

Nothing enraptures me so much, O my Saviour, as the silence Thou didst keep during Thy Passion. We will also, like Thee, keep silence on all occasions of humiliation and suffering, and after Thy example we will open our mouth only to pray for those who afflict us.

Bl. Margaret Mary.

O mysterious silence,
Eloquence divine !
O Exact obedience,
Would that such were mine !

In proportion to the sorrows shared with Him, Jesus rejoices the soul of His victim with the fulness of His consolations.

Fr. Prévot.

Thy Face is all too marred. Nay, Love,
not I,
I did not that ! Doubtless Thou hadst to die :
Others did faint for Thee ; but I faint not.
Only a little while has sorrow got
The better of me now ; for Thou art grieved,
Thinking I need Thee. O Christ, lest I fall
Weeping between Thy feet, and give Thee all :
O Christ, lest love condemn me unreprieved
Into Thy bondage, be it not believed
That Thou hast need of *me* !

Crashaw.

MAR. 27. STEPS TO THE PASSION

BEING in an agony, He prayed the longer.

St. Luke xxii. 43.

“ Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away.” Our Lord takes refuge in prayer—the only resource of human nature; prayer with deep submission to His Eternal Father’s will—“ Not My will, but Thine be done.” Jesus, let us share Thy sorrow, Thy hatred for sin, teach us at all times, and in all sorrows, to submit to our Father’s will.

Archbishop Bagshawe.

O task
Of sacrifice,
That we may bask
In clemency and keep an undreamt Pasch !
O Treader lone,
How pitiful Thy shadow thrown
Athwart the lake of wine that Thou hast made !
O Thou most desolate, with limbs that wade
Among the berries, dark and wet,
Thee we forget !

Michael Field.

Consider why Christ suffers; it is to obey His Father’s will. O wondrous obedience of the Son of God to His heavenly Father ! But how dare I venture to call God my Father, having never shown Him ought of the obedience due from a son. . . . O eternal will, live and reign in every will of mine and over every will of mine, now and for ever.

St. Francis of Sales.

MAR. 28. STEPS TO THE PASSION

AND the Lord was pleased to bruise Him in infirmity. If He shall lay down His life for sin, He shall see a long-lived seed ; and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in His hand.

Isa. liii. 10.

What conclusion may we draw from the death of the Son of God ? Surely that as He died for love of us we should also die of love for Him ; or if we cannot die of love, that we should at least live for Him alone.

St. Francis of Sales.

Father, Son, Sweet Breathing of the Twain,
Overhead a deep concerting plot that is at
last made plain—

God must die for us : with message of such love
God the Father from His Bosom frees a Dove.

Michael Field.

O my Lord, I entreat Thee to grant that
my whole heart may be so absorbed and so
consumed as it were in the burning strength
and honeyed sweetness of Thy crucified love,
that I may die for the love of Thy love, O
Redeemer of my soul, as Thou hast deigned
to die for the love of my love.

St. Bernard.

O strange mysterious strife
Of open Death and hidden Life !
When on the Cross my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to die, Death died indeed.

Crashaw.

PASSIONTIDE

Blessed are they that wash their robes in the Blood of the Lamb.

Apoc. xxii. 14.

WHAT is this crowd in lowly worship
bent ?

Christians these are, despised, misunderstood,

And hated for their faith in Him Who hung,
The Nazarene, upon the Tree of scorn ;

These, followers of Him Who died in shame ;

A King, yet crucified between the thieves ;

A Prophet Whom the prophets could not
save ;

A Priest, of Whose dear Blood priests guilty
stood.

Chatterton Dix.

THE SACRED PASSION.

FATHER, forgive them, for they know
not what they do. *St. Luke xxiii. 34.*

Jesus hung for three hours. During this time He prayed for His murderers, promised Paradise to the penitent robber, and committed His blessed Mother to the guardianship of St. John. Then all was finished, and He bowed His head and gave up His Spirit.

Cardinal Newman.

On the ground He lieth, crucified—
Through the Heavens there beateth one wild
Dove. *Michael Field.*

Consider the deep and serene compassion
which led Jesus to pray for those who cruci-
fied Him. *Cardinal Newman.*

Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us He draws;
Till for Himself, oh, wondrous love!
No single drop remains.
Oh, come, all ye on whom abide
The deadly stains of sin!
Come! wash in this encrimson'd tide
And ye shall be made clean. *Fr. Caswall.*

I dedicate my devoutest breath
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death.

Crashaw.

PASSIONTIDE.

IF we suffer with Him, we may also be glorified with Him.

Rom. viii. 17.

For a few short days Mary must give Him up. Lie down and sleep in peace in the calm grave for a little while, dear Lord, and then wake up for an everlasting reign. We will watch round Thee, for all our treasure, all our life is lodged with Thee.

Cardinal Newman.

“ Lo, You have wounds and you are speeding fast !”

“ Show me the way to Hell,
I must pass on.”

“ There is indeed hard by a little gate,
But there Thou shalt not go.
Thou art too fair.”

“ There I must go.
I have an errand there for those that wait,
Have waited for Me long”

Now He is shut within, and I am found
Alone with blood-stains on the ground.
Would I could go down to that dim
Murk of the shades to those that wait for
Him !

Michael Field.

PASSIONTIDE.

AND taking Him down, he wrapped Him in fine linen, and laid Him in a sepulchre that was hewed in stone, wherein never yet any man had been laid.

St. Luke xxiii. 53.

The Death and Passion of our Lord are the sweetest and the most constraining motives to inflame our hearts with the love of God. It is in His sacred wounds that we learn the lessons of love. Let us kiss and adore the roseate wounds of the Divine Hands which have so often blessed and absolved us. Let us kiss and venerate the bright wounds of His Feet which were bruised and bleeding in the pursuit of us. Let us enter into the wound in His Sacred Side which is hollowed out by His love for us, where He desires to hide us, that we may remain buried deep down in the sanctuary of His Sacred Heart.

St. Francis of Sales.

He that keeps his heart clean and peaceful, wraps up Jesus in fair white linen, and entombs Him in his breast. *Thomas à Kempis.*

But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrowed grave
Who tendest to all things all the life they
have ?

O rather use this heart, thus far a fitter stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is
Thine own.

Crashaw.

EASTERTIDE

Why seek you the living with the dead? He is not here, but is risen. Remember how He spoke unto you.

St. Luke xxiv. 5, 6.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia !

Sinners wipe your tears away,
Alleluia !

He whose death upon the Cross,
Alleluia !

Saveth us from endless loss.
Alleluia !

There is a table spread:
Jesus has a fragment in His Hand.
One by one He prays them to be fed
With this bit of broken Bread.

Michael Field.

EASTERTIDE.

“PEACE be to you.” And when He had said this, He showed them His Hands and His Side.

St. John xx. 19, 20.

How can we doubt that the day of the Passion of our Lord was not also the day of His joy and of His gladness. Do you not see in the flowers which are budding and bursting into blossom around His Cross a certain promise of the fruit which that Tree of Life will bear ? I mean the merits of His death, which will produce the sweet fruits of salvation for those who trust in its merits.

St. Francis of Sales.

The sluice within Thy Side,
To a hidden river openeth wide,
With fruiting trees on either side.

Michael Field.

O Lord, is it possible that men should know that Thou hast died for them, and yet not live for Thee ?

St. Augustine.

O Jesus, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting paschal joy
Of all the souls newborn in Thee.

Fr. Caswall.

April

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Holy Spirit.”

THE Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom
the Father will send in My Name, He
will teach you all things.

St. John xiv. 26.

**Fountain of Love ! Thyself true God !
Who through eternal days,
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways !**

FIRST WEEK OF APRIL

“SELF-SACRIFICE.”

Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself.

Phil. ii. 5, 6, 7.

**O LAMB of God, our Light, of fleece how
luminous !**

**If speech would come, as water-lilies rise
From the deep founts and offer sacrifice,
Then might I hope
In majesty of many a trope
To open unto man the glorious Sign
How Thou the Lamb even as a lamp dost
shine.**

Michael Field.

THERE is one God, and there is no other besides Him. And that He should be loved with the whole heart, and with the whole understanding, and with the whole soul, and with the whole strength; and to love one's neighbour as oneself, is a greater thing than all holocausts and sacrifices. *St. Mark xii. 32, 33.*

Often ask yourself if you can say with truth: "My Beloved is mine and I am His." See if there is any portion, any faculty of your soul, any one of your bodily senses which is not absolutely given to God; and when you have discovered any, whatever it may be, take it away from that place and restore it to God, for you are His wholly, absolutely. *St. Francis of Sales.*

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above,
We offer what we cannot keep—
What we have ceased to love ! *Newman.*

This is the cipher which St. Paul gives us. Christ must suffer. An humiliated God. Circumcision of the heart, a true fast, a true sacrifice, a true temple. The prophets indicated that all these must be spiritual. *Pascal.*

My soul, what hast thou done for God ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see !
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God has done for thee !

Fr. Faber.

IF any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.

St. Luke ix. 23.

O how happy is the soul that has once made the perfect surrender and resignation of herself into the hands of God ! For, that having once been made, nothing more is needed on her part but a little sigh and upward glance towards God to renew and confirm her self-surrender, her resignation, her oblation of herself, with the protestation that she desires nothing but God and for God, and that she neither loves herself nor anything in the world, except in God and for the love of God.

St. Francis of Sales.

It was His heavenly art
Kindly to cross you
In your mistaken love;
That at the next remove
Thence, He might toss you
And shake your troubled heart
Home to Himself, to hide it in His Breast.

Crashaw.

Jesus Christ would be small in His beginnings, and afterwards would increase. That He would teach men the perfect way. And never has there come before Him nor after Him any man who has taught anything Divine approaching this.

Pascal.

OFFER up the sacrifice of justice, and
trust in the Lord. *Ps. iv. 6.*

What is a man's reputation, that so many should sacrifice themselves to this idol? After all, it is nothing but a dream, a phantom, an opinion, so much smoke; praise of which the very remembrance perishes with its utterance. . . . Surely those who complain of being slandered are over-sensitive! Their little cross made of words is so light that a breath of wind carries it away.

St. Francis of Sales.

Hush thee ! and seek
With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
My seasons sent for thee to speak—
And use them as they rise !

Cardinal Newman.

We ought to be much obliged to those who tell us of our faults, for they mortify us, they teach us we have been despised. They prepare for us the exercise of correction, and freedom from a fault.

Anon.

Bide thou thy time !
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and
crime
Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possessed.
O thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day !

Cardinal Newman.

APRIL 4.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

BE you also as living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

1 St. Peter ii. 5.

The exercise of interior mortification is a kind of penance, which no one has a right to be dispensed from. It has been the inevitable custom of all the saints, and known to those who have ever had a wish to be perfect. One has only to be attentive to the Spirit of God.

Fr. Croiset.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drank, but by the wine
poured forth !

For Love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice;

And whoso suffers most has most to give.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

God calls us to exercise self-denial every hour and every moment : but nothing is more false than the maxim that we must always choose what involves the most self-denial.

Fénelon.

Such was the life Thou livedst ; self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,

A life without self-pleasing.

Fr. Faber.

APRIL 5.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

PERSEVERE under discipline. God dealeth with you as with His sons.

Heb. xii. 7.

God leads us by our own desires, after we have once offered the sacrifice of them with full sincerity. The ruling love, the best-beloved good, which we offer to slay, as Abraham did Isaac, that very good is given back to us glorified, and made indeed the thing which we desired. We have, with the "Wise Man," to leave our own people and our father's house, before we can see "Jesus with His Mother," but, after that, God bids us "go back another way, into our own country."

Coventry Patmore.

Learn the mystery of progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they pass'd away !
Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incom-
pleteness !
In that want their beauty lies ; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and
sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

A. A. Procter.

For each and all, of Life
In every phase of action, love, and joy,—
There is fulfilment only elsewhere.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

APRIL 6.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

DO not forget to do good and to impart;
for by such sacrifices God's favour is
obtained.

Heb. xiii. 16.

Bees gather honey from thyme and rosemary no less than from the more showy garden flowers, and the honey sucked from these fragrant herbs is even sweeter than the other. So true love finds a purer, as well as a more frequent opportunity of testifying itself in little things than in the great. The kindly forbearance towards another, the trifling victory over temper and passion, the self-denial in some little matter, the resistance to a dislike—all these, to be sure, are a more precious harvest than we are wont to think, provided they be wrought for the love of God.

St. Francis of Sales.

Whatsoever spark
Of pure and true in any human heart
Flickered and lived,—it burned itself to-
wards Him

In an electric current, through all bonds
Of intervening race and creed and time,—
And flamed up to a heat of living faith
And love, and love's communion, and the joy
And inspiration of self-sacrifice !

It is a priceless gift that we are permitted
to go on in unlimited growth in God's Love
amid this weary life.

St. Francis of Sales.

APRIL 7.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

INSTEAD of making me a return of love,
they detracted me.

Ps. cviii. 4.

You desire always to forget yourself in order to give yourself to others; but this forgetfulness of self tends to make you both your own idol, and that of all for whom you appear to forget yourself. Here is the depth of required self-worship, which God would tear from you.

Fénelon.

“ Even holiest deeds
Shroud not the soul from God, nor soothe its
needs;
Deny thee thine own fears, and wait the
end.”
Stern lesson ! Let me con it day by day,
And learn to kneel before the Omniscient
Day,
Nor shrink, while Truth’s avenging shafts
descend.

Cardinal Newman.

Though God needs nothing, let us render to Him the grateful recompense of a thankful heart, and of piety, as a kind of house-rent for our dwelling here below.

St. Clement.

Happy proof ! She shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is
To have God become her Lover.

Crashaw.

IF we sin wilfully after having the knowledge of the truth, there is now left no sacrifice for sins. *Heb. x. 26.*

St. Paul points out two things which we ought to destroy—our bad habits and our vices. I say our bad habits, for however careful we may be to mortify ourselves, we always fall into some actual sin; but as for our habitual sins, if we fight them with courage and perseverance, we shall in the end totally destroy them. . . . And this we ought to try to do, if we wish to be Christ's. *Fr. Segneri, S.J.*

If when He come
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless He will unload
Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first He meets.

Crashaw.

Our Lord desires that you should neither think of your own advancement nor of your own amendment in any way, but be only occupied in welcoming and making faithful use of every opportunity offered you of serving Him faithfully and continually.

St. Francis of Sales.

Nature imitates herself. A seed sown in good ground brings forth fruit. A principle cast into a good mind brings forth fruit.

Pascal.

SECOND WEEK OF APRIL

“PENANCE.”

I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection ; lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway.

1 Cor. ix. 27.

PEACE be to you ! Only His wounds lie
wide,

His wounds in Hands and Side,

And Feet, His wounds exposed.

And I rejoice

At His still Hands and at the Voice

Of the wounds calling through the twilight.

Michael Field.

THE sorrow that is according to God
worketh penance, steadfast unto sal-
vation.

2 Cor. vii. 10.

Penance ought to be done in such a man-
ner that there may be contrition in the
heart, confession on the lips, and satisfaction
in work. The resolution to sin no more
should be accompanied by an ardent desire
to serve God.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed,
And sackcloth has my girdle been,
To purge my soul I have assayed
With hunger blank and vigil keen;
O God of Mercy ! why am I
Still haunted by the self I fly ?
. . . Think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step 'twixt earth and Heaven.

Cardinal Newman.

The sweet use of confession redeems a
soul from sins, and so invigorates the will
that the most violent temptations are suc-
cessfully resisted.

Bourdaloue.

I would make offering to appease !
. . . My God in penance I would pant,
As the devoted Elephant,
Who, in his bulk he hath,
Bows down and up to keep his path.

Michael Field.

HE that hideth his sins, shall not prosper ;
but he that shall confess and forsake
them, shall obtain mercy. *Prov. xxviii. 13.*

Frequent confession is a powerful curb on the conscience, and fosters the duty of the holy fear of God ; so that a man has not an idea of returning to sin when he thinks of the pain and shame of confessing it. This thought produces nearly the same effect as the preparation for death ; for it makes us remember that we ought to appear in the tribunal of penance, as if we should be summoned before God to be judged.

Bourdaloie.

As to the flesh laid bare, the water, led
By its own laws of life, bids cleansing spread
. . . Round all which passively submits
thereto,
Leaving untouched no part ;
So to my heart,
Stripped of itself, Thine utmost healing do !

Laurence Housman.

If you love the beauty of your soul, cherish
confession.

St. Bernard.

A law moves here as peaceful as a star
Moves in the circle of its sway ordained.
Here let me kneel, and every struggle cease !
Here the dark wounds bleed over me in
peace.

Michael Field.

WITH fear and trembling work out your salvation. For it is God Who worketh in you both to will and accomplish, according to His good will. *Phil. ii. 12, 13.*

We ought to will our own salvation even as God wills it; and forasmuch as that is through exceeding desire, we, too, should earnestly desire it. Nor does God stop there, but He endows us with all the necessary means of grace which we should earnestly accept and use. It may be enough to say, "I desire to be saved"; but it is not enough to say, "I desire to make use of the suitable means of grace to that end"; we must resolutely use the grace given us, or our will does not correspond with God's will. Real conformity of will requires that we accept and use the means He sets before us as He desires, and because He desires it. *St. Francis of Sales.*

See! in the fields the zephyr, like a thief,
Snatches the leaves and bears them on its
breast;

And I! What am I but a faded leaf?
Take me, O winds, and waft me to my rest.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

Jesus, my Lord, behold at length the time
When I resolve to turn away from crime.
Oh, pardon me, Jesus; Thy mercy I
implore;

I will never more offend Thee, no, never
more.

Bishop Chadwick.

GO, show thyself to the priest.

St. Matt. viii. 4.

Confessions should be sincere in the declaration of sin. . . . The confession should be sincere in the manifestation of the heart. From the heart all sins proceed; yet it does not follow that, because the sins are revealed, the heart also is shown. There is often in the heart a propensity of far different strength from what the sins betoken. We run risk of making confessions which are of little avail if we declare not our evil propensities in all their malignity.

Fr. Médaille, S.J.

Yet, O man, be not too sure;
Count not idly on thy cure;
Raised again by grace divine
To the state that once was thine,
Know that still in thee remains
Something of thy former stains.
He, who with no help of thine,
Made thee by His might divine,
Will not save thee as thou art,
But by labour on thy part;—
Labour then, and look to Heaven
For assistance timely given.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

APRIL 13.

PENANCE.

THE bruised reed He shall not break, and
smoking flax He shall not quench.

Isa. xlii.

See the immense value God sets on the slightest smouldering of piety and love in our souls; how He nurses beginnings; how He coaxes fears and entices relapses. We read of no feast days among the angels, but those to celebrate the return of sinners to their Father and their God.

Fr. Faber.

Not less to Thine unfaithful didst Thou cry,
"Come back, poor child; be all as 'twas
before."

But I,

"No, no; I will not promise any more!"

Yet when I feel my hour is come to die,

And so I am secured of continence,

Then may I say, though haply then in vain,

"My only, only Love, O take me back again!"

Thereafter didst Thou smile

So hard, that for a space,

Uplifted seemed Heaven's everlasting door,

And I indeed the darling of Thy grace.

Coventry Patmore.

THE Lord delayeth not His promise as some imagine: but dealeth patiently for your sake, not willing that any should perish, but that all should return to penance.

2 Peter iii. 9.

As we have rejected grace by abusing the powers of our body and the faculties of our soul in order to act contrary to God's law, in like manner after having recovered that grace by penance, let us use our powers and faculties to amend our life.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Ah ! there are untamed spirits, rough and
rude,

Rugged as unwrought iron, unsubdued
Till fire hath filled it with a glowing heat—
And love alone with such souls can compete.

Fr. Digby Best.

Most holy God, my very soul
With grief sincere is mov'd,
Because I have offended Thee,
Whom I should e'er have lov'd.
Forgive me, Father ; I am now
Resolved to sin no more,
And by Thy holy grace to shun
What made me sin before.

Anon.

APRIL 15.

PENANCE.

DESPISEST thou the riches of His goodness, and patience, and long-suffering? Knowest thou not that the benignity of God leadeth thee to penance?

Rom. ii. 4.

In every part of the Scriptures we meet proofs of the liberality and goodness of God in the more than sufficient helps He grants sinners for enabling them to love Him. Consider this God of charity standing at the door of the human heart; He is not satisfied with knocking once only, He continues to strike and speak to the soul which refuses Him entrance.

St. Francis of Sales.

Say, oh ! say, My people,
Why thus ungrateful prove ?
Why repay with coldness
The ardour of my love ?
If I am He who died to save,
Who life-redeeming ransom gave
Must I complain,
That all this love was vain ?

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit. I
am in Thy hands, O Lord, absolutely.

Cardinal Newman.

THIRD WEEK OF APRIL

“THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.”

Behold! He standeth behind our wall, looking through the windows, looking through the lattices.

Canticles ii. 9.

**O LET that Love which thus makes Thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean souls, and set us up
Convictors of Thine own full cup,
Co-heirs of saints. That so all may
Drink the same wine; and the same way:
Nor change the pasture; but the place,
To feed of Thee in Thine Own Face. Amen.**

Crashaw.

AP. 16. The BLESSED SACRAMENT

AND the altar shall be sanctified by My glory. I will sanctify also the Tabernacle of the Testimony with the altar.

Ex. xxix. 43.

The Blessed Sacrament is a mystery of daily repetition, of ordinary familiarity. We are coming across our Lord continually. . . . We are feeding on Him and seeing our fellow-creatures do so also; or we are gazing at Him in His veils, or receiving His benedictions, or making our devotions at His tabernacle door. Yet what is our habitual behaviour to Him in this mystery? . . . Have the intensity of our love, the breathlessness of our reverence, the earnestness of our prayers . . . the speechlessness of our yearning desires been all that they should have been, or half they would have been, if we had but corresponded to the grace which He Himself was giving each time to us? *Fr. Faber.*

How fair Thou art !
Thou fill'st the air;
Behold, O Host, how Thou art fair !

Michael Field.

He who abstains from receiving Holy Communion, and separates himself from the Body of the Lord, has much reason to fear, for he withdraws himself at the same time from eternal salvation.

St. Cyprian.

Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament divine! *Fr. F. Stanfield.*

AP. 17. The BLESSED SACRAMENT

FROM the rising of the sun even to the going down, My Name is great among the Gentiles. I see in every place altars, whereon is offered to My Name a clean offering.

Mal. i. 11.

Jesus Christ dwells in our tabernacles to-day as surely as He dwelt in Nazareth and in the very same Human Nature; and He dwells there, largely, for this very purpose—that He may make Himself accessible to all who know Him interiorly and desire to know Him more perfectly. It is this Presence which causes that astounding difference of atmosphere between Catholic Churches and all others. . . . The actual bodily Presence of the Fairest of the children of men, drawing His friends to Himself.

Mgr. Benson.

Thy God was making haste into thy roof,
Thy humble faith and fear keeps Him aloof:
He'll be thy guest, because He may not be;
He'll come—into thy house ? No, into thee.

Crashaw.

True it is that the Blessed Sacrament is not a mystery of distance or of terror, but one of most dear familiarity. Yet the only true test of our loving familiarity is the depth of our joyous fear.

Fr. Faber.

Lo, how God loveth us, He looseth hold. . . .
His Son is back among us, with His own,
And craving at our hands an altar-stone.
Thereon, a Victim, meek He takes His place.

Michael Field.

AP. 18. *The BLESSED SACRAMENT*

I AM the living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever: and the Bread that I will give, is my Flesh for the life of the world.

St. John vi. 51.

In Thee, O Lord, all things live, and Thou dost give them their food. *Oculi omnium in te sperant*—"the eyes of all hope in Thee." To the beasts of the field Thou givest meat and drink. . . . But, as to Thy children, Thou feedest us with another food. Thou knowest, O my God, Who madest us, that nothing can satisfy us but Thyself, and therefore Thou hast caused Thyself to be meat and drink to us. O most adorable mystery !

Cardinal Newman.

"Come to me with the morning light !"

I say it as my evening prayer

Beneath the lamp whose radiance bright

Proclaims the hidden Godhead there.

I sleep; but when the night is o'er,

Sweet Jesus, come to me once more.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

There is no one to whom the mere vicinity of the Blessed Sacrament has not been the cause of unnumbered blessings, even if he knew them not. But there are few who have not felt them, touched, handled, caressed, almost as if they were sensible things, so vivid and so solid have been the realities of grace. "Our hands have handled the Word of life," says St. John.

Fr. Faber.

AP. 19. The BLESSED SACRAMENT

IT came to pass, whilst He was at table with them, He took bread, and blessed and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.

St. Luke xxiv. 30.

There is one last step of humiliation down which He comes to us—that step by which our Victim and our Friend descends to be our Food. For, so great is His love to us that it is not enough for Him to lie there as our sin-bearer. . . . But, in communion, He hurries down that very stairway of sense up which we so often seek to climb in vain.

Mgr. Benson.

I am not worthy, Lord, I know,
That Thou shouldst enter here.
“To seek the sinner I still come,
With sinners still I eat.”
Then, Lord, my place is at Thy feet.

Fr. Digby Best.

Let us, on our part, do all that is in our power to prepare ourselves well to receive this “supersubstantial Bread,” surrendering ourselves wholly to Divine Providence, not only for what concerns temporal, but far more for our spiritual welfare.

St. Francis of Sales.

O dear memorial of that Death
Which lives still, and allows us breath !
Rich, royal Food ! bountiful Bread !
Whose use denies us to the dead.

Crashaw.

AP. 20. The BLESSED SACRAMENT

EXCEPT you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you. *St. John vi. 54.*

Christ came to bring life, to sustain it, and to restore it when lost: for He alone, the Prince of Life, possesses the elixir of Life. . . . Christ then Who is the Fountain of Life, alone can give grace; as Christ, Who is the Truth, alone can give Revelation. For Grace is to Life, what Revelation is to Truth. And it is the underlying idea of the Catholic Priesthood that He commissions and empowers in both departments alike, a human ministry to exercise the Divine Prerogatives. *Myr. Benson.*

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all !
O mystery of love divine !
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine !
Sweet Sacrament ! We thee adore !
O make us love Thee more and more !

Fr. Faber.

The pre-eminence of the Eucharist resides, as St. Thomas says, in the very substance of the Sacrament, seeing that it is as it were the Sacrament of all the other Sacraments, the centre of them, the cause of them, the end of them, and the harmony of them. *Fr. Faber.*

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this—
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss! *Fr. Faber.*

AP. 21. *The BLESSED SACRAMENT*

HE became, to all that obey Him, the cause of eternal salvation. *Heb. v. 9.*

Canst thou doubt any more that He loves thee? See how He would be with thee always—with thee by a bodily Presence which carries with it His Divinity; with thee by a veiled nearness which Faith causes to burn and palpitate; with thee by a sacramental effect which, on thy receiving Him, inundates thy nature and thy powers with nothing less than His own Divine Spirit.

Fr. Headly.

I watch Thee all the way,
O lovely Wanderer, that Thou dost take
Down to the Altar for our sake.

We leave Thine altars mild
Most sweetly reconciled,
Bearing to be beloved Thine awful way—
And afterward all day,
In little prayers and songs
We muse upon Thy wrongs.

Michael Field.

Truly we ought to make innumerable acts of adoration daily to this Divine Sacrament.

St. Francis of Sales.

My heart leaps out to Thine,
Yearns and longs and cannot be still;
Thy presence alone my longings can fill;
Come, wisdom divine!

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

AP. 22. The BLESSED SACRAMENT

I WILL not leave you orphans: I will come to you. *St. John xiv. 18.*

Our Saviour, at the close of His life, shows us greater love than ever. He must return to His Father; yet He longs to remain here with us. His wisdom shows Him the means of doing this. . . . Before yielding up His Body as a sacrifice on the Cross, He immolates it, and, abolishing all previous sacrifices, He institutes that of His Body and His Blood, to be on our altars a perpetual holocaust. Let us offer it to God with the reverence, tenderness, and devotion it demands.

Fr. Médaille, S.J.

That the Sacred Body once again
Might come to touch them with its mystic
power,
Quicken each pulse and touch each quivering
nerve
With all the fulness of the Godhead's might.
O awful gift of this great Sacrament !
O hidden power, veiled by the Hand of Love !
Dread oneness of the Master and the slave !
Blest union in the Marriage Feast of God !

Chatterton Dix.

When love has made us acquainted with the Blessed Sacrament, it seems as if His visible presence upon earth could hardly have been so real, so plain, so cognizable as His sacramental presence. *Fr. Faber.*

Thus near His presence both in wonder are;
But once we see our God, the mystery ends.
Where the sun rises there must be the morn.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

AP. 23. The BLESSED SACRAMENT

O TASTE and see that the Lord is sweet:
blessed is the man that hopeth in Him.

Ps. xxxiii. 9.

The Blessed Eucharist is not only a Presence, it is also a Sacrament. That is to say, over and beyond our own dispositions, it possesses, elevates, and strengthens our spiritual nature. It is true, preparation on our side is required; and preparation can never be too exact, too complete. But our preparation consists almost wholly in the removal of obstacles. . . . The inflow of spiritual energy is the work of the Sacrament.

Fr. Headly.

**O Word of Life, and Fount of Paradisal
speech !**

O living coal of fire, from off God's altar !

Now, lest they falter,

**Touch my lips, and teach my tongue to reach
Some chaunting echo from the heavenly
psalter.**

Laurence Housman.

**Ask the Divine Solitary of the Tabernacle
why He lives His hermit life amongst us, and
what could His answer be but this:—I wait, to
show love and to receive it.**

Fr. Faber.

Jesus Master, just and true !

Our Food, and faithful Shepherd too !

O by Thyself vouchsafe to keep,

As with Thyself Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

Crashaw.

FOURTH WEEK OF APRIL

“PEACE.”

He is our peace.

Eph. ii. 14.

THERE was peace between them such
That they felt each other's touch
Long time after in their heart.

Michael Field.

APRIL 24.

PEACE.

THE peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. *Phil. iv. 7.*

Peace, true peace, that which deserves the name, will be sought in vain by those who seek it elsewhere than in the possession of God; and that high and happy communion is to be secured and maintained only by the submission of faith, and the obedience of love. *Fénelon.*

We ask Thy peace, O Lord !
Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long struggling life.

A. A. Procter.

Peace is what all desire; but all do not care for the things that pertain to true peace.

Thomas à Kempis.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war !

Milton.

Our Lord, knowing the great need man has of peace, preached more constantly than anything else that peace which proceeds from the love which He so earnestly exhorted us to have with one another.

St. Francis of Sales.

APRIL 25.

PEACE.

THOU wilt keep peace: peace, because we
have hoped in Thee.

Isa. xxvi. 3.

If we would preserve peace within ourselves in the midst of conflict, we must keep our understanding firmly attached to the truths which our Lord has taught us, and prevent it from listening to or accepting mere human opinions and reasoning.

St. Francis of Sales.

Speak, and Thou shalt see
How quiet I will be,
O Lord, and like to Thee !
So still that, after all,
Thou scarce shalt hear me call:
My voice within Thy Breast shall grow so
small.

Laurence Housman.

In religious Orders union and peace ought to be preferred before all other advantages; and these spring from mutual forbearance, and a carriage full of sweetness: for this heavenly sweetness and mildness is a fountain of peace and a bond of perfection which uniteth hearts.

St. Vincent of Paul.

Lift up thy head: and be thou strong in
trust.

Dante.

APRIL 26.

PEACE.

FOLLOW peace with all men.

Heb. xii. 14.

It is of great importance that you endeavour at all times to keep your heart in peace; that you may keep pure that temple of God. The way to keep it in peace is to enter into it by means of *inward silence*. When you see yourself more sharply assaulted, retreat into that region of peace; and you will find a fortress that will enable you to triumph over all your enemies, visible and invisible, and over all their snares and temptations.

Mme. Guyon.

Ah ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft across the land ?

Tennyson.

He who would act and live in peace
amongst men ought, above all, to try to be
kind to all, and to do harm to none.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast and all thou art !
Renounce all strength but strength Divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine !

Mme. Guyon.

Cherish without scruple the simple peace
which you find in your honest search for God
alone.

Fénelon.

APRIL 27.

PEACE.

JESUS came and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you.

St. John xx. 19.

To-day my heart is at peace; what it may be to-morrow is unknown to me. God will do according to His good pleasure, and what He gives us must always be our daily bread, however hard and indigestible we may sometimes find it. Listen to God and not to yourself, for in so doing there is real liberty and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Fénelon.

O Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are disquieted until they rest in Thee.

St. Augustine.

Peace is what all desire; but all do not care for the things that attain unto true peace.

Thomas à Kempis.

With thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling.

Milton.

Did they wonder where
He then might be; and, with eyes dim,
Think the world void—not finding Him?
Nay! rather must they then have seen
His Presence where His Peace had been,
For joy of Him all heaven was blue;
With news of Him the sparkling dew
Shot back a message to the sun.

Laurence Housman.

APRIL 28.

PEACE.

PEACE I leave with you ; My peace I give
unto you ; not as the world giveth, give
I unto you.

St. John xiv. 27.

All men seek peace, but they seek it not where it is to be found. The peace which the world holds out as the object of man's hope and effort is as distinct and distant from that which God bestows, as God Himself, in His high and holy nature, is above and at distance from the world. The world promises peace, but halts in performance ; it offers transient pleasures, but they do not compensate their cost.

Fénelon.

O Blessed Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest ;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

Chatterton Dix.

Surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee, and rise above all gifts and all creatures whatsoever.

Thomas à Kempis.

His will is our peace !

Dante.

APRIL 29.

PEACE.

THOU wilt keep peace: peace because we
have hoped in Thee. *Isa. xxvi. 3.*

Jesus Christ alone can pacify the soul. He gives peace by restoring the balance of the mind, by calming the passions, and regulating the desires: He comforts by the hope of enduring good; He sheds abroad in the heart joy in the Holy Ghost. In the midst of pain and suffering, He makes this inward joy abound; and as the source of this peace and joy is inexhaustible, and the soul where they dwell inaccessible to man's utmost malice, none can take them away.

Fénelon.

Comest Thou peaceably, O Lord ?

Yea, I am Peace !

Be not so fearful to afford

Thy Maker room ! for I am thy Reward.

Laurence Housman.

Those who are at sea rest, though the ship be in perpetual movement, and the needle is still true to the pole. Let us regard God alone in all our actions; so shall we find interior rest in the most agitated life.

St. Francis of Sales.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here:

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread

Without a fear !

A. A. Procter.

BLESSED are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

St. Matt. v. 9.

Let not your heart be troubled. Poverty, contempt, failure, mental and bodily affliction—regard all these but as blessings at the hand of God; as favours which He assigns to His children, and which He is dispensing to you: then will you look upon the world with a different eye, and possess your soul in patience and peace. *Fénelon.*

His face wore
The utter peace of one whose life is hid
In God's own hand. *Mrs. Hamilton King.*

The love of God gives a peace which is without presumption. Return gently and peacefully to the presence of God each time you perceive that you have wandered from it.

Fénelon.

We ask for peace, O Lord !
Thy children ask for peace !
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease. . . .
'Tis not for such peace that we would
pray !
Give us that peace, O Lord, Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee
best.

A. A. Procter.

May

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“Our Blessed Lady.”

WHO is this that cometh up from the
desert flowing with delights, leaning
upon her Beloved ?

Canticles viii. 5.

Love, light for me,
Thy ruddiest blazing torch,
That I, albeit a beggar by the Porch
Of the glad Palace of Virginity,
May gaze within, and sing the pomps I see.

Coventry Patmore.

MAY 1. OUR BLESSED LADY.

WHEN He had found one pearl of great price, went His way, and sold all that He had, and bought it. *St. Matt. xiii. 45.*

It was correspondence to grace which was Mary's grandest grace. It was her correspondence to grace which interprets and accounts for her immense holiness. It was her correspondence to grace which made her sanctity congruous to her unparalleled exaltation. If we will be put as faithful to our little graces as she was to her great ones, we shall at last draw near to her, or what we may call near. *Fr. Faber.*

O God ! for one to stand
Before Thy face,
Holding us by the hand
In supreme grace. *Emily Hickey.*

Mary, the tender Mother of the predestinate, hides them under the wings of her protection as the hen hides her chickens. She speaks, she humbles herself, she condescends to all their weaknesses, to secure them from the hawk and the vulture.

Bl. G. de Montfort.

Hail ! Pearl of precious worth,
To Thee none may compare,
Grace filled thee ere thy birth,
Grace singular and rare.
Fair Pearl ! all heaven and earth
Thy pricelessness declare. *Fr. Digby Best.*

MAY 2. OUR BLESSED LADY.

I AM the Mother of fair Love, and of fear,
and of knowledge, and of holy hope.

Ecclus. xxiv. 24.

It would not have sufficed, in order to bring out and impress on us the idea that God is man, had His mother been an ordinary person. . . . She must be made to fill the mind in order to suggest the lesson. When she once attracts our attention, then, and not till then, she begins to preach Jesus. She is exalted in herself that she may minister to Christ.

Cardinal Newman.

Did I hear the angels singing
In the star-land wilderness,
Did I hear the heavens ringing
With God's praise, I should learn less
Of His Majesty and splendour,
Than I learn from Mary's heart,
With its vast love, strong and tender—
O my God, how great Thou art!

Fr. Digby Best.

Love of Mary is an intrinsic part of the love of Jesus, and to imagine that the interests of the two can be opposed is to show that we do not understand Jesus or the devotion due to Him.

Fr. Faber.

Mother ! be love of thee a ray
From heaven, to show the heavenward way.
Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

Tr. : Fr. Faber.

MAY 3. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THOU that dwellest in the gardens: make
me hear thy voice. *Canticles viii. 13.*

Mary is the most beautiful flower that ever was seen in the spiritual world. It is by the power of God's grace that from this barren and desolate earth there have ever sprung up at all flowers of holiness and glory. And Mary is the Queen of them. She is the Queen of spiritual flowers; and therefore she is called the rose, for the rose is fitly called of all flowers the most beautiful.

Cardinal Newman.

The rose when shaken fragrance sheds
around,
The bell when struck pours forth melodious
sound;
The heart of Mary moved by earnest prayer
Will scatter grace and sweetness everywhere.

Fr. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

O Mystic Rose, what tree,
Or flower, e'en the fairest,
Is half so fair as thee?
O let me, though so lowly,
Recite my Mother's fame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name. *Fr. Wyse.*

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother! when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed!

Fr. Faber.

MAY 4. OUR BLESSED LADY.

A WOMAN clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. *Apoc. xii. 1.*

It is Mary's prerogative to be the Morning Star, which heralds in the sun. She does not shine for herself or from herself, but she is the reflection of her and our Redeemer, and she glorifies *Him*. When she appears in the darkness, we know that He is close at hand. He is Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End.

Cardinal Newman.

Not for herself doth Mary hold
That Mother-crown, that queenly throne;
The loftiest in the Saviour's fold,
The least possessor of her own.

Pure thoughts that make to God their guest
With her find footing o'er the clouds,
Like those sea-crossing birds that rest
A moment on the sighing boughs.

In her our hearts, no longer nursed
On dust, for spiritual beauty yearn;
From her own instincts, as at first,
An upward gravitation learn.

Aubrey de Vere.

O Queen of Heaven ! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 5. OUR BLESSED LADY.

WHO is she that goeth up by the desert, as
a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices,
of myrrh and frankincense, and of all the
powders of the perfumer ? *Canticles iii. 6.*

There was a Divine music in all Mary said
and did—in her mien, her air, her deport-
ment, that charmed every true heart that
came near her. Her innocence, her hu-
mility and modesty, her simplicity, sincerity,
and truthfulness, her unselfishness, her un-
affected interest in everyone who came to
her, her purity—it was these qualities which
made her so lovable. *Cardinal Newman.*

If Mary's reparation at the foot of Calvary
was worthy of Jesus during the few hours of
His dolorous Passion, her reparation before
the tabernacle is at the height of that other
Passion, which has to last till the end of the
world. *Fr. Cesnière.*

Unfold to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear ;
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near ?

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

An *Alma Mater* unto me
Thou seemest to all who lovingly
Would live within Thy love's control,
Sweet Mother-Maid !

Fr. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

MAY 6. OUR BLESSED LADY.

AS the lily among thorns, so is my love
among the daughters. *Canticles ii. 2.*

Mary never committed any sin, even the least, because sin has no part in her; through the fulness of God's grace, she never thought a thought, or spoke a word, or did an action, which was displeasing, which was not most pleasing, to Almighty God; in her was displayed the greatest triumph over the enemy of souls.

Cardinal Newman.

O Flower of flowers, Our Lady of the May,
Breath from God's garden of eternal flowers.
Blessing, when we thy children pray:
Let thy soul's grace steal gently over ours.
Send on us dew and rain,
That we may bloom again,
Nor wither in the dry and parching dust;
Lift up our hearts, till with adoring eyes,
O Morning Star, we hail thee in the skies,
Star of our hope and trust.
Sweet Star, sweet Flower, then bid thy
beauty stay:
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May.

Lionel Johnson.

To live and not to love thee
Would fill my soul with shame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee
I'll love and bless thy name.

Fr. Wyse,

MAY 7. OUR BLESSED LADY.

ONE is my dove, my perfect one.

Canticles vi. 8.

We are accustomed to preach abroad that which is wonderful, strange, rare, important. Thus, when our Lord was coming, St. John the Baptist *preached* Him; then the Apostles went into the wide world, and *preached* Christ. What is the highest, the rarest, the choicest prerogative of Mary? It is that she was without sin.

Cardinal Newman.

The Heart of Mary looks around,
Heaven's mansions all with joy resound;
Angels and Saints with rapture throng
To join their music to her song.
The gladness Jesus ever gives
Most in the Heart of Mary lives.

Heart of Mary, throned in bliss,
Free my heart from mournfulness.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

Heights of grace and joy sublime
Thou, most holy maid, shalt climb.
None like thee since time began;
Mother of God made Man for man.

Emily Hickey.

The crown of creatures, first in place,
By nature nothing—all by grace;
Redemption's first and loftiest boast.

Aubrey de Vere.

MAY 8. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THOU art all fair, O my love, and there
is not a spot in thee. *Canticles iv. 7.*

By the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is meant the great revealed truth that she was conceived in the womb of her Mother, St. Anne, without original sin. . . . Therefore she was a child of Adam and Eve as if they had not fallen; she did not share with them their sin; she inherited the gifts and graces—and more than those—which Adam and Eve possessed in Paradise. This is her prerogative, and the foundation of all those salutary truths, which are revealed to us concerning her. *Cardinal Newman.*

To-day Thou fashionest
A sanctuary,
A temple pure and blest,
Wherein to be.
To-day that lovely shrine
Where Thou shalt dwell
Is reared at will of Thine,
Emmanuel. *Emily Hickey.*

My harp, attuned to heavenly choirs,
Has but one theme:
Breathe Mary's name,
And rapturous music lives in all its wires.
Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

Sweet Day-star ! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.
A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 9. OUR BLESSED LADY.

WHO is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun ? *Canticles vi. 9.*

Why is May called the month of Mary, and especially dedicated to her ? Among other reasons there is this : that of the Church's year it is at once the most sacred and the most festive and joyous portion. . . . She is the first of creatures, the most acceptable Child of God, the dearest and nearest to Him. It is fitting, then, that this month should be hers, in which we especially glory and rejoice in His great Providence to us, in our redemption and sanctification in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. *Cardinal Newman.*

Mary's month has come again ;
Ring the news through earth's domain,
Spread it East and West,
Till every corner echoes the refrain.
Heaven itself takes up the lay,
And all God's creatures vie to-day,
Who shall praise her best.

The Angels smile, and whisper in their mirth,
" Not far apart to-day are heaven and earth."
 Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

Joy of my heart ! oh, let me pay
To thee thine own sweet month of May.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 10. OUR BLESSED LADY.

I TO my Beloved, and His turning is
towards me.

Canticles vii. 10.

That title, the title of Mary, as *Mother of God*, has become what is called a dogma, or article of faith, in the Church. Is this title as given to Mary more wonderful than the doctrine that God, without ceasing to be God, should become Man? Is it more mysterious that Mary should be Mother of God, than that *God* should be *man*? Yet the latter is an elementary truth of revelation, witnessed by Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles all through Scripture. And what can be more consoling than the wonderful promises which follow from this truth, that Mary is the Mother of God?

Cardinal Newman.

Pure as the breath of God—oh, clean of heart,
These happy words can tell
The miracle
Of how divinely innocent thou art,
Virgin Immaculate !
Under thy shining cloak our vileness hide,
Lest her own kindred should disgrace the
Bride.

E. C. Donnelly.

Ave Maria ! O Maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee,
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea !

Sister M.

MAY 11. OUR BLESSED LADY.

FEAR not, Mary, for thou hast found
grace with God. *St. Luke i. 30.*

How, and when, did Mary take part, and the initial part, in the world's restoration ? It was when the Angel Gabriel came to her to announce to her the great dignity which was to be her portion. . . . It was God's will that she should undertake willingly and with full understanding to be the Mother of our Lord, and not to be a mere passive instrument whose maternity would have no merit and no reward. *Cardinal Newman.*

Mary ! to thee the humble cry.
What seek they ? Gifts to pride unknown.
They seek thy help, to pass thee by,
They murmur, " Show us but thy Son."

The childlike heart shall enter in ;
The virgin soul its God shall see ;
Mother and Maiden pure from sin !
Be thou the guide: the Way is He.

The mystery high of God made Man
Through thee to man is easier made :
Pronounce the consonant who can
Without the softer vowel's aid !

Aubrey de Vere.

Mary ! one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 12. OUR BLESSED LADY.

TILL the day break, and the shadows
retire, I will go to the mountain of
myrrh and to the hill of frankincense.

Canticles iv. 6.

Who can estimate the holiness and perfection of her who was chosen to be the Mother of God ? If to him that hath more shall be given, and holiness and Divine favour go together, what must have been the transcendent purity of her, whom the Creator Spirit condescended to overshadow ? Nothing is so calculated to impress on our minds that Christ is really partaker of our nature, and in all respects man, save sin only, as to associate Him with the thought of her, by whose ministration He became our Brother.

Cardinal Newman.

Bright gateway ! through whose golden arch
The Father's grace is flowing,
Whose steps the Son and Spirit wear
With their incessant going !
Porch of the Throne, what beauteous hosts
Of angels cluster round thee !
Oh, happy are the seeking souls
Whose faith and love have found thee !

Fr. Faber.

Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 13. OUR BLESSED LADY.

ALL good things come to me together
with her. *Wisdom vii. 11.*

Mary is pre-eminently faithful to her Lord and Son. Let no one for an instant suppose that she is not supremely zealous for His honour, or, as those who are not Catholics fancy, that to exalt her is to be unfaithful to Him. Her true servants are still more truly His. Well as she rewards her friends, she would deem him no friend, but a traitor, who preferred her to Him.

Cardinal Newman

The Lady of Good Counsel, she
Leaneth her ear untiringly.

In every one her Son she sees,
Therefore the world her baby is,
That like a hurt and frightened child
Sobs on her breast, the Undefined,
Or hides its face upon her knees.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

We must be children once again, saith He,
Whose Word is life's high law; so, when I
roam

Out of the narrow way and stand in need,
Lest I be lost for ever, I will plead:

"My Mother's name is Mary, and my home
Is where she lives, in heaven, and looks for
me."

Fr. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

MAY 14. OUR BLESSED LADY

THY name is as oil poured out.

Canticles i. 2.

No one has access to the Almighty as His Mother has; none has merit such as hers. Her Son will deny her nothing that she asks; and herein lies her power. While she defends the Church, neither height nor depth, neither men nor evil spirits, neither great monarchs, nor craft of man, nor popular violence, can avail to harm us; for human life is short, but Mary reigns above, a Queen for ever.

Cardinal Newman.

Hail, Mary, hail ! O Maiden-Mother, hail !
In thankfulness I lean upon the thought
Of thy mysterious chastities: unsought
Comes the sweet faith thy prayers can never
fail

In that high heaven where thou hast been
assumed ;

And with this hope my spirit newly plumed
Strives upwards.

Fr. Faber.

O Mary ! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be ;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt ;
And so it is, that utterly,
Mother of God ! we trust in Thee.

Fr. Faber.

With love of thee and thy dear Son,
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 15. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THE righteous love Thee.

Canticles i. 3.

Mary is the "Seat of Wisdom" because the Son of God, who is also called in Scripture the Word and Wisdom of God, once dwelt in her, and then, after His birth of her, was carried in her arms and seated in her lap in His first years. . . . This brings us to a reflection about her. . . . If such close and continued intimacy with her Son created in her a sanctity inconceivably great, must not also the knowledge which she gained during those many years from His conversation have been so large and profound that she must have excelled the greatest of philosophers? *Cardinal Newman.*

Dear heavenly Maiden, in thy heart, aglow
With all the dreams of past and future time,
There dwelt the Life ineffable, sublime,
That marks God's own supremest overflow
Of life and love—the rarest that we know,
Of all His vintage—the celestial wine
Of love's immortal sacrifice Divine,
The joy of joys whence all our glories grow.

W. Thorne.

She stood, the Lady-Shechinah of earth,
A chancel for the sky;
Where woke to breath and beauty God's own
birth,
For men to see Him by.

Fr. Hawker.

MAY 16. OUR BLESSED LADY.

BEHOLD thou art fair, O my love, behold
thou art fair, thy eyes are as those of
the doves.

Canticles i. 14.

Jesus is the Light of the world, illuminating every man who cometh into it, opening our eyes with the gift of faith, making souls luminous by His Almighty grace; and Mary is the Star, shining with the light of Jesus, fair as the moon, and special as the sun, the star of the heavens, which it is good to look upon, the star of the sea, which is welcome to the tempest-tossed. Hail, then, Star of the Sea, we joy in the recollection of thee. Pray for us ever at the throne of Grace.

Cardinal Newman.

O queenly spirit ! O Heart immaculate !
This world contained no measure of thy
worth.

All other souls with inward strife are torn ;
Thou wert so heavenly, thy royal state
So towered supreme above the dross of earth,
That even thy temptations were heaven-born.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

All our joys do flow from Mary,
All then join her praise to sing ;
Trembling sing the Virgin Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King. . . .
Let our hearts be quick to offer,
Love the heart alone can teach.

St. Casimir.

MAY 17. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THE queen stood on Thy right hand in
gilded clothing. Ps. xliv. 11.

One reason for believing in our Lady's Assumption is that her Divine Son loved her too much to let her body remain in the grave. A second reason—that now before us—is this, that she was not only dear to our Lord as a mother is dear to a son, but that also she was so transcendently holy, so full, so overflowing with grace.

Cardinal Newman.

Behold, thou art fair ! my Beloved, thou art fair !

Behold thou hast dove's eyes under thy locks !

Thy brows are as pomegranates bound in thy hair :

And the beauty thereof is as the fleece of the flocks.

Laurence Housman.

Child of my strain, my perfect,

My sinless one,

Come in thy peerless honour,

And take thy throne ;

Sit, as the great king's Mother,

Next to thy Son. . . .

And because He will give His darling,

Who willeth as He,

Whatever she choose to ask Him,

I ask of thee,

Oh, pray for me.

Anon.

MAY 18. OUR BLESSED LADY.

WHITHER is thy Beloved gone, O thou
most beautiful among women? . . .
We will seek Him with thee.

Canticles v. 17.

What is the nearest approach in the way of symbols, in this world of sight and sense, to represent to us the glories of that higher world which is beyond our bodily perceptions? What are the truest tokens and promises here, poor though they be, of what one day we hope to see hereafter, as being beautiful and rare? Whatever they may be, surely the Blessed Mother of God may claim them as her own.

Cardinal Newman.

O mystery to Christian souls endeared !
O chaste virginity so sweetly crowning
Maternal love ! What wonder that thou art
A joy to contemplate from age to age,
Such blending of all purities as draws
Unto itself the countless hearts of men,
And once drew God to take a human heart !

Fr. Faber.

MAY 19. OUR BLESSED LADY.

SHE sheweth herself to them cheerfully in
the ways. *Wisdom vi. 7.*

Mary is the "Turris Eburnea." A tower is a fabric which rises higher and more conspicuous than other objects in its neighbourhood. Thus, when we say that a man "towers" over his fellows, we mean to signify that they look small in comparison of him. This quality of greatness is instanced in the Blessed Virgin. Though she suffered more keen and intimate anguish at our Lord's Passion and Crucifixion than any of the Apostles by reason of being His Mother, yet consider how much more noble she was amid her deep distress than they were.

Cardinal Newman.

Rich queen, lend some relief,
At least an alms of grief,
To a heart who by sad right of sin
Could prove the whole sum due to him.
By all those stings
Of Love, sweet-bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcribed on thy
true heart;
O teach mine, too, the art
To study Him so, till we mix
Wounds and become one Crucifix.

Crashaw.

Lady . . . Call us
Back from cowardice to grace.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

MAY 20. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THERE stood by the Cross of Jesus, His
Mother.

St. John xix. 25.

Not in the body but the soul Mary suffered.
True, in her Son's Agony, she was agonized;
in His Passion she suffered a fellow-passion;
she was crucified with Him; the spear that
pierced His breast pierced through her
spirit. Yet there were not visible signs of
this intimate martyrdom; she stood up, still,
collected, motionless, solitary, under the
Cross of her Son, surrounded by Angels, and
shrouded in her virginal sanctity from the
notice of all who were taking part in His
Crucifixion.

Cardinal Newman.

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins; and swim
In woes that were not made for Him.
Ah ! hard command
Of Love ! Here must she stand,
Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye
See her life die.

Crashaw.

The lifelong pain by Jesus borne,
Passed first through Mary's Heart forlorn.
Heart of Mary, pierced with grief,
Give my weeping heart relief.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe,

MAY 21. OUR BLESSED LADY.

AND she brought forth a Man-Child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod: and her Son was taken up to God, and to His throne.

Apoc. xii. 5.

As soon as we apprehend by faith the great fundamental truth that Mary is the Mother of God, other wonderful truths follow in its train; and one of these is that she was exempt from the ordinary lot of mortals, which is not only to die, but to become earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Die she must, and die she did, as her Divine Son died, for He was man.

Cardinal Newman.

Child of Heaven,
The first-born, save thy Son, in those decrees,
The Elect, the Immaculate, the full of grace,
Which for thy Son's sake fenced thee from
His foe;
Foam-born from seas of sanctity alone;
Tested in all the sanctities of God.

Aubrey de Vere.

It was thy lowliness,
Well-pleasing to the Lord,
That made thee worthy to become
The Mother of the Word.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

O Virgin-born ! O Flesh Divine !
Cleanse us, and make us wholly Thine.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

MAY 22. OUR BLESSED LADY.

HE brought me into the cellar of wine,
He set in order charity in me.

Canticles ii. 4.

It may not appear at first sight how the virtue of prudence is connected with the trials and sorrows of our Lady's life; yet there is a point of view from which we are reminded of her prudence by those trials. It must be recollected that she is not only the great instance of the contemplative life, but also of the practical; and the practical life is at once a life of penance and of prudence, if it is to be well discharged. Now Mary was as full of external work and hard service as any Sister of Charity.

Cardinal Newman.

So, whatever need o'ertake us,
Lady, still we look to Thee.
May thy Counsel ever make us
Such as God would have us be.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

All, all His love remember,
And, oh ! remember, too,
How prompt I am to purpose,
How slow and frail to do.
Yet scorn not my petitions,
But patiently give ear,
And help me, O my Mother,
Most loving and most dear.

St. Bernard,

MAY 23. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THINE own soul a sword shall pierce.

St. Luke ii. 35.

The Blessed Virgin is the comforter of the afflicted. We all know how special a mother's consolation is, and we are allowed to call Mary our Mother from the time that our Lord from the Cross established the relation of Mother and son between her and St. John. And she especially can console us because she suffered more than mothers in general.

Cardinal Newman.

For in Mary's ear all sorrow

Singeth ever like a psalm :

Welcome, Mother ! are the tempests

Which thou layest with thy calm ;

Sweet the broken hearts thou healest

With Thine own heart's nameless balm !

Fr. Faber.

Star of the ocean ! dear art thou,

Ah ! not to sea-worn men alone :

The suffering Church, when shines thy
brow

Upon her penance, stays her moan.

The holy souls draw in their breath :

The sea of anguish rests in peace :

And from beyond the gates of death

Up swell the anthems of release.

Aubrey de Vere.

MAY 24. OUR BLESSED LADY.

PUT me as a seal upon thy heart, as a
seal upon thy arm. *Canticles viii. 6.*

The Blessed Virgin is a creature, but she is so holy, so perfect, and so perfectly allied and united with her Divine Son, and so much loved and cherished by God, that we cannot properly love the Son, without loving also His Mother very much for love of Him, and without honouring her also extremely, to do Him honour.

St. Francis of Sales.

Forgive, great Mother, all the years
Wherein I passed thee by unknown :
Forgive the weak unworthy fears
Of faithlessness to Jesus' Throne.

I know Him better now and thee,
I know Him and I love thee more
Than in those days, not shadow-free,
When still I stood outside the door.

Chatterton Dix.

Whoever does not love and honour our
Lady with a singular love and a very special
honour is no true Christian.

St. Francis of Sales.

Mary ! my soul calls
On thy dear name ;
Build there thine altar,
Kindle thy flame. *Fr. Digby Best.*

MAY 25. OUR BLESSED LADY.

MARY the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances; and she began this song unto them, saying: Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified.

Ex. xv. 20.

There is no time lost in seeking Jesus if we go at once to Mary, for He is always there, always at home. The darkness in His mysteries becomes light when we hold it to her light, which is His light as well. She is the short road to Him.

Fr. Faber.

O God of Mary, Thine own hands
Which made her also fashioned me,
And if her gifts, received from Thee,
Allured Thee to these desert lands—

O Mary's God,
Art Thou not mine ?
My Love Divine !
My heart's abode !

Fr. Digby Best.

Even though God should create many new worlds, He could never raise a mere creature to a greater height of excellence than to make her Mother of God.

St. Francis of Sales.

Sweet art Thou, O God of Mary,
“Taste and see,” is Thy sweet call,
All to her, and All to all—
Like her loving as a Mother—
Having all loves in Thy Heart.

Tr. : Fr. Faber.

MAY 26. OUR BLESSED LADY.

SHEW me thy face, let thy voice sound
in my ears: for thy voice is sweet, and
thy face comely. *Canticles ii. 14.*

When we consider the whole course of our Blessed Lady's life, our hearts are filled full of tenderness and sweetness; and calling to mind the great and rare examples of virtues which she has bequeathed to us, the truth comes home to us that, if we would share in her sweet spirit ourselves, and wish to be able to bear it even into our neighbour's heart, we must acquire it by meditating on her life. *St. Francis of Sales.*

We are impatient to behold
Thy features lit with glory's light—
That heavenly look, wherein is told
Thy history since Christmas night,
When, Mother, thou didst dare enfold
In sheltering arms the God of might.
Mother blest ! show thy face,
Deign thy veil to remove !
On our hearts let us trace
The dear features we love !

Fr. Digby Best.

O Mother ! we have been craving for more
human thoughts of thee; we have wanted to
feel thee nearer to us. *Fr. Faber.*

Show us the very Love, O Mother,
Who loved us so. *Emily Hickey.*

MAY 27. OUR BLESSED LADY.

MY dove in the clefts of the rock.

Canticles ii. 14.

Look upon our Lady wherever she may be. In her chamber at Nazareth, exercising the most perfect modesty with holy fear, see her simplicity—her resignation—her humility. Consider her at Bethlehem: she leads a life of simple poverty. . . . See her with the kings. . . . See her at the Purification. . . . She is at the foot of the Cross, humble, lowly, and sorrowful.

St. Francis of Sales.

Alas ! in sooth

Beating thy pennons, thinking to advance,
Thou backward fall'st. Grace then must
first be gained ;

Her grace, whose might can help thee.

Thou in prayer

Seek her.

Dante.

From Mary, as from the moon, proceeds the flow of grace when she pours out the blessings of God upon us; and also the ebb when she teaches us to refer it all back to God by our gratitude for His benefits.

J. de Voragine.

O priceless vase, most holy loving-cup,
Of virgin gold with festal roses twined,
Where God may drink, and slake for evermore
His strange sweet thirst for love of human-kind.

M. Korum.

MAY 28. OUR BLESSED LADY.

THOU shalt be crowned from the top of Amana, from the top of Sanir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards.

Canticles iv. 8.

We should ill-use Mary's magnificence, or rather, we should show that we had altogether misapprehended it, if we did not use it as a revelation of God and an approach to Him. What was it in her which so attracted God? What drew the Word from the Bosom of the Father into her bosom with such mysterious allurements? It was as if He were following the shadow of His own beauty. It was because the delights of the Holy Trinity were so faithfully imaged there. All was His.

Fr. Faber.

Raise thy view
Into the visage most resembling Christ:
For in her splendour only, shalt thou win
The power to look on Him. Forthwith I saw
Such floods of gladness on her visage
showered,
. . . That, whatsoever I had yet beheld,
Had not so much suspended me with wonder,
Or shown me such similitude of God.

Dante.

To form Mary's love, two loves were united; for she gave to her Son the love due to a God, and to her God the love due to a Son.

Bl. Amadeus.

MAY 29. OUR BLESSED LADY.

HE has given His angels charge over thee.

Ps. xc. 11.

I am in the habit of saying that the Blessed Virgin is in a way more truly a creature of God and her own Son than anything else in the world, inasmuch as God has in her created many more perfections than in all other creatures besides; and also, that she is more truly redeemed than any other of our kind, since she was redeemed not only from sin itself, but even from the power and inclination to commit sin at all.

St. Francis of Sales.

The heart of Mary looked above
And upward flew in flames of love;
In vain did earth around her call,
Her God to her was all in all.
Love, brought to her by God her Son,
In Mary's heart deflected shone.
Heart of Mary, loving fire,
My heart, too, with love inspire.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

O truly admirable humility of Mary ! She is not only, as she calls herself, the handmaid of the Lord, but she also deigns to be the handmaid of the handmaids of the Lord.

St. Bonaventure.

Pour on us light and love from the Heart
Divine;
For to thee, who hast ever lain in the Bosom
of God,
He grants to bestow the gifts of His Heart as
thine.

Emily Hickey.

MAY 30. OUR BLESSED LADY.

SHE is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's Majesty, and the image of His goodness.

Wisdom vii. 26.

Our glorious Lady is set before us as a mirror and as an epitome of Christian perfection. . . . God would have her pass through all states and stages of life, so that all sorts and conditions of people might find in her, as in a sea of graces, whatever they should need, to be formed and reared up in their vocation according to the will of God.

St. Francis of Sales.

'Tis thine

To know His love, our want,
And lead the poor before His Blessed Face.

Who shall declare the royal recompense,
The sweet repose, the happiness immense,
Prepared for those who love and serve
their God ?

'Tis thine, who shinest bright
Like ivory in God's light,
To guide us safely to that blest abode.

Fr. Digby Best.

The great King has given to her, as to another Esther, the half of His kingdom, and has made her the Queen of Mercy, as He Himself is the King of Justice. *St. Thomas Aquinas.*

Lift your hearts to heaven in prayer,
Mary's heart will keep them there.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

MAY 31. OUR BLESSED LADY.

HOW beautiful art thou, and how comely,
my dearest, in delights.

Canticles vii. 6.

How true it is that the most Blessed Virgin
and her Son had but one soul, one heart,
and one life, so that this holy Mother lived
only by her Son, who lived in her !

St. Francis of Sales.

She was a sea-shell from the deep
Of God ; her function this alone
Of Him to whisper as in sleep
In everlasting undertone.

Aubrey de Vere.

The marvellous avenue of graces, which
began in the Immaculate Conception, runs
without a fault or break straight to the
Blessed Sacrament. The one mystery
answers to the other ; the one illuminates the
other ; the one completes and consummates
the other. . . . So, at every Mass and in each
Communion, we look up to the Immaculate
Conception. The light of that far-reaching
mystery is in our faces on the altar-step.

Fr. Faber.

Thou only fair,
At whose petition meek
The heavens themselves decree, that, as it
were,
They will be weak.

Coventry Patmore.

Sweeter than odours of the South
In some untravelled purple sea.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

June

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Sacred Heart.”

BEHOLD the Heart which has loved men
so much !

Bl. Margaret Mary.

My Blood so red
For thee was shed.
Come home again, come home again,
Child of My grief and pain !
Thou art gone astray,
Out of thy way,
Now all My love must plead with thee—
Come back to Me ! Come back to Me !

Fiona McKay.

JUNE 1 THE SACRED HEART.

LOVEST thou Me ?

St. John xxi. 17.

By the devotion to His Sacred Heart, our Lord wished chiefly to draw us to Himself and win our hearts. Love calls for love; benefits provoke gratitude. The Heart of Jesus is all love; It calls for our love; the Heart of Jesus is an open source of benefit of all kinds, graces, consolation, mercy: It provokes our gratitude unceasingly. *Fr. Prévot.*

In strenuous hope I wrought,
And hope seem'd still betray'd;
Lastly I said,
“ I have labour'd through the night, nor yet
Have taken aught;
But at Thy word I will again cast forth the
net !”

And, lo, I caught
(Oh, quite unlike and quite beyond my
thought),
Not the quick shining harvest of the sea,
But Thee !
Coventry Patmore.

Listen to God, and follow His inward voice
of grace, that is all. But to listen, one must
be silent: and to follow one must yield.

Fénelon.

As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.

Tr. : Fr. Albany Christie, S.J.

JUNE 2. THE SACRED HEART.

LET us go with confidence to the throne
of grace. *Heb. iv. 16.*

The Sacred Heart of our Lord is a compendium of everything connected with our relations to God. It explains and colours everything. The fact that that Heart loves us is the basis of our service, the spur to our trust and loyalty. *Anon.*

Whom God does once with Heart to heart
befriend

He does so till the end :

And having planted life's miraculous germ,

One sweet pulsation of responsive love,

He sets Him sheer above,

Not sin and bitter shame

And wreck of fame,

But Hell's insidious and more black attempt. . . .

Constantly his soul

Points to its pole

Ev'n as the needle points, and knows not why.

Coventry Patmore.

Do away with all discouragement which grieves the Sacred Heart so much, and which is so hurtful to our souls. Make your failings serve to increase your humility ; and humility will increase your confidence. *Fr. Prévot.*

Hide me in Thy dear Heart,

For thither do I fly ;

There seek Thy grace through life, in death

Thine immortality.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

JUNE 3. THE SACRED HEART.

I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee. *Jer. xxxi. 3.*

Devotion to the Sacred Heart has specially for object, the manifestation of gratitude for its two principal benefits: the Redemption and the Holy Eucharist. These are the two chief marks of His love: God giving His life for us in His Passion, God communicating His life to us in the Eucharist. No one can have more love for those he loves. *Fr. Prévot.*

Is it not wonderful, servant of God !
That he should have honoured us so with
 His love,
That the sorrows of life should but shorten
 the road
Which leads to Himself and the mansion
 above. *Fr. Faber.*

When I do wrong, Thou, O my God, art still within me, reproving the evil that I do, inspiring regret for the good that I abandon, and showing a Mercy which holds out its arms to me. *Fénelon.*

What limit is there to Thee, Love ?

Thy flight where wilt Thou stay ?
On, on, our Lord is sweeter far
 To-day than yesterday.

Oh, love of Jesus ! Blessed love !
 So will it ever be ;

Time cannot hold Thy wondrous growth,
 No, nor eternity ! *Fr. Faber.*

JUNE 4. THE SACRED HEART.

COME to Me, all you that labour, and are
burdened, and I will refresh you.

St. Matt. xi. 28.

It is in the adorable Heart of Jesus that we shall find every help for our necessities, every remedy for the cure of our ills, the most powerful assistance against the assaults of our enemies, the sweetest consolation to soothe our sufferings, the purest delight to fill our souls with joy.

Bl. Peter Damien.

Ye hear how kindly He invites ;

Ye hear His words so blest :

“ All ye that labour come to Me,
And I will give you rest.”

O Heart ! Thou joy of saints on high !

Thou hope of sinners here !

Attracted by those loving words,

To Thee I lift my prayer :

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood,

Which forth from Thee doth flow ;

New grace, new hope inspire ; a new

And better heart bestow. *Tr.: Fr. Caswall.*

Let us be ever faithful to the Beloved of our souls, let us give Him all our affections, all our love, keeping nothing but giving all to the Sacred Heart.

Bl. Margaret Mary.

O loving Lord, Thou never leavest those who leave not Thee, Thou never takest away Thy gifts save from those who withdraw their hearts from Thee.

St. Francis of Sales.

JUNE 5. THE SACRED HEART.

THEY shall not hunger, nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them: for He that is merciful to them, shall be their Shepherd, and at the fountains of waters He shall give them drink. *Isa. xlix. 10.*

The Passion of our Lord is one of the chief marks of the love of His Sacred Heart: this love is shown especially by the sweat of Blood which comes from His Heart in Its agony, through love; by the seven words which came from this Heart on the Cross, as so many flames of love; at the end of His Passion, by the opening of His Heart whence issued the last drop of His Blood, so that He might be able to say: This is the Heart which has loved men so much that It has exhausted every source of love for them. *Fr. Prévot.*

Mean man,
Darling of God, whose thoughts but live and
 move
Round him; who woos his will
To wedlock with His own, and does distil
To that drop's span
The attar of all rose-fields, of all love !
Coventry Patmore.

Of this love I will never doubt; on it I will feed; in it I will rejoice; for it I will work and sacrifice my life and strength; by means of it I will be patient under trials of all kinds; with it I hope to pass my eternity. *Anon.*

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the shield of faith, the food of piety, amid the errors and disorders of the age. *Cardinal Pié,*

JUNE 6. THE SACRED HEART.

BEHOLD, I have graven them in my hands.

Isa. xlix. 16.

From the beginning of the world Almighty God has told men that He loved them. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: he that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of My eye." God loves men by the very fact of having created them. . . . God has suffered for us! with all the love of His Heart He drank that bitter chalice, and bowed His Head in death, that we might know the charity of God for men. *Anon.*

O soft, self-wounding Pelican!
Whose breast weeps balm for wounded man:
Ah, this way bend Thy benign flood
To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood.
That blood, whose least drops sovereign be
To wash my worlds of sin from me.

Crashaw.

This is the great lesson given by the Sacred Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary, in the image of His Heart surrounded with thorns and surmounted by the cross,—*the lesson of a loving victim.*

Fr. Prévot.

What proves to me the strong predilection of the Heart of Jesus for St. John are the three presents which He gave him: in His life He gave him His cross; at His death He gave him His mother; at the Last Supper He gave him His Heart.

Bossuet.

JUNE 7. THE SACRED HEART.

A MAN shall be as when one is hid from the wind, and hideth himself from a storm, as rivers of water in drought and the shadow of a rock that standeth out in a desert land.

Isa. xxxii. 2.

Wonderful and marvellous is the work of love ! God gives it to man, that he may do what is necessary to reach the perfection for which he is destined. He grants him further the grace and light that he needs, and He increases these little by little in such a way and in such a degree that he has never more nor less than he needs.

St. Catherine of Genoa.

Thrice blessed are they, who feel their loneliness ;—

Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presence Who alone can bless.

Cardinal Newman.

Through the straight way of His Commandments He leads men to good actions, and again because He safely shuts in all who through faith in Him betake themselves for shelter to the blessing of the higher wisdom, He is a Door.

St. Basil.

My Love is mine, and I am His ;
In me He dwells, in Him I live ;
Where could I taste a purer bliss ?
What greater boon could Jesus give ?

Fr. Faber.

May your heart be kept in the peace of absolute renunciation, which is a peace without limit and unchangeable.

Fénelon.

JUNE 8. THE SACRED HEART.

THEY that trust in Him shall understand the truth: and they that are faithful in love shall rest in Him. *Wisdom iii. 9.*

O Lord ! what loving care Thou hast day and night of man, who knows nothing of himself, and knows even less of Thee, although Thou lovest him to such a degree as to seek him with great diligence, Thy love makes Thee wait for him and bear with him with exceeding patience! *St. Catherine of Genoa.*

. . . In the middle leaps a fountain,
And it sings a song of undying Love.

Tennyson.

“ Let them not be thrown away,” is the thought of the Sacred Heart; and by force of Its love, there come to us these hourly graces and helps, these kind suggestions, these tender promptings to be good and true, the ready pardon of our failures, and a Divine Food to secure us against the enemy’s rough handling. Not content with purchasing us for Himself by His Blood, Our Lord so values us that He is ever occupied in adorning our souls to make them more and more His own. *Anon.*

O Jesus, by Thy Sacred Heart,
Through griefs and pains and fears,
Uplift us to Thy sheltering Home,
And wipe away all tears. *Fr. F. Stanfield,*

JUNE 9. THE SACRED HEART.

YOU shall draw waters with joy out of
the Saviour's fountains. *Isa. xii. 3.*

St. Bernard calls the wounds of our Saviour fountains of mercy; not only to tell us He has received them through an extraordinary display of mercy and goodness, but to show us that they are a fresh motive for His Heart to take compassion on us, and that, since He received them He is more alive to our misfortunes when He remembers that He died for us, and that He sees in the scars of His wounds the proof of His love and the price of our salvation. *Fr. Billuart.*

In temptations, O my soul, hasten to take refuge in the amiable Heart of Jesus; then place before thine eyes Its goodness and Its love, and consider thy unworthy sentiments, thy malice, thy infidelity, thy arrogance.

St. Peter Canisius.

The Heart of Jesus is a fathomless abyss, pierced by an arrow without bounds, even the arrow of love. It is the dwelling of those who love It.

Bl. Margaret Mary.

O Heart for me on fire
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.

Tr. : Fr. Albany Christie, S.J.

JUNE 10. THE SACRED HEART.

IN His love and in His mercy He redeemed them.

Isa. lxiii. 9.

Meditate with love and gratitude on the three dolours of love which crush this Divine Heart in Its agony, as in a wine-press, causing the Blood to issue from every pore of His Body: the dolour caused by your sins which have so cruelly outraged His Beloved Father; the dolour at the sight of all the evil you have done to yourself by your sins; the dolour caused by the natural fear of so much suffering and ignominy to which He is condemned through love, and which He will have to endure for your salvation. Offer Him so many acts of grateful love.

Fr. Prévot.

Oh, touch our hearts, so cold and so ungrateful,

And make them, Lord, Thine own for evermore.

Anon.

O Life of all lives, Thou slayest none that put their trust in Thee, and seek Thy friendship; yea, rather, Thou sustainest their bodily life in greater vigour and makest their soul to live.

St. Theresa.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,

O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Fr. Faber.

JUNE 11. THE SACRED HEART.

HE that loveth Me, shall be loved of My Father; and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him. *St. John xiv. 21.*

Our business does not consist in thinking but in loving much; do therefore whatever may excite you most to love. Perhaps we do not know what love is: it consists not in having greater delights, but greater resolutions and desires of pleasing God in everything; and in endeavouring, as much as possible, not to offend Him; and in beseeching Him that He would promote the honour and glory of His Son. *St. Theresa.*

I love my God but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord: but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live. *Mme. Guyon.*

If then you attain to such simple filial trust in our Lord, abide therein, without seeking any activity, either of intellect or will; for such loving confidence and slumber in the Saviour's Arms, combine above all whatever else you could possibly seek. Better far to sleep on that dear Breast than to wake under any other possible conditions.

St. Francis of Sales.

I desire to love Thee, O Lord. Increase Thou my desire, and give me that which I am desiring. Behold I love Thee, and if it be too little, make it more. *St. Augustine.*

JUNE 12. THE SACRED HEART.

WHOSOEVER abideth in Him, sinneth not. 1 St. John iii. 6.

Companions of the Heart of Jesus, look at the Model given you and then imitate It. The Heart of Jesus is a heart like your own, subject to all the pains and infirmities of your nature, tempted like yours, but without ever being stained by sin. He shows sanctity to you under the attractive aspect of meekness, under the aspect of humility, under the aspect of charity, which is so much in sympathy with your heart. Consider It and imitate It. *Fr. Prévot.*

I trust in God most sweet.
Meantime the silent lip,
Meantime the climbing feet.

Francis Thompson.

Let us do all by love, in love, and for love;
for it is love that gives worth to everything.

Bl. Margaret Mary.

Thou wast alone through Thy redemption
vigil,

Thy friends had fled:

The Angel at the garden from Thee parted,
And solitude instead

More than the scourge, or cross, O Tender-
hearted !

Under the Crown of Thorns bowed down Thy
Head.

And I, amid the torture, and the taunting,
I have had Thee !

Thy hand was holding my hand fast and faster,
Thy voice was close to me:

And glorious eyes said: " Follow Me, thy
Master,

Smile as I smile thy faithfulness to see !"

Mrs. Hamilton King.

JUNE 13. THE SACRED HEART.

AS the Father hath loved Me, I also have loved you. Abide in My love.

St. John xv. 9.

Thy side, O Lord, has been pierced in order that we should find an entry into Thy Sacred Heart. Oh ! how sweet and good it is to seek repose in that Heart Divine ! From my Saviour's sacred wounds, I find out His Heart's secret: I now can fathom the depths of God's goodness, for the bowels of mercy which caused Him to come down from heaven to dwell with us, are open to me.

St. Bernard.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Fr. Faber.

Those who are consecrated have given their own wills into the keeping of God's will. Such a soul is resigned in all things, whether for soul or body, whether for time or eternity, by leaving what is past in oblivion ; by leaving what is to come to God's providence ; and by devoting to God, without any reserve, the present moment.

Mme. Guyon.

Sweet Heart of Jesus ! make us know and
love Thee,
Unfold to us the treasures of Thy grace,
That so our hearts, from things of earth
uplifted,
May long alone to gaze upon Thy Face.

Anon.

JUNE 14. THE SACRED HEART.

THOU hast held me by my right hand;
and by Thy will Thou hast conducted
me, and with Thy glory Thou hast
received me.

Ps. lxxii. 24.

“ I am dear to God ”; how can it be ?
Yet the love of the Sacred Heart assures me
that it is so. My Lord thinks of me as
though I alone existed. And as my needs
arise and my hands are held out for help,
my Friend is near to fill them and supply
the need. His love for us is a love of care,
showing itself in a tender desire to be all in
all to us, to keep in touch with us, never to
leave us, never to press us too hard. And
the love of the Sacred Heart watches keenly
for all we do for It in return.

Anon.

I dwell a captive in this Heart,
Inflamed with love Divine;
’Tis here I live alone in peace,
And constant joy is mine.
It is the Heart of God’s own Son
In His Humanity,
Who, all enamour’d of my soul,
Here burns with love of me.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

I kiss the wound of the Heart of Jesus, to
draw Its meekness into myself, repeating
slowly and earnestly the aspiration: “ Jesus,
meek and humble of heart, make my heart
like unto Thine.”

My Saviour, whose appealing Heart
Broke on the Cross for me.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

JUNE 15. THE SACRED HEART.

I SAY to you, Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and you shall find: knock, and it shall be opened to you.

St. L. ke xi. 9.

Throw yourself, so to speak, into the wounds of Jesus Christ, even into His Sacred Heart; —It is a sanctuary, It is the retreat for holy souls, and a place of refuge wherein your soul is safe. It is to Him and through Him, we should ask for all we require; it is through Him and in Him, that we should offer to the Eternal Father all we do, because this Sacred Heart is the treasury of every supernatural gift, the source of every grace.

Bl. Peter Damien.

Ah, may my heart love's victim prove
For the Redeemer's Heart of love.
So let me die for love of Thee,
O Heart all full of love for me,
That with a new heart's virgin-hoard
I may begin to love Thee, Lord.

Fr. Russell, S.J.

Since He gives so much without our asking, how much the more will He fulfil our desires when we shall desire a just thing of Him? Nay, Who makes us desire and ask it? Only He. Then if He makes us ask it, it is a sign that He means to fulfil it, and give us what we seek.

St. Catherine of Siena.

Nought more can I desire than this,
To see Thy Face in Heaven;
And this I hope since He on earth
His Heart in pledge hath given.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

JUNE 16. THE SACRED HEART.

I HAVE blotted out thy iniquities as a cloud, and thy sins as a mist: return to Me, for I have redeemed thee.

Isa. xliv. 22.

If the dignity of Him Who gives us an example carries us above all difficulties in following Him, I say that the relations of love and tenderness which He bears towards us, and which make us love Him, ought to prevent us having any difficulty in following and imitating His example. *Fr. Nepveu, S.J.*

Day still faded to disastrous night,
And thicker darkness changed to feebler
light,
Until forgiveness, without stint renew'd,
Was now no more with loving tears imbued,
Vowing no more offence.
Not less to thine Unfaithful didst Thou cry,
"Come back, poor Child; be all as 'twas
before."

Coventry Patmore.

It is to this Sacred Heart that we should continually strive to unite ours—no longer wishing to have other desires or sentiments than those of Jesus—and then we may be sure that His Will and His Sacred Heart may, so to speak, merge into our heart, and that the two will be as one.

Bl. Peter Damien.

Take from me, Lord, this tepid will,
Which doth Thy Heart with loathing fill;
And then infuse a spirit new—
A fervent spirit, deep and true.

Tr. : Fr. Russell, S.J.

JUNE 17. THE SACRED HEART.

IN this is charity: not as though we had loved God, but because He hath first loved us.
1 St. John iv. 10.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus has been wounded in order that by means of the visible wound we may see the invisible wound of His Divine love. Who would not love this Heart so wounded for the love of us? Who would not return love for love, to a Saviour Who has done so much for us? *St. Bernard.*

Is there a thought in the wide world so sweet,
As that God has so cared for us, bad as we
are,
That He thinks for us, plans for us, stoops to
entreat,
And follows us, wander we ever so far?

Fr. Faber.

If we fix ourselves in the Heart of Jesus by a constant union, making one heart with His, by the law of love, through and by, and with this Heart, we shall receive all from all, just as we give all to all.

Fr. Prévot.

For this Thy Sacred Heart was pierced,
And both with blood and water ran;
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

When, through weakness of purpose or want of faith, we become, as it were, uncentred, it is of immediate importance to turn again gently and sweetly inward; and thus bring the soul into harmony with the desires and purposes of God.

Mme. Guyon.

JUNE 18. THE SACRED HEART.

FEAR not, for I have redeemed thee, and
called thee by thy name : thou art
Mine. *Isa. xliii. 1.*

Let us be thoroughly convinced that the greatest honour we can pay to the Son of God, in His quality of Redeemer, is to embrace courageously every means which He holds out to us to save our souls. Our happiness is so mixed up with His glory, that we cannot be lost without doing Him an injustice, and to snatch from Him that which is most dear to Him, namely, our eternal salvation. *Fr. Nouet, S.J.*

Deep in His Heart for us
The wound of love He bore ;
That love wherewith He still enflames
The hearts that Him adore.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

Meditate on the mystery of the water and blood which flow from the Heart of Jesus pierced with the lance : the water to purify you, the blood to communicate Jesus' life and love to you. *Fr. Prévot.*

With all the powers my poor heart hath
Of humble love and loyal faith,
Thus low (my hidden life !) I bow to Thee,
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low
for me. *Crashaw.*

Oh, who of His redeem'd will Him
Their mutual love refuse ?
Who would not rather in that Heart
Their home eternal choose ?

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

JUNE 19. THE SACRED HEART.

HOW often would I have gathered together
My children, as the hen doth gather
her chickens under her wings, and
thou wouldst not!
St. Matt. xxiii. 37.

This is the great work of God for men. They could not rise to God, so He stooped to their level and became our brother, a sharer of our lot, in order to convince us that He loves us. The Word was God: and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. . . . He speaks to us with human lips, blesses us with human hands, loves us with a human heart. All the infinite love of God is poured into that Heart, and thence flows over the world for its comfort and refreshment.

Anon.

The Heart of Jesus is a book of life, written in letters of love; let us study those characters of love, of compassion, and of fear which it contains.
St. Antoninus.

See Jesus weeping over the unfortunate city which is so soon to become the prey of the avenging flames: these flames recall to His mind the flames of Hell in which He sees so many souls falling every instant. What a terrible grief for His Heart which loves these souls so ardently, desiring to wear itself out and to give the last drop of blood to save them. Ah! weep with Him also, weep those tears of repentance which are as the heart's blood!
Fr. Prévot.

O burning, throbbing Heart of Christ,
Too late, too little known.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

JUNE 20. THE SACRED HEART.

BEHOLD I do new things, and now they shall spring forth, verily you shall know them: I will make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

Isa. xliii. 19.

There is no truth more certain than that God is our Father, and that all that is most tender and most gentle in all paternity on earth is but the merest shadow of the boundless sweetness and affectionateness of His paternity in heaven. The beauty and consolation of this idea surpasses words.

Fr. Faber.

Oh, in that Breast
Of Thine (the noblest nest
Both of Love's fires and floods) might I
recline
This hard cold heart of mine !
The chill lump would relent, and prove
Soft subject for the siege of Love.

Crashaw.

If you be faithful in the smallest things, you will be faithful also in the greatest, because grace will go on always increasing in your soul; fidelity will become a habit to you, and the Good Master, whose Heart is so liberal, to reward your fidelity in little things, will take pleasure in rendering you faithful in the greater ones.

Fr. Prévot.

O Jesu ! Victim blest !
What else but love Divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That Sacred Heart of Thine ?

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

JUNE 21. THE SACRED HEART.

I WILL pour out waters upon the thirsty ground, and streams upon the dry land.

Isa. xliv. 3.

Look at the Precious Blood for a moment as it lies within the Sacred Heart with a living peace, like the restless tranquillity of ocean. It is itself the ocean of joy from which all other joys in creation come. It is through it that the immensity of God's gladness pours itself into all the universe.

Fr. Faber.

The love of honours is unworthy of a soul that would call itself a disciple of the infinitely humble Heart of Jesus.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

If we put many hindrances in the way, and take no pains whatever to remove them, how can He come to us, and how can we have any desire that He should show us His great mercies ?

St. Theresa.

O Sacred Heart !

Thou fount of contrite tears,
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow,

O Sacred Heart !

Our trust is all in Thee;
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest where Thou art near,

O Sacred Heart !

Fr. F. Stanfield.

JUNE 22. THE SACRED HEART.

I KNOW the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of affliction, to give you an end and patience.

Jer. xxix. 11.

Because I know Thee little, O Lord, I love Thee little; and because I love Thee little, I rejoice little in Thee. For I am in exterior things, Thou in the interior: I am in temporal things, Thou in spiritual: my mind is scattered and spilt, my thought is entertained, my speech is employed upon transitory things: but thou, O Lord, art eternity itself. Thou lovest high, and I low things, Thou celestial, I terrestrial: and when shall these contrarieties be ever able to meet?

St. Augustine.

Lo, how the streams of life, from that full nest,
Of loves, Thy Lord's too liberal Breast,
Flow in an amorous flood
Of water wedding blood.
With these He washed thy stain, transferr'd
thy smart,
And took it home to His own Heart.

Crashaw.

Love and death. Death to all love save that of Jesus, in order to live for ever to Him through His Eternal Love. May these words, spoken in and through love to your love, find a resting-place in your heart, so that love may bring forth the fruit of good works, not of mere empty words.

St. Francis of Sales.

JUNE 23. THE SACRED HEART.

I WILL draw them with the cords of
Adam, with the bands of love.

Osee xi. 4.

Let us remember that the human heart was formed after the model of the Heart of Jesus; for the Eternal Word knew, in making this heart of flesh, that He would possess the same at His Incarnation, and so He formed it in such a way that it might aptly realize His all-wise plan. After this plan, our Lord's Heart was to be the centre of all, receiving all from the members of His mystical Body, to return all to them in kind, and thus unite all men to Himself.

Fr. Prévot.

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
“Naught shelters thee, who will not shelter
Me.”

Francis Thompson.

Love is like fire, the flame of which is brighter according as it is fed with a purer material, and which is more speedily extinguished by heaping earth upon it than in any other way.

St. Francis of Sales.

Give me a heart more like to Thine,
And light the flame of love in mine.

Tr. : F. Russell, S.J.

JUNE 24. THE SACRED HEART.

THEY shall be converted that sit under
His shadow: they shall live upon
wheat, and they shall blossom as a
vine.

Osee xiv. 8.

Seek Him Who seeketh thee; love thy
Lover, by whom thou art beloved; by whose
love thou art prevented, for His love is the
cause of thine. Be thou careful together
with Him, Who is so careful of thee; be atten-
tive to Him, Who is attentive to thee: be pure
with Him Who is pure; be holy with Him
Who is holy. God, Who is so sweet, so meek,
and so full of mercy, doth require that thou
shouldst be sweet, and meek, and gentle, and
humble, and full of mercy.

St. Augustine.

Save us then,
Merciful King of men !
Since Thou wouldst needs be thus
A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us;
Save us, O save us, Lord.

Crashaw.

When the soul is permitted to sit at the
feet of Christ, let it contrive not to quit its
place, but keep it anyhow. Let us follow
the example of the Magdalene; and when it
shall be strong enough, God will lead it into
the wilderness.

St. Theresa.

O wonderful ! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

Fr. Faber.

JUNE 25. THE SACRED HEART.

I WILL give thee hidden treasures, and the concealed riches of secret places: that thou mayest know that I am the Lord Who call thee by thy name. *Isa. xlv. 3.*

O God, Who requirest that we seek Thee, and Who makest us find Thee, and Who openest to us when we knock: O God, from Whom to be averted, is to fall; and to Whom to be converted, is to rise; and in Whom to remain, is to consist: O God, Whom to know is to live; Whom to serve, is to reign, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I adore Thee.

St. Augustine.

“ Strange, piteous, futile thing !
Wherefore should any set thee love apart ?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught ”
(He said),

“ And human love needs human meriting :
How hast thou merited—
Of all man’s clotted clay the dingiest clot ?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art !
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me ?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might’st seek it in My
arms.

. . . Rise, clasp My hand, and come !”

Francis Thompson.

JUNE 26. THE SACRED HEART.

THE Lord waiteth that He may have mercy on you: and therefore shall He be exalted sparing you. *Isa. xxx. 18.*

Day by day, to every human soul, our Lord pays a visit in person to gather what fruit he can. The fruit should be grapes, but often only thorns and thistles are found, which prick and tear. This hoping love it is that prompts generous souls to make reparation for the failure and hourly disappointment experienced by the Sacred Heart, for the countless scoffing acts of cold rejection.

Anon.

Heart of Jesus ! golden chalice
Brimming with the ruddy Wine,
Trodden in the press of fury,
Purest juice of truest vine,
From the Vineyards of Engeddi,
Quench this thirsty heart of mine !

Bishop Casartelli.

Who, my Saviour, can introduce us to this Divine sanctuary, into this Sacred Heart, into this admirable interior, if not You ? It is only You, Lord, Who can give us your spirit.

Fr. Nepveu, S.J.

How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping !
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.

Crashaw.

JUNE 27. THE SACRED HEART.

I AM, I am He that blot out thy iniquities
for My own sake, and I will not re-
member thy sins. *Isa. xliii. 25.*

God gave us the Word, His Only-Begotten
Son, without regard to His own profit. He
has loved us without being loved, and we
love because we are loved: He loves us of
grace, and we Him of duty, because we are
bound to love Him. *St. Catherine of Siena.*

Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame ?

Why should His unstain'd Breast make good
My blushes with His own Heart-blood ?

Crashaw.

Do not be disconsolate, though you may
not immediately correspond with our Lord;
for His majesty knows how to wait many days
and years, especially when He sees in us
perseverance and good desires. This is
what is most necessary here, because by
perseverance we never fail to gain a great
deal. *St. Theresa.*

For one astray, behold
The Master leaves the ninety and the nine,
Nor rests till, love-controlled,
The Discord moves in Harmony Divine.

J. Banister Tabb.

JUNE 28. THE SACRED HEART.

AND this is the confidence which we have towards Him: that, whatsoever we shall ask according to His Will, He heareth us.

1 St. John v. 14.

Jesus Christ has not performed one single action, from the first moment of His life to the last, which was not intended by Him and by His Father, not only to redeem and instruct us, but to be for our spiritual health and example. We ought to imagine that the Eternal Father says to each man in particular, in proposing His Son as a model, what He said on one occasion to Moses, "Look and make it according to the pattern that was shown thee on the mount."

Fr. Neveu, S.J.

Thy Blood bids us be bold,
Thy Wounds give us fair hold,
Thy sorrows chide our shame:
Thy Cross, Thy nature, and Thy name
Advance our claim,
And cry with one accord,
Save them, O save them, Lord !

Crashaw.

My God and My Father, the contrite humble heart will say, I have sinned against you, and without your assistance I shall continue to sin; what can I do, except to hold myself entirely dependent on you, and to abandon myself to your mercy, so that you may pardon, purify, and sanctify me !

Fr. Prévot.

JUNE 29. THE SACRED HEART.

IF you return and be quiet, you shall be saved: in silence and in hope shall your strength be.

Isa. xxx. 15.

Reflect an instant on that word of Jesus to St. Gertrude: "Use My Heart as reparation for your faults and negligences, and to render your works worthy of being offered to the Blessed Trinity." Offer to do penance with Jesus, for His Body, which is the Church, so as to make up on your side for your part in His Passion; renew your offering as victim of the Sacred Heart, victim of love and expiation for yourself, for the Church, for the faithful.

Fr. Prévot.

Thy lofty crown
The King Himself is; Thou His humble
throne,
Where yielding and yet conquering He
Proved a new path of patient victory.

Crashaw.

An iron thrust into the fire loses its rust,
and becomes white-hot throughout, so he
that wholly turns himself unto God puts off
all sloth, and is transformed into a new man.

Thomas à Kempis.

A message to the Sacred Heart;
Oh, bear it back with speed:

"Come, Jesus, reign within my heart—
Thy Heart is all I need."

Fr. M. Russell, S.J.

JUNE 30. THE SACRED HEART.

WHO is able to preserve you without sin; and to present you spotless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

St. Jude 24.

“My Child, it is with the all-holy God you are to dwell for ever. But here are points where you need to change, else habits of sin will grow that will choke you. Take up the cross that I send you; let it, by its constant pressure, wean you from all love of the world, teach you the folly and malice of sin, and so prepare you for the mansion which is ready for you.”

Anon.

We grow where none but God,
Life's gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
Bestows His care.

J. Banister Tabb.

Oh, if you would but bind yourself to cede—to give way without a word, to submit with your heart and especially with your mind, and afterwards to hide yourself in prayer, so as to unite yourself more and more to the Heart of Jesus, to taste and relish the grace He has given you. Oh, what progress you would make in saintly humility in a very short time! Ask Jesus earnestly for this grace.

Fr. Prévot.

O faithful Friend
Of me and of my end!
Fold up my life in love; and lay 't beneath
My dear Lord's vital death.
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her precious
breath
Pour'd out in prayers for thee; thy Lord's in
death.

Crashaw.

July

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Precious Blood.”

ONE of the soldiers opened His side with a spear: and immediately there came out blood and water.

St. John xix. 34.

Nails that rivet to the Cross so slow,
Force the sluices of the blood to flow;
From Thy Heart a ready cistern fills.
Blood and water the Centurion spills.

Michael Field.

FIRST WEEK OF JULY

“PRAYER.”

Lord, teach us to pray.

St. Luke xi. 1.

I SPAKE: but God was nowhere seen;
Was His love too tired to wait ?

Ah, no ! my own unsimple love
Hath often made me late. . . .

Not a rustling in the wood,
Nor whispered sin, nor inarticulate thought,
From that unsleeping audience can escape.

Fr. Faber.

JULY 1.

PRAYER.

THOU, when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret: and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee.

St. Matt. vi. 6.

We pray in our chamber when we banish from our heart the tumult of our thoughts and anxieties, in order to offer our prayer to God in the "secret" of love. We "close the door" when we close our lips in order to pray in silence to Him who hears the heart much more than the words.

Fr. Cassian., S.J.

Even as Elias, mounting to the sky,
Did cast his mantle to the earth behind,
So, when the heart presents the prayer on high,
Exclude the world from traffic with the mind.

Ven. R. Southwell, S.J.

Direct teaching cannot go much beyond pointing out the conditions of perception, and the direction in which it is to be looked for.

Coventry Patmore.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things
Save to one man, and unto God.

Lionel Johnson.

Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.

Tennyson.

A MEN, amen, I say to you: If you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you.

St. John xvi. 23.

Thought is quick as lightning, and quick as lightning can it multiply effectual prayer. Actions can pray; sufferings can pray. There need be no ceremonies; the whole function is expressed in a word; it is simply this—the child at his Father's knee.

Fr. Faber.

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek Thy Face,
Thy blessed eyes breathe such desire,
I die in Love's delicious fire.

Crashaw.

To pray always is always to feel the sweet urgency of prayer, and to hunger after it. Grace is palpably felt and touched in prayer; hence it strengthens our faith and inflames our love.

Fr. Faber.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit
with Spirit can meet:
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet.

Tennyson.

When we love God we find Him everywhere,
we speak to Him everywhere.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons.

Crashaw.

BE nothing solicitous: but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your petitions be made known unto God.

Phil. iv. 6.

Prayer is the most perfect and most Divine action that a rational soul is capable of; yea, it is the only principal action for the exercising of which the soul was created, since in prayer alone the soul is united to God. And, by consequence, it is of all other actions and duties the most indispensably necessary.

Ven. Fr. Baker, O.S.B.

Easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from heaven
descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to
heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His will—
Hard to believe may seem: yet this will
prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God.

Milton.

As soon as we are with God in faith and love, we are in prayer.

Fénelon.

Grant me the steady heat
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,
Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings
With draught of unseen wings,
Making each phrase, for love and for delight.

Coventry Patmore.

O Lord, forgive what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be.

Thomas à Kempis.

WE know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit Himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings.

Rom. viii. 26.

Consider that our salvation depends on the grace we receive, and that grace, on our prayers to obtain it; so that our salvation will be decided by our manner of praying, and the fidelity with which we obey the impressions of the Spirit of God, for without Him we can do nothing.

Fénelon.

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared,
smeared with toil,
And bears man's smudge, and shares man's
smell; the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down
things;

And though the last lights from the black
West went,

Oh, morning at the brown brink eastwards
springs—

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast, and with,
ah, bright wings !

Fr. Hopkins, S.J.

Prayer should be short and pure, save perchance one be led to lengthen it from the affection of an inspiration of Divine grace.

St. Benedict.

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows ?

Tennyson.

P

TO Thee will I pray : O Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice.

Ps. v. 4.

Have so much curiosity in you as sometime to know of what colour the daybreak of morning is, outstrip the steps of light according to the counsel of the wise man, to praise God. . . . Make account of your first awaking to give all the first-fruits of your faculties, senses, and functions to the Divine Majesty. Let the memory presently put itself in mind that it ought to do the work of God. Let the understanding cast a consideration upon its Creator. Let the will be enkindled with His love.

Fr. N. Caussin, S.J.

Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed :
In very deed
Washed with new fire to their irradiant birth
Reintegrated are the heavens and earth !
From sky to sod,
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

Francis Thompson.

The soul raises itself in prayer according to the degree of its purity.

Fr. Caussin, S.J.

Our days are numbered : let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care :
'Tis thine to number all our days,
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

Mme. Guyon.

I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall ever be in my mouth.

Ps. xxxiii. 2.

JULY 6.

PRAYER.

UNLESS Thy law had been my meditation, I had then perhaps perished in my abjection.

Ps. cxviii. 92.

Meditation has a twofold object: to bring back to the mind truths well known but too much forgotten; to draw them out of the darkness and silence in which they are sleeping, and to give these truths a power of action which they can have only when recalled to mind and reflected upon.

Abbot Guéranger.

The winds
Caught up their breathing, and the world's
great pulse
Stayed in mid-throb, and the wild train of life
Reeled by, and left us stranded on a bush.

Francis Thompson.

The words of the Gospel always led me to recollection better than any other works, however well they might be written, especially when they were not by authors thoroughly approved, for then I felt no desire to read them.

St. Theresa.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet !

Fr. Faber.

If we desire to advance in prayer we ought to join with it a generous struggle against our faults.

Abbot Guéranger.

THOU shalt hide them in the secret of
Thy face from the disturbance of
men. Thou shalt protect them in thy
tabernacle from the contradiction of tongues.

Ps. xxx. 21.

The whole life of a Christian is a continual tendency of the heart to God. Our happiness only consists in a thirst after Righteousness. If you desire without ceasing this Righteousness, you pray without ceasing, which no more excludes vocal prayer and attendance upon God's public worship than a principle of honesty excludes honest actions of which it is the cause and life.

Fénelon.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose lives in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

Tennyson.

The habit of prayer keeps the soul steadily in that one position wherein it can make the most of that Light which enlightened every man coming into the world. *Fr. F. C. Kolbe.*

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed.

Michael Angelo.

Grant me, I beseech Thee, Almighty and
most Merciful God, fervently to desire,
wisely to search out, and perfectly to fulfil,
all that is well-pleasing unto Thee.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

SECOND WEEK OF JULY

“SELF LOVE.”

We should not trust in ourselves.

2 Cor. i. 9.

LORD, light me to Thy blessed way !
For blind with worldly vain desires
I wander on astray—
Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds
recure !
Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my un-
cleanness pure !

Bl. Edmund Campion, S.J.

HE that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life eternal.

St. John xii. 25.

The difference between self-love and charity is shown by the movements and workings of each. Self-love sheweth that he neglects nothing that may reflect on himself. Self-love is violent, impetuous; he wishes to command and to be obeyed. . . . Self-love is always wrapped up in self; looks after his own interests. . . . Self-love is singular; it wishes for out-of-the-way things, particular devotions. . . . Self-love in devotion seeks for sweetness, and when that fails, feels discouraged.

Fr. Camaret.

Only the tendril blooms; only the flower
Gives fruit; and only for the fruit it brings
Does the vine live. The Christian soul likewise

Only in humble clinging finds its power;
And like the Master's Vine, piercing the skies,
Bears fruit in that alone whereby it clings.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

Two loves, one good, the other bad; one sweet, the other bitter; the two cannot agree, or dwell together in a sinner's heart. It is this, therefore, if anyone loves aught but Thee, O Lord, Thy love is not in him.

St. Augustine.

Oh, let me run to Thee, as runs a wind,
That leaves the withered trees it moved
behind,
And triumphs forward, careless of its wake!

Michael Field.

JULY 9.

SELF-LOVE.

THEY began all at once to make excuse.
St. Luke xiv. 18.

If a man loves himself, perverse pride,
head and source of every ill, lives in him.
If he is lover of himself alone—that is, if he
loves himself for his own sake and not for
God—he cannot do other than ill, and all
virtue is dead in him.

St. Catherine of Siena.

The love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides ;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Mme. Guyon.

The conquest of self is the grandest
triumph that man can achieve.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Oh, tempt me not ! I love too well this snare
Of silken cords.

Nay, Love, the flesh is fair ;
So tempt not me ! This earth affords
Too much delight ;

Withdraw Thee from my sight,
Lest my weak soul break free
And throw me back to Thee !

Laurence Housman.

The world's Light shines ; shine as it will,
The world will love its darkness still.

Crashaw.

JULY 10.

SELF-LOVE.

THAT which fell among thorns, are they who have heard, and going their way, are choked with the cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and yield no fruit.

St. Luke viii. 14.

We are quite willing to be consumed all at once by the flames of pure love; but this rapid destruction would cost us hardly anything. It is excess of self-love which desires to be made perfect so suddenly and so cheaply.

Fénelon.

Lord ! who can trace but Thou
The strife obscure, 'twixt sin's soul-thralling
spell,
And Thy sharp Spirit, now quenched, reviv-
ing now ?
Or who can tell,
Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's
brow,
Why Saul and Demas fell ?
Oh ! lest our frail hearts in the annealing
break,
Help, for Thy mercy's sake !

Cardinal Newman.

Self-love may be mortified in us, but it never dies; from time to time, on various occasions, it reappears afresh in our hearts, showing us that although it has been cut down it has not been uprooted. We must constantly and patiently keep guard over it, and quietly be ready to defend ourselves.

St. Francis of Sales.

THEY have been dull of hearing, and their eyes they have shut, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them.

St. Matt. xiii. 15.

Self-love sometimes clouds the light of understanding so that it makes us consider impossible things which in clearer moments would seem to us not only easy, but necessary.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Dark is the world to thee:
Thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but that which has
Power to feel "I am I." *Tennyson.*

That we may be one with Christ, we must suffer ourselves to be emptied of our own, that we may be filled with His Spirit, which we cannot be so long as we are full of ourselves.

Mme. Guyon.

"Down from amid dark wings of storm
I set My Feet
To earth. Will not My earth grow warm
To feel her Maker take the form
He made, when now, Creation's purpose
meet,
Man's body is to be God's Mercy-seat?"

Laurence Housman.

WHY do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which does not satisfy you?

Isa. lv. 2.

Original sin gave birth to the tyrannical empire of love of self, and it so poisons an ill-regulated mind, that it loves naught else but self, and even ignores God. St. Thomas says, that this false love is the root of every sin committed from the beginning of the world, and that it is the source and cause of all that is most miserable. *L. de Grenada.*

Ah me ! that sin should have such chemic power

To burn to dross the gold of Nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant mind !

Fr. Faber.

You suffer great mortifications of heart, seeing yourself so imperfect and so deserving of reproof and correction, but is not this the very thing you ought to seek ? . . . What better penance can be given to an erring heart than to bear a continual cross and to be always renouncing self-love.

St. Francis of Sales.

There is not on the earth a soul so base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace ;
So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains
Some loosening of his chains.

Cardinal Newman.

THE things which come from a man,
those are they that defile a man.

St. Mark vii. 15.

We must be much more ardent in bringing the inner man into subjection, than in mortifying the body; in breaking the movements of the soul than in breaking the bones of the body.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Though still I die, I live again;
So longing so to be still slain;
So painful is such loss of breath;
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this longing strife
Of living death and dying life;
For while Thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to myself, I live in Thee.

Crashaw.

We must only love ourselves as for God, instead of which we are always trying, if we are not careful, only to love God for ourselves.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

The more a man mortifieth his natural inclinations, the more he rendereth himself capable of receiving the Divine inspirations, and of making progress in virtue.

St. Francis of Sales.

YOU ask and receive not, because you ask
amiss.

St. James iv. 3.

Nothing will close your heart so tightly against the grace of renunciation as philosophic pride and self-love disguised as worldly generosity, which you must distrust on account of the natural and habitual inclination you have towards them. The more one has by nature a basis of frankness, of disinterestedness, of pleasure in doing good, of liking for uprightness and unselfish friendship, the more one must be on one's guard against self and against the satisfaction in these natural gifts.

Fénelon.

Aim at a wider power,

Gifts on the world to shower.—

And this is not at once;—by fastings gained,

And trials well sustained,

By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
Abidance in the truth, and zeal for God
above.

Cardinal Newman.

“Compare not thyself with others, but with Me. If thou findest Me not in those to whom thou comparest thyself, thou comparest thyself to what is abominable; if thou findest Me or them, compare thyself thereto.”

Pascal.

Oh, draw me near, and, for some lowest use,
That I may be lost and undone in Thee,
Me from mine own self loose !

Laurence Housman.

JULY 15.

SELF-LOVE.

LOVE not the world, nor the things
which are in the world.

1 *St. John* ii. 15.

Only he who is founded upon charity is ready to die for the love of God and the salvation of souls: because he is free from self-love. For he who abides in self-love is not ready to give his life; and not to speak of his life, apparently he is not willing to bear the least little pain: for he is always afraid for himself, lest he lose his bodily life and his private consolations, so he does whatever he may do imperfectly.

St. Catherine of Siena.

Let self-love be dispossessed,
The love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest.

Mme. Guyon.

That love of God which moves us to indifference to self makes us citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem; that love of self which renders us indifferent to God makes us slaves of Babylon.

St. Theresa.

O Love, Who through this elemental strife
Didst bring a universe to such increase,
Brood o'er the chaos of my sin-fraught soul.
Let there be light in me: let order, life,
Reason and grace resume their sway, and
peace
Subdue my little world from pole to pole.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

THIRD WEEK OF JULY

"HUMILITY."

He humbled Himself.

IT is by the road of humiliation we reach
humility.

St. Bonaventure.

**If we would see the stars of His mysteries,
we must first descend into the deep well of
humility.**

St. Catherine of Siena.

**He, that greatest, loves the least;
Puts down the mighty, lifts the low.**

Aubrey de Vere.

I HAVE given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also.

St. John xiii. 15.

God loves humility so much that He sometimes tempts us, not in order to make us sin but to teach us by our own experience what we are, permitting us to say or do some great absurdity or something at least that may lower us in our own estimation.

St. Francis of Sales.

Jesus ! Who deem'dst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,
Though Thou wert Lord of all ;
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek

Alone shall fear no fall. *Fr. Faber.*

The greater the dignity of those who humble themselves, the more highly is their act of humiliation to be esteemed.

St. Francis of Sales.

The highest degree
Of the hardest grace,—Humility,
The step towards heaven the latest trod,
And that which makes us most like God,
And us much more than God behoves,
Is,—to be humble in our loves.

Coventry Patmore.

Small things are best :
... Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven, *Fr. Faber,*

I AM in the midst of you as He that
serveth.

St. Luke xxii. 27.

True humility does not affect to be humble,
and is not given to make a display in lowly
words. It seeks not only to conceal other
virtues, but above all it desires to conceal
itself.

St. Francis of Sales.

He who really ascends so high
Annihilates himself,
And all his previous knowledge
Seems ever less and less. . . .
This knowing that knows nothing
Is so potent in its might
That the prudent in their reasoning
Never can defeat it. *St. John of the Cross.*

To what depths has the greatness of God
abased itself for each one of us, and to
what heights does He not desire to raise us ?
To unite us so perfectly with Himself as to
render us one with Him. *St. Francis of Sales.*

'Twas His well-pointed dart
That digged these wells, and dressed this
wine;
And taught the wounded heart
The way into these weeping eyne. *Crashaw.*

My soul rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteemed or great!

Mme. Guyon.

TAKE up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart: and you shall find rest to your souls.

St. Matt. xi. 29.

The Apostle St. Paul, in order to bring home to our minds in some degree the love which our Saviour bore for this holy virtue, says that "He humbled Himself to death, even to the death of the Cross," as though he would say: "My Master did not only humble Himself for a time, or in some special actions, but even to death; and not alone to death, but He practised it in dying; for so fondly did He cherish this humility that He chose the death of the Cross, a more ignominious and abject death than any other kind whatever."

St. Francis of Sales.

Come !

For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find Him !

Tennyson.

Be gentle in your humiliation, and often
make an act of love thereof.

St. Francis of Sales.

Perilous is the lofty mood
Which cannot yoke with lowly good ;
Right life, for me, is life that wends
By lowly ways to lofty ends.

Coventry Patmore.

I became of all men the most humble and
the most abject, that thou mightest overcome thy pride with My humility.

Thomas à Kempis

JULY 19.

HUMILITY

HE that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

St. Luke xviii. 14.

How wonderfully great are our Lord and His Blessed Mother ! What more beautiful and profitable subject for consideration can there be for us than the humility which our Saviour loved so dearly ? It seems as if it had been His most precious treasure, and as if He had come down from heaven to earth solely for love of it.

St. Francis of Sales.

In obedience and humility,
Waiting on God's hand, not forestalling it,—
Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm
By self-election; poison not thy wine
With bitter herbs if He has made it sweet;
Nor rob God's treasures because the key
Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

We sometimes meet with a little failure in humility, in that the soul desires to rise of itself before our Lord raises it, seeking to be Mary before it has laboured with Martha. If our Lord will have a soul to be Mary, there is nothing to be afraid of; but we must not be self-invited guests.

St. Theresa.

Receive thy portion and be satisfied !
Who crowns himself a king is not the more
Royal; nor he who mars himself with stripes,
The more partaker of the Cross of Christ.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

AFFLICTED in few things, in many they shall be well rewarded: because God hath tried them, and found them worthy of Himself.

Wisdom iii. 5.

Those faults which we find the most bitterly unbearable, will turn to good if we use them to humiliate ourselves, without slackening in our earnestness to correct them. The true means of profiting by the humiliation of our faults, is to see them in all their hideousness, without losing hope in God, and without ever hoping anything of ourselves.

Fénelon.

Lo ! all thy glory gone !
 God's masterpiece undone !
 The last created and the first to fall ;
 The noblest, frailest, godliest of all.
 Child of the humble sod,
 Wed with the breath of God,
 Descend ! for with the lowest thou must lie—
 Arise ! thou hast inherited the sky.

J. Banister Tabb.

If so be that we stumble, if so be ever that we fall, let us only think about picking ourselves up and pursuing our way: all our faults may be useful to us, provided that in taking from us our abominable self-confidence, they do not take away our humble and salutary confidence in God.

Fénelon.

Fear, and despair not; but still love;
 Look humbly up to God above.

P. Carey.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land.

St. Matt. v. 3, 4.

Let your good works be done secretly and not in the eyes of men. Do not be like the spider, which represents the proud, but like the bee, which is a symbol of the humble soul. The spider spreads its web in the sight of everyone, and never in secret; it spins it in the orchards from tree to tree, on the windows, or in fact wherever it can be most seen. . . . The bee is much more wise and prudent, for it makes its honey within the hive where no one can see it, and even in the hive it works in the privacy of its own little cell. It is the symbol of the hidden humble soul, who seeks neither honour nor praise for her works, but who keeps her good intentions secret, content that they should be seen and known by God alone.

St. Francis of Sales.

Covet no more; nor in ambitious hours
Thy little strength forget:
Ah! there is store of bitter honey yet
Deep in these scentless flowers.

Fr. Faber.

To be humble in heart and not merely in words, it is not enough to cry out that we are worthy of contempt, but it is necessary to be well pleased when we see ourselves despised.

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

A CONTRITE and humbled heart, O
God, Thou wilt not despise.

Ps. l. 19.

Of a truth nothing so tends to humble us
before the mercy of God as the multitude of
His gifts to us; just as nothing so tends to
humble us before His justice as the multitude
of our misdeeds.

St. Francis of Sales.

Perchance in some tremendous hour
Thou wilt deprive us both of pride and power,
And make us on some tearful bed lie down;
Still Thou dost lead aside, and pain is sweet,
If we but kiss thy wounded hands and feet,
And on our pillow for companion have Thy
thorny crown.

Chatterton Dix.

The first thing the soul must have in order
to attain to the knowledge of God is the
knowledge of itself.

St. John of the Cross.

O season strange for song !
And yet some timely power persuades my
lips. . . .

Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise
The light-thrill'd ether of the rared skies
Till inmost absolution start
The welling in the grateful eyes,
The heaving in the heart.

Winnow with sighs

And wash away

With tears the dust and stain of clay,

Till all the song be Thine, as beautiful as
morn.

Coventry Patmore.

THE prayer of the humble and the meek
hath always pleased Thee.

Judith ix. 16.

Humility grows far more rapidly, and blossoms more abundantly, in the mere thought of the immensity of God's love of us, where there is no thought of self at all. . . . Humility is never more intense than when it is thus simply overwhelmed by love; and never can our souls be more completely overwhelmed by love than when they rest, silent and wonder-stricken, beneath the shadow of the Blessed Sacrament.

Fr. Faber.

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness, to know well I am not great.

Tennyson.

The soul cannot be perfect unless borne on these two wings, humility and charity. Humility is won through the knowledge of itself into which it enters in the time of darkness; and charity is won by seeing that I, through love, have kept its will holy and good.

St. Catherine of Siena.

Thou art as a book—
A book of His dear choice,
That quiet waiteth for His Hand,
That quiet waiteth for His Eye,
That quiet waiteth for His Voice.

Michael Field.

FOURTH WEEK OF JULY

“OBEDIENCE.”

Not My will, but Thine be done.

St. Luke xxii. 42.

THOU with the Lamb, thy Lord, shall go,
And whereso'er He sets His white
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light.

Crashaw.

BE subject to God.

St. James iv. 7.

The soul perfected by humility says: "My Lord, behold Thy handmaid: be it done unto me according to Thy Word, and not according to what I want with my senses." So it sheds the fragrance of patience round the Creator and its fellow-creature and itself. It has grace and quiet in its mind, and it has found peace in warfare, because it has driven far from it its self-will founded in pride, and has conceived Divine grace in the soul. And it bears in its mind's breast Christ Crucified, and its bed is the Cross of Christ Crucified. There it asserts its own will and becomes humble and obedient.

St. Francis of Sales.

Such delight hath God in men
Obedient to His Will, that He vouchsafes
Among them to set up His Tabernacle—
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.

Milton.

There is nothing so perilous as that which is pleasing to God and to man; for those conditions which are pleasing to God and to man have one side which is pleasing to God, and another which is pleasing to man, as the greatness of St. Theresa. That which was pleasing to God was her profound humility under her revelations; what was pleasing to man was her light.

Pascal.

Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it: Father, Thou must lead!

Michael Angelo.

K NOW you not, that to whom you yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants you are whom you obey, whether it be of sin, unto death, or of obedience unto justice.

Rom. vi. 16.

Often and with all your heart kiss the crosses which God has laid upon your shoulders. Do not consider whether they are precious and sweet-scented wood or not; indeed they are more truly crosses when they are of coarse, common, ill-smelling wood. It is strange, but one particular song ever keeps coming back to my mind, and it is the only one I know. It is the canticle of the Divine Lamb, sad indeed, but at the same time harmonious and beautiful—"Father, not My will, but Thine be done."

St. Francis of Sales.

God sows in waste, to reap whom He foreknew
Of man's cold race,
Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view
Of boundless time and space,
He waits, by scant return for treasures given
To fill the thrones of heaven.

Cardinal Newman.

O what great wisdom it is when we do not think we are wise enough to guide ourselves ! It is therefore well to bind and pledge ourselves by means of the vow which we make of holy obedience to the will of God.

St. Francis of Sales.

Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing Obedience is the bond of rule !

Tennyson.

WHO hath bewitched you that you should not obey the truth ?

Gal. iii. 1.

What would become of the world without obedience ? What more necessary than this virtue to maintain order and discipline ? Experience has proved this. Where obedience is not observed, there can be nothing but trouble ; disorder glides in, and peace is banished. A disunited whole is threatened with destruction, and ruin is unavoidable. But, on the contrary, where obedience is kept, all will be edified.

Fr. L. A. Lambert.

Save the obedient. From both love and hate,
Affections vile, low cares, and envy's blight,
And controversial leanings and debate,
Save me ! from earthly film my mental sight
Purge Thou, make my whole body full of light !

So may my eyes from all things truth convey,
My ears in all Thy lessons read aright,
My dull heart understand, and I obey,
Following where'er the Church hath marked
the Ancient Way.

Cardinal Newman.

Whoever refuses nothing in the ordering of God, and who seeks nothing outside that ordering, will never end a day without having had a share in the cross of Christ.

Fénelon.

JULY 27.

OBEDIENCE.

SUBMIT your neck to the yoke, and let
your soul receive discipline.

Ecclus. li. 34.

Taking into consideration the good results of obedience, we can only help saying that it is by far more beneficial to obey than to command. There is nothing, in fact, more to be dreaded than the being raised to a high post of authority. . . . Those who are under the yoke of obedience are safer than others, and consequently happier. *Fr. L. A. Lambert.*

Who best
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd. *Milton.*

We must do all things from love, and nothing from constraint. We must love obedience rather than fear disobedience.

St. Francis of Sales.

Be docile to thy unseen guide,
Love Him as He loves thee ;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

Fr. Faber.

No man doth safely rule, but he that is glad to be ruled. No man doth safely rule, but he that hath gladly learned to obey.

Thomas à Kempis.

JULY 28.

OBEDIENCE.

IF you be willing, and will hearken to me,
you shall eat the good things of the
land.

Isa. i. 19.

There are two kinds of obedience; one imperative, the other voluntary. By the first you are bound humbly to obey your ecclesiastical superiors—that is, the Pope, your Bishop, your pastor, and such as may be commissioned by them. You are further bound to obey your temporal superiors; . . . and lastly, you owe obedience to your domestic superiors, whether parents, master, or mistress. This is imperative obedience, and no one can be exempt from the duty.

St. Francis of Sales.

Son of heaven and earth

**Attend ! That thou art happy, owe to God ;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself—
That is, to thy obedience ! Therein stand !**

Milton.

Obey in things hard, troublesome, or disagreeable, and this will be a perfect obedience. Obey in fine, meekly, without reply; readily, without delay; cheerfully, without repining; and above all lovingly, for the love of Him Who, through His love for us, made Himself obedient unto death.

St. Francis of Sales.

Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.

Tennyson.

WE ought to obey God rather than men.

Acts v. 29.

Obedience is better than sacrifice: it is both right and reasonable that it should be preferred; for in sacrifices, we immolate another's flesh, but in obedience, we sacrifice our own will. Consequently the number of our sacrifices is in proportion to the number of our acts of obedience, because in bending to the authority of a man for the love of God, we overcome the pride, which is so natural to us.

St. Gregory.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign
power

Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for), but to love by law,
Acting the law we love by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom—in the scorn of consequence !

Tennyson.

The exterior must be joined to the interior to obtain aught from God; that is to say, we must kneel, pray with the lips, etc., in order that proud man, who would not submit himself to God, should now be subject to the creature.

Pascal.

Now have I found obedience that is joy,
Not pain, not conflict of the heart and mind,
But harmony of human souls with God.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

JULY 30.

OBEDIENCE.

WHATSOEVER He shall say to you,
do ye.

St. John ii. 5.

Confide in God, Who doth not forsake
those who seek Him with an upright and
simple heart, nor shall fail to give them all
things necessary for the journey, until He
leads them forth into the clean and pure
light of love.

St. John of the Cross.

Can we want obedience then
To Him, or possibly His love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust ?

Milton.

How many there are to whom every kind
of restraint is insupportable, and who ever
sigh to be free ! They are like so many
prodigal sons, who cannot endure their
father's government; they are enemies to
their own happiness.

Fr. L. A. Lambert.

Jesus, Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy Voice left all
To teach the world of Thee;
May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
Of Thy simplicity !

Fr. Faber.

God's will on earth is always joy,
Always tranquillity.

Fr. Faber.

HE learned obedience by the things which
He suffered.

Heb. v. 8.

We must not go on entangling ourselves in spiders' webs, but we must walk straight on in good faith through the midst of the lowly virtues of simplicity and humility, and by not going to extremes, and practising so much subtlety. Strength is strongest when it is tranquil, and when it is born of reason without any admixture of passion.

St. Francis of Sales.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on Him sole depend.

Milton.

Let us change the rule which we have hitherto adopted for judging what is good. We have had our own will as our rule in this respect—let us now take the will of God; all that He wills is good and right to us, all that He wills not is evil.

Pascal.

Thy Father reigns supreme above:
The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,
His Will must be the same,
And thou hast asked all joys in one
In whispering forth, "Thy Will be done."

Mrs. Hamilton King.

August

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Sacred Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary.”

HOW beautiful art thou, My love; how
beautiful art thou! Thy eyes are
doves' eyes, besides what is hid within.

Canticles iv. 1.

Mother of God, when near thy heart
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love
For sinners gone astray.

O sacred heart, all hail! all hail!

God's dear delight, all hail!

Anon.

FIRST WEEK OF AUGUST

“TEMPTATION.”

Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

St. Matt. xxvi. 41.

ANSWER, thou that from the height
 Lookest to left, and lookest to right;
Answer, thou, how goes the fight ?

 The battle goes as though
God weighed two nations in His scale.

Aubrey de Vere.

WHEN thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation. *Eccclus. ii. 1.*

Temptations are the raw material of glory: and the management of them is as great a work as the government of an empire. . . . But what are the uses of temptations? So many and so great that I can do no more than indicate a few of them here. They try us, and we are worth nothing if we are not tried. Our trial is the one thing God cares for, and it is the only thing which gives us the least knowledge of ourselves. They disgust us with the world almost as effectually as the sweetnesses which God gives us in prayer. . . . Temptations enable us to merit more . . . they punish us for past sins . . . they purify us for God's presence.

Fr. Faber.

Pray thou for me,
Lest at the last
Self-knowledge hold me fast
To sins I see.

Laurence Housman.

It often happens that when a man is spending all his efforts on something, and it does not come about in the way and to the end that he wants, his mind falls into weariness and sadness. . . . Do not yield either to yourself or to the Devil; but embrace your labour with gladness.

St. Catherine of Siena.

. . . Vow

Thine heart to Faith's pure strife;
So peace will come thou knowest not when
or how.

Cardinal Newman.

GOD is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able: but will make also with temptation issue, that you may be able to bear it.

1 Cor. x. 13.

Oh! how dangerous is sin committed deliberately, for it is hard for a man to repent of it, and so long as he does not repent, the guilt exists; it lasts as long as the man remains with his will towards the sin committed, or towards committing it.

St. Catherine of Genoa.

O Holy Lord, Who with the children three
Didst walk the piercing flame,
Help! in these trial hours, which, save to
Thee,

I dare not name!

Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening
heart

Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

Cardinal Newman.

All is not lost, although thou do feel
thyself very often afflicted or grievously
tempted.

Thomas à Kempis.

The pulp is bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity.

... His name I know, and what His trumpet
saith.

Francis Thompson.

HE Himself hath suffered and been tempted; He is able to succour them also that are tempted. *Heb. ii. 18.*

If the soul is not tempted, tried and proved by temptations and trials, she cannot bring her senses into the harbour of Divine Wisdom. . . . Those who have more capacity and strength for endurance, He purges with greater intensity and speed. For there are moments and days when God, in order to keep them in humility and the knowledge of themselves, proves and practises them in these drynesses and temptations, and helps them with His comfort.

St. John of the Cross.

These came to me,

“ Arise and conquer.” *Dante.*

God's design is to draw a soul to Himself; Satan's is to withdraw it from God. Our Lord never inspires the soul with fears which would separate it from Him; and the devil never suggests anything that would bring the soul to God. *St. Peter of Alcantara.*

Ever when tempted, make me see
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade
My God,—alone,—outstretched and bruised
And bleeding, on the earth He made !
And make me feel it was my sin
As though no other sins there were,
That 'twas to Him Who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear.

Fr. Faber.

HE will give you true peace in this place.

Jer. xiv. 13.

Beware of one harassing temptation with which Satan often hinders souls which are earnestly set upon doing everything to the utmost in accordance with God's will. This is the raising of scruples as to whether a man had better do one thing rather than another in some trifle. . . . While he is fidgeting and fussing over his scruples as to what is best, he loses the opportunity of doing some unquestionable good deed which would be more to God's glory than all his weighing of scruples. It is best to be simple and straightforward, doing whatever seems best without worrying ourselves, losing time, and incurring the danger always attending on scruples.

St. Francis of Sales.

Lift up thy head: and be thou strong
In trust.

Dante.

The man who, though his fights be all
defeats,

Still fights,

Enters at last

The heavenly Jerusalem's rejoicing streets

With glory more, and more triumphant rites

Than always conquering Joshua's, when his
blast

The frightened walls of Jericho down cast.

And, lo, the glad surprise

Of peace beyond surmise

More than in common saints, for ever in
his eyes.

Coventry Patmore.

WE have not a high-priest who cannot have compassion on our infirmities: but one tempted in all things like as we are, without sin. *Heb. iv. 15.*

As soon as you find yourself tempted in any wise, do as our little children do when they see a wolf or a bear in the mountains. They run to the protection of their father or mother. Do you fly in like manner to God, claiming His compassion and succour. If the temptation persists or increases, hasten in spirit to embrace the holy Cross, as though you beheld Jesus Christ crucified actually present. . . . Do not fix your eyes on the temptation, look solely on our Lord.

St. Francis of Sales.

What, if He hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts and scorns, and snares, and
violence,—

Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt,—that He may
know

What I can suffer, how obey ?

Milton.

No man is so perfect and holy, but he hath sometimes temptations; and altogether without them we cannot be. *Thomas à Kempis.*

If he sinn'd,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings
remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.

Tennyson.

MY soul is continually in my hands: and
I have not forgotten Thy law.

Ps. cxviii. 109.

Examine yourself often, at least night and morning, as to whether your soul is "in your hand"; or whether it has been wrested away by any passionate or anxious emotion. See whether your soul is fully under control, or whether it has not escaped from beneath your hand to plunge into some unruly love, hate, envy, desire, fear, vexation, or joy. And if it has so strayed, before all else seek it out, and quietly bring it back to the Presence of God once more, placing all your hopes and affections under the direction of His holy Will.

St. Francis of Sales.

... A stern footstep sounded ever near;
And, when that Presence dread His silence
broke,

Austere and cold as if a statue spoke,
Each marble sentence smote upon my ear;
Yet "Thou shalt not," was all that I could
hear—

Then sudden from its trance my spirit woke.
The sun was shining. Floods of light divine
Golden and crimson on the mountains
played. . . .

And I could hear through all the murmuring
glen,
Music of morning, God's come down to live
with men.

Aubrey de Vere.

I triumphed and I saddened with all
weather,

Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal
mine.

Francis Thompson.

MY brethren, count it all joy, when you shall fall into divers temptations.

St. James i. 2.

God never permits grievous temptations and assaults to try any save those souls whom He designs to lead on to His own living, highest Love; but, nevertheless, it does not follow as a natural consequence that they are certain to attain thereto. . . . Ever be humble and full of holy fear, not over confident in your power to resist lesser temptations because you have overcome those that are greater. Be assured that every victory won over little foes is as a precious stone in the crown of glory which God prepares for us in heaven. So while waiting and making ready for a steadfast and brave resistance to great temptations, should they come, let us not fail diligently to fight against meaner, weaker foes.

St. Francis of Sales.

Ah, God, alas,
How soon it came to pass
The sweetness melted from Thy barbed hook
Which I so simply took;
And I lay bleeding on the bitter land,
Afraid to stir against Thy least command.
. . . And here I lie,
With no one near to mark,
Thrusting Hell's phantoms feebly in the dark,
And still at point more utterly to die.

Coventry Patmore.

Temptations are often very profitable to to us, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified and instructed.

Thomas à Kempis.

THE Lord knoweth how to deliver the
godly from temptation. 2 Peter ii. 9.

In matters of great weight we have need to be humble and distrustful of self, not thinking to discover God's will by our own cleverness or quickness of perception. After seeking light from the Holy Spirit, and diligently employing our own faculties to know God's Will, it is best to decide on our own course as in God's sight, and then not to look back, or admit doubts as to our decision, but to persevere steadily, quietly, and trustfully, even if difficulties and temptations, which are common to all beginnings, should lead us to question the wisdom of our choice.

St. Francis of Sales.

Say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read: this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.
. . . Shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Cardinal Newman.

When thou thinkest thyself farthest off
from Me, oftentimes I am nearest unto
thee.

Thomas à Kempis.

O dear and sweet dispute
'Twixt Death's and Love's far different
fruit !

Different as far
As antidotes and poisons are. . . .
By this they both look up, and live again.

Crashaw.

SECOND WEEK OF AUGUST

"SUFFERING."

I sat down under His shadow, Whom I desired.

Canticles ii. 3.

**O LOVE, I am thy sacrifice !
Be still, triumphant, blessed eyes !
Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I
Still may behold, though still I die.**

Crashaw.

NOTHING upon earth is done without a cause, and sorrow doth not spring out of the ground. Blessed is the man whom God correcteth: refuse not therefore the chastising of the Lord. For He woundeth, and cureth: He striketh, and His hands shall heal.

Job v. 6, 17, 18.

The time of afflictions and contradictions is the beautiful harvest-time, when the soul gathers in the richest benedictions of Heaven; one day then is more profitable than six at another. Let us, therefore, be always fastened to the Cross, and let a hundred thousand arrows transpierce our flesh, provided the inflamed dart of the love of God has previously penetrated our heart.

St. Francis of Sales.

If this be the hardest ill of all
For mortal heart and flesh to bear in peace,
It is the one comes straightest from God's
hand,
And makes us feel Him nearest to ourselves
God gives us light and love and all good
things
Richly, for joy and power to use aright;
But then we may forget Him in His gifts:
We cannot well forget the Hand that holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

WHEREFORE let them also that suffer according to the Will of God, commend their souls in good deeds to the faithful Creator.

1 Peter iv. 19.

Prosperities are like a veil tissued with gold by the fingers of fortune, to cover the ulcers of vice: and adversity is the theatre of generous spirits, who feed themselves with afflictions as the sun with salt water.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

. . . I have learned but now
That prayer is sevenfold welcomer than sleep.

Then shall I count these little pains a loss
Which thus can make the Crescent preach
the Cross ?

Fr. Faber.

Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an accepted sorrow !

Mme. Guyon.

What a glorious spectacle it is to behold a man of invincible courage, buffeted with storms and tempests, on whom it seemeth Heaven will burst and fall in pieces, to behold him amongst the threats of the air, ruins of the world, always standing upright as a great brazen Colossus, scorning these as mists and small flakes of snow !

St. Cyprian.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.

Tennyson.

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
right onward.

Milton.

TAKE all that shall be brought upon thee: and in thy sorrow endure, and in thy humiliation keep patience.

Ecclus. ii. 4.

Know then that we must be stripped of the love of self and of the world and of all sadness, for sadness dries up the soul and hinders us from knowing the infinite goodness of God.

St. Catherine of Siena.

I think if thou couldst know,
O soul that wilt complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burthen and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,
I think thou wouldst rejoice and not complain.

A. A. Procter.

We are able to bear more than we think. For there are none but slight evils which cause us readily to deplore, and which raise a great noise; like to those brooks that purr among pebbles, whilst great ones pass through a generous soul as huge rivers which drive their waves along with a peaceful majesty.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

“Lift up your hearts !” We lift
Them up

To God, and to God’s gift,
The Passion Cup.

Lionel Johnson.

WE know that to them that love God,
all things work together unto good,
to such as, according to His purpose, are
called to be saints.

Rom. viii. 28.

It is the merest commonplace that suffering is necessary to holiness, that nothing great is done, whether in the service of God or man, without pain, effort, weariness; but commonplace though it may be, it is one that life is always forcing upon us as a fresh revelation.

Lady Lovat.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's Messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold,
crave

Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,
Then lay before him all thou hast.

Aubrey de Vere.

When God gives very great faith, He leads
His own by the way of the Cross.

Coventry Patmore.

The rose when shaken fragrance sheds
around,
The bell when struck pours forth melodious
sound.

Fr. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.

Fr. Faber.

FOR this is the Will of God, your sanctification.

1 *Thess.* iv. 3.

Great and grievous sorrow is the sovereign remedy to the most dangerous evil of our nature, for amid such sorrow the great mystery of Christianity, the inward crucifixion of the natural man, takes place. Then it is that all the power of grace is developed, and its most real work, that of rooting out self, achieved. In order to force us out of self, it needs some deep heart's wound which shall turn all that is of this world to bitterness for us. Then the heart realizes that it can find no rest within and bursting forth casts itself upon God.

Fénelon.

Love took up the harp of life and smote on
all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight. *Tennyson.*

If there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation than suffering, surely Christ would have shewed it by word and example.

Thomas à Kempis.

. . . Grief should be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles; to command

Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
lasting to the end.

Aubrey de Vere.

WHY is my sorrow become perpetual,
and my wound desperate so as to
refuse to be healed? *Jer. xv. 18.*

Some people will not learn from circumstances. God's clearest lesson of affliction only angers them. They are like a foolish bird which, when confronted with an unfavourable wind, dashes itself against the cliff. But the wise bird knows that there is no wind that cannot take it back to its nest. *Fr. V. McNabb, O.P.*

O Pain, Love's mystery
Close next of kin
To joy and heart's delight,
Low Pleasure's opposite,
Choice food of sanctity
And medicine of sin. . . .
O, for the learned spirit without attaint
That does not faint,
But knows both how to have thee and to lack,
And ventures many a spell,
Unlawful but for them that love so well,
To call thee back. *Coventry Patmore.*

Our Saviour was agonized in the dolorous garden, watered with bloody sweats, to teach us the perfection of a Christian is not in not being sensible of sorrow, but to moderate the same with resolution.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

O Nature, make thy children thine !
Erase the stain; burn out the blot.

Aubrey de Vere.

FOR I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us.

Rom. viii. 18.

Tribulation is the king's highway, beaten and tracked with the sacred steps of thy Master, and with a countless number of saints, who all of them have made their affliction the degrees of their glory. Behold thy Jesus, He is the brazen serpent planted in the wilderness of this world, which healeth all the bitings of our impatience. Behold patience, it is the salt of the prophet Eliseus, which purifieth the polluted waters, and sweeteneth all the bitternesses of life.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

O Love ! alone thy topmost height
They tread who stand—thy clouds above—
Where all the rock-hewn paths unite
That branch from God, and lead to love !

Aubrey de Vere.

O ye souls that desire to walk in the midst of consolation and security, if only ye knew how acceptable to God is suffering for His love, and how great a means it is to arrive at every other spiritual good, ye would never seek for consolation in anything, but you would rather rejoice when ye bear the cross after your Lord.

St. John of the Cross.

THIRD WEEK OF AUGUST

“SANCTIFICATION.”

My Beloved had a vineyard on a hill in a fruitful place, and He fenced it in, and picked the stones out of it and planted it with choicest vines, and built a tower in the midst thereof, and set up a winepress therein ; and He looked that it should bring forth grapes. *Isa. v. 1, 2.*

I SAW rear'd up,
In colour like to sun-illumined gold,
A ladder, which my ken pursued in vain,
So lofty was the summit.

Say—to what point thy soul aspires ?

Dante.

AUGUST 16. SANCTIFICATION.

BE you therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect.

St. Matt. v. 48.

A detailed correspondence to grace in things quite within our compass would lead us almost unawares to heights of sanctity which nature trembles to contemplate when it beholds them in their full abrupt altitude, and not as a gradual ascent. Alas ! if we would but let each day's grace lead us whither it wills with its gentle step, its kind allurements, and its easy sacrifice, in what a sweetly incredible nearness to the world of saints should we not find ourselves before many years were gone !

Fr. Faber.

O, that I might His holy secret reach ;
O, might I catch His mantle where He goes !

Coventry Patmore.

If you are really in trouble about your faults, and are possessed by a firm purpose of saving your soul and pleasing God, nothing will be able to turn you from the thought.

Fénelon.

A pure heart penetrateth Heaven.

Thomas à Kempis.

Descend, and touch, and enter ; hear
The wish too strong for words to name.

Tennyson.

AUGUST 17. SANCTIFICATION.

MAKE straight steps with your feet:
that no one, halting, may go out
of the way, but rather be healed.

Heb. xii. 13.

When broad and level ways present themselves, let our fears awake ! Let us give diligent heed that we go not with the multitudes who take the wide and unobstructed road:—be it ours to trace out the paths in which the few have moved, the footsteps of the saints, the rugged way of penitence: to mount from rock to rock, to gain firm footing by the sweat of our brow, and to look forward to the last step of life as a final and violent effort to enter at the straight gate of eternity.

Fénelon.

O Christ, first let me know
How sweet life's best can be:
Then call me to forego
Its sweets for Thee !

Laurence Housman.

The souls wherein the Spirit dwells, illuminated by the Spirit, themselves become spiritual, and send forth their grace to others.

St. Basil.

Come up
Ye who adore in any way
Our God by His wide-honour'd Name of Yea,
Come up; for where ye stand ye cannot stay.

Coventry Patmore.

AUGUST 18. SANCTIFICATION.

I HAVE put off my garment, how shall I
put it on ? I have washed my feet,
how shall I defile them? *Canticles v. 3.*

God purifies the soul by His wisdom, as refiners do metals in the furnace. Gold cannot be purified but by fire, which gradually separates from it and consumes all that is earthly and heterogeneous; it must be melted and dissolved, and all impure mixtures taken away, by casting it again and again into the furnace: thus it is refined from internal corruption, and even exalted to a state incapable of further purification. . . . Thus we may see that the Divine Spirit, as an unremitting fire, must devour and destroy all that is earthly, sensual, and carnal, and all self-activity, before the soul can be fitted for, and capable of union with God. *Mme. Guyon.*

Wilt thou so make Thy dwelling ? Then I
fear

Man, after this, shall dread to enter here:
For all the inner courts will be so bright,
He shall be dazzled with excess of light,
And turn, and flee ! *Laurence Housman.*

Thou who gavest me strength
On the high triumph of Thy realm to gaze:
Grant virtue now to utter what I kenn'd.
Dante.

AUGUST 19. SANCTIFICATION.

WHEN I had a little passed by them,
I found Him Whom my soul loveth.

Canticles iii. 4.

The soul remaining in its disorderly will is imperfect; it becomes more perfect in proportion as it approaches nearer to the Will of God. When a soul is advanced so far, that it cannot in anything depart from the Divine will, it then becomes wholly perfect, united with, and transformed into, the Divine nature; and being thus purified, and united to God, it finds a profound peace, and a sweet rest, which brings it to such a perfect union of love, that it is filled with joy. . . . The Lord draws near to such a soul, and communicates Himself inwardly to it. He fills it with Himself because it is empty; clothes it with His light and with His love, because it is naked; lifts it up, because it is low; and unites it with Himself. *Mme. Guyon.*

Lord, let this house be swept and garnished
first !

For fear lest sin
Do there look in.

Let me shut fast the windows: lest Thou
thirst,

Make some pure inner well of waters burst:
For no sweet water can man's delving win—
Earth is so curst.

Also bar up the door: Thou wilt do well
To dwell, whilst with us, anchorite in Thy
cell.

Laurence Housman.

Through the gates that bar the distance
Comes a gleam of what is higher.

Tennyson.

AUGUST 20. SANCTIFICATION.

SANCTIFY yourselves, and be ye holy.

Lev. xx. 7.

Those who have lived in a state of alienation and distance from God are apt to mistake their first movements towards Him for a state of close and intimate communion. In this the most enlightened and accomplished men betray the same ignorance and want of discernment, as would a peasant who should fancy himself a courtier because he had seen the king.

Fénelon.

A right spirit can only come from God. The spirit was formed for the pursuit of truth and of the sovereign good; but God alone can give rectitude of spirit and purpose, since it is only by His Spirit that we are led to Him.

Fénelon.

Naught canst thou do that was not willed
By love to be,
To bring the work to pass through Me.
No knee
Stiffens, or bends before My sovereignty,
But from the world's beginning hath fulfilled
Its choice betwixt the valleyed and the hilled.
For both, at one decree,
My Blood was spilled.

Laurence Housman.

Do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

Milton.

AUGUST 21. SANCTIFICATION.

BLESSED are the clean of heart, for they
shall see God. *Matt. v. 8.*

The soul that is faithful in the exercise of that love and adherence to God is astonished to feel Him gradually taking possession of its whole being; and enjoys a continual sense of that Presence which is become as it were natural to it. . . . It calms the mind, and gives sweet repose and quiet even in the midst of our daily labours; but then we must be resigned to Him without reserve.

Fénelon.

O Healing Face, to all mankind most dear,
Teach me to find Thee, lest I wander blind !

O Face most fair,
Spring-tide of God, flood all my griefs in
Thee
Till, as the water covereth the sea,
Thou coverest me !

Laurence Housman.

A pure heart penetrateth Heaven.

Thomas à Kempis.

Surely the time is short:
Endless the task and art
To brighten for the ethereal court
A soiled earth-drudging heart !
But He, the dread proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love. *Cardinal Newman.*

AUGUST 22. SANCTIFICATION.

THEY shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads.

Apoc. xxii. 4.

Prayer is the guide to perfection, and the sovereign good. It delivers us from every vice, and obtains for us every virtue; for the one great means to become perfect is to walk in the presence of God. It is only by prayer that we are brought into and maintained in His presence, and when once we have fully known Him and the sweetness of His love, we shall find it impossible to relish anything as much as Himself.

Fénelon.

Are we not holy ? Do not start !

It is God's sacred will

To call us temples set apart

His Holy Ghost may fill.

A. A. Procter.

It is thus that we acquire virtue with facility and certainty. As God is the fountain and principle of all virtue, in proportion as we approach to the possession of Him, in like proportion do we rise into the most eminent virtues. Indeed, he that has God has all things.

Mme. Guyon.

Yea, Thou didst dream how I should be
Thine own,

Dreaming, with eyes wide from the Father's
throne, . . .

How Thou didst dream the labours and the
pain,

The sweat, the fainting, and my soul's
consent !

Michael Field.

AUGUST 23. SANCTIFICATION.

BLESSED are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

St. Matt. v. 6.

Let us stand before God, pleading our deep poverty, with the humility and fervency of the beggar craving his daily dole. It is ill with us if we lose the feeling of our weakness and infirmity. In all our pursuits, in our reading, in our prayers, let us be careful to maintain this hunger of soul, this thirst for the water which "springeth up into everlasting life."

Fénelon.

Listen to God, and follow His inward voice of grace, that is all. But to listen one must be silent: and to follow one must yield.

Fénelon.

There is no sanctification without the Spirit. The powers of the heavens are not holy by nature; were it so, there would in this respect be no difference between them and the Holy Spirit. It is in proportion to their relative excellence that they have their meed of holiness from the Spirit.

St. Basil.

Pray for us that we may be
To the mountain-heights set free !
Mary Magdalene most sweet,
Pray that we may kiss His Feet !

Michael Field.

FOURTH WEEK OF AUGUST

"JOY."

O how great is the multitude of Thy sweetness, O
Lord, which Thou hast hidden for them that fear Thee !

Ps. xxx. 20.

I LIFTED up my heart and sang ;
And far aloft went loud
A shuddering note of joy which sprang
To kiss the upper cloud.

Laurence Housman.

THE flowers have appeared in our land,
the time of pruning is come.

Canticles ii. 12.

It is in giving that we shall find one of the chiefest joys of life. We must give of all we possess; not a tithe only, a little carefully doled-out alms, but abundantly. If we have courage to give all, and to ask for nothing in return, then our reward will be as abundant as our gift—in joy of heart, and in the blessing of God.

Fr. Faber.

If you have tasted bitter woe and teen,
More wholesome-sweet for that your song
hath been.

Emily Hickey.

The soul that loves God burns with the desire to please Him; but as long as its actions cost it but little, it feels that it is accomplishing nothing for the Beloved . . . hence the exquisite joy of sacrifice.

Abbé Sandreau.

In our common love rejoicing,
My Beloved, let us go
To the summit of the mountain
Whence the limpid waters flow.

St. John of the Cross.

I saw Him rise,
In glory that dispelled my gloom,
And made a temple of the tomb.

J. Banister Tabb,

YOU shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall sing praise before you, and all the trees of the country shall clap their hands.

Isa. lv. 12.

The centre of the soul is God. When the soul shall have reached Him, according to its essence, and according to its powers of operation, it will then have attained to its ultimate and deepest centre in God. This will be done when the soul shall love Him, comprehend Him, and enjoy Him with all its strength.

St. John of the Cross.

My Beloved gently led me
By the hand, O love divine !
Placed me in the inner cellar
Where I drank the wondrous wine.
He embraced me there and taught me,
Sitting humbly at His feet,
Wondrous secrets of His wisdom :
And the learning is so sweet.

Tr. Fr. Lewis.

The exercise of finding God in everything is less laborious than meditations on abstract matters, and causes God to visit us in wonderful ways, even for one brief ejaculation.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Take possession of that sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys.

Crashaw,

I WILL see you again, and your heart
shall rejoice; and your joy no man
shall take from you. *St. John xvi. 22.*

Strive with all your heart after humility
in thought, word, and deed, taking more
pleasure in others than in yourself, giving
way in everything to others, and doing so
as far as you can from a sincere heart. In
this way you will overcome evil with good,
and have joy in your heart.

St. John of the Cross.

Shall we dare this, my soul? We'll do it
and bring
No other note for it, but the Name we sing.

Crashaw.

Joy is the especial recompense of inter-
cession. It is part of His joy, Who rejoices
in the harvest of His Passion. What stirs
in our hearts has come to us from His.

Fr. Faber.

Powers of my soul, be proud!
And speak aloud
To all the dear-bought Nations this redeem-
ing Name.

Crashaw.

I, trusting that the truly sweet
Would still be sweetly found the true,
Sang, darkling, taught by heavenly heat,
Songs which were wiser than I knew.

Coventry Patmore,

THESE things have I spoken to you that
My joy may be in you, and your joy
may be filled.

St. John xv. 11.

Joy, like hope, is a necessity of the human heart, the one leads on to the other. We hope to be happy; we necessarily desire joy and happiness. Joy is love satisfied. We cannot live without loving and without the satisfaction of our love. Joy is the life of the soul, the repose of the heart—a repose in which it renews its strength and fits its strength for fresh labours. Moreover, joy radiates; he that possesses it sheds it on all about him.

Abbé Saudreau.

The men who met him rounded on their
heels

And wonder'd after him, because his face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven; so glad was he.

Tennyson.

Rejoice in God always, for He is your salvation, and consider how blessed it is to suffer whatever may come from Him who is the True Good.

St. John of the Cross.

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
But all with wings.

A. A. Procter.

BEHOLD my Beloved speaketh to me.

Canticles ii. 10.

The spiritual man must be very careful of the beginnings of joy in temporal things, lest from little it should become great, increasing step by step; out of slight beginnings great evils result. One spark is enough to set a mountain on fire.

St. John of the Cross.

He expounds the weary wonder
Of my giddy steps, and under
Spreads a path, clear as the day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and peace to learn new lays
Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise.

Crashaw.

If you will deny yourself one joy in the things of sense, our Lord will repay you a hundredfold in this life, spiritually and temporally.

St. John of the Cross.

When will it be when I shall dwell with Thee ?
Upraise me now, O Lord, into Thy Heaven !

Yet if my life can bring increase of glory
To Thine eternal Being,
In truth I do not wish that it should end.

Tr. : Fr. Lewis.

DRAW me: we will run after Thee to the odour of Thy ointments. The king hath brought me into His storerooms: we will be glad and rejoice in Thee.

Canticles i. 3.

Even while clouds and light are struggling for the mastery on earth, purity turns faith into sight; for the pure in heart wait not for heaven. They see God now, and they see Him everywhere; and as joy brought purity, so purity brings fresh joy.

Fr. Faber.

Thou sing'st that secret gifts are best;
That only like to God are they
Who keep God's secret in their breast
And hide, as stars are hid by day.

Aubrey de Vere.

We should remember our rejoicing in the days of affliction, and our affliction in the days of rejoicing; till the promise which our Lord has given us of making His joy perfect in us be happily accomplished.

Pascal.

By the ladder that is secret
In the darkness on I pressed . . .
To the place where He was waiting,
Safely guided on the way
On I went; the light was brighter
Than the sunshine of mid-day.

St. John of the Cross.

MY soul shall be joyful in my God: for
He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation. *Isa. lxi. 10.*

The deepest joys, the only joys worthy of the name, are supernatural. These joys are born of faith and charity. The more brilliant the light of faith that presents motives for rejoicing to the mind, the greater the resulting felicity. And they increase with the growth of love, because joy is nothing but the satisfaction of love. *Abbé Saudreau.*

No praise to me !
My joy 'twas to be nothing but the glass
Thro' which the general boon of Heaven
should pass. *Coventry Patmore.*

Of all the fruits of the Holy Ghost none seems more desirable, because none is less earthly or more heavenly, than joy. . . . Whoever desires to joy in God . . . let him throw away himself and his own ends, and wedding the dear interests of Jesus and of souls, betake himself to intercession.

Fr. Faber.

He that is on fire with love
Divinely touched of God,
Receives a taste so new
That all his own is gone.

St. John of the Cross.

Divinity hath surely touched my heart;
I have possessed more joy than earth can
lend. *Matthew Bridges.*

AUGUST 31.

JOY.

I WILL greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God.

Isa. lxi. 10.

Sweet impressions of themselves do not lead the soul to God, but rather cause it to rest upon them: by an act of the will; that is, by loving God, the soul puts its whole affection, joy, delight, contentment, and love, in Him only, casting everything else aside, and loving Him above all things.

St. John of the Cross.

Who is the angel that cometh ?

Joy ?

Look at his glittering rainbow wings—

No alloy

Lies in the radiant gifts he brings.

A. A. Procter.

Let God be the Bridegroom and the beloved of your soul; remain always in His presence, and so you shall avoid sin.

St. John of the Cross.

Hearken and help, ye holy doves !

The high-born brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,

The heirs elect of Love, whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song.

Awake and sing !

Crashaw.

September

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Seven Dolours of our Lady.”

AND thy own soul a sword shall pierce.
St. Luke ii. 35.

Let us run
Where yon fount of sorrows flows;
Pondering sweetly, one by one,
Jesu's wounds and Mary's woes.

Fr. Faber.

“THINGS GREAT AND SMALL.”

By their fruits you shall know them.

St. Matt. vii. 20.

DO little things as though they were
great.

Do great things as though they were small.

Pascal.

**Not all height is holiness,
Nor every sweetness good;
And grace will sometimes lurk
Where who could guess ?**

Coventry Patmore.

IN the multitude of words there shall not
want sin: but he that refraineth his lips
is most wise. *Prov. x. 19.*

Say nothing until you have examined
whether what you are about to say is
pleasing to God, profitable to yourself, and
likely to edify your neighbour.

It is well to speak little and to listen much.

Human speeches and arguments will never
teach us as much as we shall learn by humble
recourse to God. *St. Ignatius Loyola.*

When I have ended, then I see
How far my words come short of Thee:

Ah, Christ, what harmony will that be then,
When, in Thy likeness, all the thoughts of
men

Grow satisfied, in silence serving Thee !

Laurence Housman.

Discourse of spiritual things doth greatly
further our spiritual growth.

Thomas à Kempis.

Words—like Nature—half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

Tennyson.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng !
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

Cardinal Newman.

BLESSED are the meek: for they shall possess the land.

St. Matt. v. 4.

Meekness and piety are the way back to Thee, and Thou dost cleanse us from our evil habits, forgiving the sins that are confessed, hearing the sighs of the prisoner, breaking the chains that we forge for ourselves—if only we lift no more against Thee the horns of a fancied liberty, risking our all on the chance of more, loving our own good more than Thee, the Good of all.

St. Augustine.

Through storm to calm ! And if life's lightning, flashing,

With thunder's roar, o'erpower thy will,
Faint heart, be brave ! Above the billows crashing

A Voice divine cries, " Peace, be still !"

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

God made man " a little lower than the angels," to crown him with the honour and glory of being His own final and Sabbatical felicity. This would be an incredible condition of happiness for man had not God made it clear to him in other ways that the fruition of heights is in the depths.

Coventry Patmore.

On us, at whiles, it falls to claim

Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part;

Nor must we shrink . . .

But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep

Our secret in our heart.

Cardinal Newman.

PATIENCE is necessary for you : that, doing the will of God, you may receive the promise.

Heb. x. 36.

We may compare a soul rising from sin to holiness to the dawn which, as it rises, does not at once dispel darkness, but advances gradually. It is an old saying that a slow cure is a certain cure. We must be patient and courageous. . . . The discipline of purification can and must only cease with our life. . . . Victory does not lie in ignoring our infirmities, but in resisting them.

St. Francis of Sales.

All things are best fulfilled in their due time,

And time there is for all things.

Milton.

We may say that, partly from our own badness and partly from theirs, all mankind are a trial to our patience in some way or other. . . . Almost every circumstance in life has a manner, time, place, and degree, by which it tries our patience; and it is not too much to say does more for us than fast or discipline; and that when we can go through with it for love of the sweetness of Jesus, we are not far from interior holiness.

Fr. Faber.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

He does not fail
For thy impatience, but stands by thee still
Patient, unfaltering—till thou too shall grow
patient.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

I FEAR lest, as the serpent seduced Eve by his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted, and fall from the simplicity that is in Christ.

2 Cor. xi. 3.

By two wings a man is lifted up from the earth: namely, by Simplicity and Purity. Simplicity ought to be in intention; Purity in affection. Simplicity intends God; Purity apprehends and tastes Him.

Thomas à Kempis.

For, ah ! who can express
How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God;
How narrow is He,
And how the wide, waste field of possibility
Is only trod
Straight to His homestead in the human
heart.

Coventry Patmore.

Those who come nearest to God are the most simple, because the Divine Nature is simplicity itself.

Fr. Cassian, S.J.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. *Fr. Faber.*

It is the privilege of the simple and the pure to know God when they see Him. . . .
The light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. *Coventry Patmore.*

THE value of all gold is as nothing compared to a soul truly chaste.

Ecclus. xxvi. 20.

Show me the man who is able to explain or understand the value and excellence of purity, a virtue beyond all the common laws of nature. It is on earth a perfect type and a lively picture of the virginal purity of heaven.

St. Ambrose.

My delight and neighbourhood,
The white flowers of My Precious Blood,
Through whom it rises up and yields
Fragrance to Me of lily-fields. *Michael Field.*

If souls had courage enough to resign themselves to the work of purification, without having any weak or foolish pity on themselves, what a noble, rapid, and happy progress would they make ! *Mme. Guyon.*

The Altar's pure flame
Consumes as it soars ;
Faith kindly may blame,
For it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest !
Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—
Thine own.

Cardinal Newman.

WITH a good will serving, as to the
Lord, and not to men. *Eph. vi. 7.*

We, as children of our Heavenly Father, can walk with Him in two ways: we can walk with the steps of our own will while conforming it to His, ever holding on by the hand of obedience to that of His divine intention, and ever following wherever it leads. This is what He demands of us. . . . But we may also go on our own way with our Lord without having any will of our own, letting ourselves be borne along by His divine pleasure, by a certain kind of consent which may be called union, or rather unity of our will with God's will.

St. Francis of Sales.

He always wins who sides with God; . . .
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will. *Fr. Faber.*

To go along that road, aye, and to reach the goal, is all one with the will to go; but it must be a strong and simple will, not a broken-winged wish fluttering hither and thither, rising with one pinion, struggling and falling with the other. *St. Augustine.*

Thou Victim of Thy own free will . . .
To follow Thee on Calvary's hill,
A captive I become for Thee.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

SEPTEMBER 7. FORGIVENESS.

LORD, how often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?" Jesus saith, "I say not to thee till seven times; but till seventy times seven times." *St. Matt. xviii. 21, 22.*

I cannot think that man amiable or even innocent, who after the placidity and refreshment of a night's rest, can awake only to his resentments. He must forget the Being who sheds this balmy blessing over our shattered, perhaps perverted, senses, and who enjoins the forgiveness of all injuries before the sun goes down.

Aubrey de Vere.

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow,
For all the souls on earth that live,
To be forgiven must forgive:
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

Tennyson.

In order to avoid dissensions, we should be ever on our guard, more especially with those who drive us to argue with them, with those who vex and irritate us.

St. Ambrose.

Man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it!

A. A. Procter.

THE gift of God abideth with the just,
and his advancement shall have success for ever.

Ecclus. xi. 17.

It often happens that Almighty God inspires souls with very high purposes in which nevertheless He does not wish them to succeed; so that they may learn to practise the holy virtue of indifference. If this be so, they must endeavour to carry out their plans boldly and courageously, pursuing the work as long as they can, but ever ready to acquiesce gently and quietly in the result, whatever God wills that it should be.

St. Francis of Sales.

Dream not true eminence is gained

Except through toils and tears;

Success, full statured, is attained

But after patient years.

S. M. Best.

Apparent defeat, the semblance of frustration, is like an intense mist over the ground of God's holiest operations. Were it not for simple, joyous, childlike faith, the clearest eye might fail, the stoutest heart might tremble.

Fr. Faber.

It may be that in some great need

Thy life's poor fragments are decreed

To help build up a lofty deed:

Thy heart should throb in vast content,

Thus knowing that it was but meant

As chord in one great Instrument.

A. A. Procter.

SEPTEMBER 9. SLOTHFULNESS.

SLOTHFULNESS casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.
Proverbs xix. 15.

There is, says Holy Writ, a great occupation, imposed not on any one in particular, but on every one, and a heavy yoke, which all the children of Adam are compelled to wear. . . . "From him that weareth purple and beareth the crown, even to him that is covered with rough linen. . . ." In fact, my dear brother, whoever you may be, I ask you what dispenses you from work ?

Bourdalone.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

Milton.

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night"; therefore watch thou that thou be not surprised.

St. Augustine.

For his heart is ashes, and his hope vain earth, and his life more base than clay: For as much as he knew not his Maker, and Him that inspired into him the soul that worketh, and that breathed into him a living spirit.

Wisdom xv. 10, 11.

Work—the healing of divinest balm
To whomso hath the courage to begin.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

SEPTEMBER 10. KNOWLEDGE. .

WISE men lay up knowledge.

Prov. x. 14.

The knowledge of God without that of our wretchedness creates pride. The knowledge of our wretchedness without that of God creates despair. The knowledge of Jesus Christ is the middle way, because in Him we find both God and our wretchedness.

For the most part we want to know only for the sake of talking. People would not make voyages if they were never to speak of them, for the sole pleasure of seeing, without hope of ever communicating their impressions.

We must know ourselves, and if that does not serve to discover truth, it at least regulates our lives, and there is nothing more just.

Pascal.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle,—but to know
That which lies before us in our daily life,—
Is the prime wisdom.

Milton.

The third gift of the Holy Ghost is that of knowledge—not that earthly knowledge of which the ancient philosophers boasted, and which profited them nothing. This knowledge is necessary for the exercise of the first two gifts; for it teaches us how to behave towards Him Whom we desire to fear and to love, and it enables us to discern the evil which we must avoid and the good which we must follow.

St. Francis of Sales.

TAKE courage and be strong.

Jos. i. 6.

It is not with the spiritual heart as with the bodily, which, however soundly we may sleep, never ceases to act, to watch, and to send its vital forces to the brain; whilst with the spiritual heart, will, courage and generosity are absolutely necessary in order to carry on its operations. And for this reason the Holy Ghost communicates to us the gift of fortitude.

St. Francis of Sales.

Hark ! from the shrine is asked,
 What steadfast heart
 Dares in the storm go forth ? Who takes
 The Almighty's part ?

Cardinal Newman.

Fear nothing, blame nothing, flee nothing
 —so much as thy vices and thy sins.

Thomas à Kempis.

Let the soul go to prayer with courage,
 and with a pure disinterested love; not so
 much to receive anything from God, as to
 please Him and to do His will. *Mme. Guyon.*

• Faint not and fret not for threaten'd woe,
 Watchman ! on Truth's grey height !
 Few though the faithful, and fierce though
 the foe,
 Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Cardinal Newman.

WHEN the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through places without water, seeking rest; and not finding, he saith: I will return into my house whence I came out.

St. Luke xi. 24.

We do not seek an easy and peaceful lot which leaves us free to think of our unhappy condition, but rather the distraction which amuses us. Hence it comes that men so love noise and movement. . . . They have a secret instinct prompting them to look for diversion and occupation. . . . They have another secret instinct, a relic of the greatness of our primitive nature, teaching them that happiness indeed consists in rest, and not in turmoil. And of these two contrary instincts a confused project is formed within them, concealing itself from their sight in the depths of their soul, leading them to aim at rest through agitation.

Pascal.

He calleth, and He calleth yet again !

Michael Field.

Surely my heart cannot truly rest nor be contented, unless it rest in Thee.

Thomas à Kempis.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee.

St. Augustine.

Mourn'st thou, poor soul ! and wouldst thou
yet
Call back the things which shall not, cannot
be ?

Heaven must be won, not dreamed ;
Thy task is set.

Cardinal Newman.

SEPTEMBER 13. FRIENDSHIP.

HE that is a friend loveth at all times:
and a brother is proved in distress.

Prov. xvii. 17.

You ask me how we should love creatures. I tell you briefly that there are certain kinds of love which appear very great and perfect in the eyes of creatures, but which in the sight of God will be found very small and of no value; because those friendships are not based on true charity, which is God, but only on natural inclinations and connections which are worthy and acceptable only from a human point of view. *St. Francis of Sales.*

It will live ! No eyes may see it ;
In my soul it will lie deep,
Hidden from all ; but I shall feel it
Often stirring in its sleep . . .
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again. *A. A. Procter.*

They were strangers to the world, but near
and familiar friends to God. *Thomas à Kempis.*

If you take a glass and fill it from a spring,
you may drink as much as you please from
the glass without ever emptying the spring
—so it is with friendships. *St. Catherine of Siena.*

He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love.

Dante.

SEPTEMBER 14. REFLECTION.

ALL these things have I considered in my heart, that I might carefully understand them.

Eccles. ix. 1.

The years of life are like stones slipping from a mountain, which move slowly at first, and then faster, until they outrun the lightning and leap into the dark valley below.

F. Marion Crawford.

Each hour has its lesson, and each life:
And if we miss one life we shall not find
Its lesson in another—rather go
So much the less complete for evermore,
Still missing something that we cannot name,
Still with our senses so far unattuned
To what the present brings to harmonise
With our soul's past.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

When men do anything for God—the very least thing—they never can know where it will end, nor what amount of work it will do for Him.

Fr. Faber.

Fling fire on the earth, O God,
Consuming all things base !
Fling fire upon Man, his soul and his blood,
The fire of Thy love and grace:
That his heart once more to its natal place
Like a bondsman freed may rise.

Aubrey de Vere.

WHERE thy treasure is, there is thy heart also. *St. Matt. vi. 21.*

We are not content with the life we have in ourselves and in our own being, we wish to live an imaginary life in the idea of others, and to this end we strive to make a show. We labour incessantly to embellish and preserve this imaginary being and we neglect the true. . . . The sweetness of glory is so great that join it to what we will, even to death, we love it. *Pascal.*

What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven ?—and things
therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is
thought ? *Milton.*

Why are the bees so eager to increase their store of honey, if not because they like it ? O heart of my soul, created to love the Infinite Good, what other love canst thou desire but this, which is the most to be desired of all ? *St. Francis of Sales.*

Have we not all, amid earth's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life,
That once seemed possible ? Did we not
hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach ? *A. A. Procter.*

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

Milton.

A NET is spread in vain before the eyes
of them that have wings. *Prov. i. 17.*

The passion which does not appear to be allied to the sin of impurity, but which nevertheless enters deep into the heart, is that curiosity which prompts the reading of bad and dangerous books which, under the pretext of elegance of diction or beauty of language, corrupt the educated mind. If such reading forms the mind, it spoils the soul; if it gives us a knowledge of the world, it destroys Christianity. *St. Asterius.*

Lo, here a little volume, but great book !—
Much larger in itself than in its look. . . .
You'll find it yields,
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.
Crashaw.

Scripture has provided passages of consolation and warning for every condition of life. *Pascal.*

Who loves not knowledge ? Who shall rail
Against her beauty ? . . . But on her forehead
sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance
Submitting all things to desire. *Tennyson.*

THEY that hope in the Lord shall renew
their strength, they shall take wings as
eagles. *Isa. xl. 31.*

However much our eyes may admire and seek the light, they will be dazzled by it after having been long in darkness; and before we become familiar with the inhabitants of a strange land we shall find subjects of astonishment, however courteous and agreeable they may be. It is very probable that you will have sundry inward struggles in the course of your altered life; and that, having taken a thorough farewell of the follies and vanities of the world, you will have some sad and discouraging feelings; if so, only be patient and they will come to nothing. *St. Francis of Sales.*

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel,
At Thine altar, pure and white;
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Bl. Edmund Campion, S.J.

Let us beseech God that He will give us the wings of the dove, so that we may not only fly in this present life, but also find our rest in the eternity of that which is to come.

St. Francis of Sales.

O holiest journey, speed
With Him who died for me,
Who breaking with the Bread,
Is known to me as Life. *Michael Field.*

AND you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

St. John viii. 32.

We know truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart, and it is from this last that we know first principles; and reason, which has nothing to do with it, tries in vain to combat them. The sceptics who desire truth alone labour in vain. We know that we do not dream, although it is impossible to prove it by reason.

Pascal.

When I would search the truths that in me
burn,

And mould them into tale and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried:—"Hast thou
to learn

Those dreams are scattered now, those fires
are spent?"

Perplexed, I hoped my heart was pure of
guile,

But judged me weak in wit, to disagree;
But now I see that men are mad awhile—
'Tis the old history—Truth without a home,
Despised and slain, then rising from the
tomb!

Cardinal Newman.

Mercy and Truth have met each other:
Justice and Peace have kissed.

Truth is sprung out of the earth: and
Justice hath looked down from heaven.

Ps. lxxxiv. 11, 12.

BEAR ye one another's burdens; and so
you shall fulfil the law of Christ.

Gal. vi. 2.

There is a harmonious fusion of suffering and gentleness effected by grace which is one of the most attractive features of holiness. With quiet and unobtrusive sweetness, the sufferer makes us feel as if he were ministering to us, rather than we to him. It is we who are under the obligation. . . . What is more beautiful than consideration for others, when we ourselves are unhappy? It is a grace made out of a variety of graces, and yet, while it makes a deep impression on all who come within the sphere of its influence, it is a very hidden grace.

Fr. Faber.

And held it more humane, more heavenly,
first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere! but
strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe!

Milton.

Bind every other soul to thine,
In one great brotherhood divine.

A. A. Procter.

MY servants shall praise for joyfulness
of heart.

Isa. lxxv. 14.

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth; and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, seem like a ray of sunshine, to turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful.

Lord Avebury.

To measure life learn then betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest
way:

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in
show,

That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.

Milton.

It is not to be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater.

Pascal.

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made,
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light !
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

A. A. Procter.

SEPT. 21.

IMPULSIVENESS.

LORD, if it be Thou, bid me come to
Thee upon the water. *St. Matt. xiv. 28.*

If we know how to spend our time in observing the order and regularity which is prescribed for all the actions of our life, how rich we should be in a short time ! . . . I do not fear to assert, that the best way of knowing the interior of a person, is to see and watch her exterior behaviour. It is only fair to assume that a Christian who is orderly in her exterior actions, has a still greater care for all that is more essential and important, which would be to keep her conscience in order, to regulate her desires, her affections, and all the emotions of her soul.

F. Haineve.

Once as I brooded o'er my guilty state,
A fever seized me, duties to devise
To bring me interest in my Saviour's eyes.
Not that His love I would extenuate;
But scourge and penance, masterful self hate,
Or gift of cost, served by an artifice,
To quell my restless thoughts and envious
sighs
And doubts, which fain heaven's peace
would antedate.

Cardinal Newman.

I only saw how I had missed
A thousand things from blindness.

Fr. Faber.

THE Son abideth for ever. If therefore the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.

St. John viii. 35, 36.

Our will is never so free as when it is a slave to the will of God, and never so much in bondage as when serving self. We are free to choose good or evil; but if we choose evil we are abusing our liberty instead of using it. Let us then surrender this false liberty, and make our will for ever subservient to the rule of heavenly love.

St. Francis of Sales.

I formed them free, and free they must remain,

Till they enthrall themselves. *Milton.*

Grace is so eminently gracious and so graciously takes possession of our hearts to draw them to itself, that it in no way infringes upon the liberty of our will . . . it presses but never oppresses our freedom.

St. Francis of Sales.

Some Law there need be, other than the law
Of our own wills; happy is he who finds
A Law wherein his spirit is left free.

. . . I will not bend again

My spirit to a yoke that is not Christ's.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

The thrall in person may be free in soul.

Tennyson.

SEPTEMBER 23. INSPIRATIONS.

WHERE sin abounded, grace did more
abound.

Rom. v. 20.

O my God, if we did but receive heavenly inspirations according to the full extent of their virtue, in how short a time should we not make great progress in sanctity ! For however abundant the waters of a fountain may be, they will not find their way into a garden according to their affluence, but rather according to the narrowness or width of the canal which conducts them.

St. Francis of Sales.

Welcome the thorn—it is divinely sent,
And with its wholesome smart,
Shall pierce thee in thy virtue's palmy home,
And warn thee what thou art, and whence
thy wealth has come. *Cardinal Newman.*

The three best and most certain signs of lawful inspiration are perseverance, as opposed to levity and inconstancy; peace and gentleness of heart, as opposed to disquietude and anxiety; humble obedience, as opposed to obstinacy and caprice. *St. Francis of Sales.*

. . . Hope must be thine,
I can but lift the mercy-sign.
This wouldst thou ? It shall be !

Cardinal Newman.

IT must needs be that scandals come; but, nevertheless, woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh. *St. Matt. xviii. 7.*

To deprive a man of his reputation and honour, one word is sufficient. By finding out the most sensitive part of his honour, you may tarnish his reputation by telling it to all who know him, and easily take away his character for honour and integrity. To do this, however, no time is required, for scarcely have you completely cherished the wish to calumniate him, than the sin is effected. *St. Chrysostom.*

Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered,
Echoes in God's skies. *A. A. Procter.*

There is nothing that St. Augustine deplores more, in his confessions, than the misery of the bad example he had followed when a youth. Here are the words he uses: "O friendship, worse than the most cruel enmity, which seduced my mind, and dragged me on to sin. . ." We have, in the words and experience of this glorious saint, an example of the boldness and the impudence which ever accompany slander. *Fr. Houdry.*

My good angel shrank to see,
My thoughts and ways of ill.

Cardinal Newman.

GOD is a spirit; and they that adore Him, must adore Him in spirit and in truth.
St. John iv. 24.

As soon as one takes the firm resolution of serving God, or, what is the same thing, as soon as one begins to practise devotion, that one is mild, tractable, humble, upright, obliging, and tries to fulfil every obligation of his state of life. . . . Piety gives us common sense, candour, earnestness and uprightness. True devotion consists in fulfilling the minutest duties to that state of life to which God has called us.

Fr. Croiset.

Robing Him in viewless air, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould;
They in their turn imparted,
The gift to men pure-hearted.

Cardinal Newman.

Would you wish to know if you are really devout? Then take heed of what you lose, what you fear, wherefore you rejoice, or why you sorrow. Love God alone, or if you love, love the object for His sake.

St. Bernard.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been:
Lodged in the few, obeyed, and yet unseen;
Reared on lone heights, and rare.

Cardinal Newman.

It is well to choose some good devotion,
and to stick to it, and never to abandon it.

St. Philip Neri.

SEPT. 26. SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

IF a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

Gal. vi. 3.

Meditate upon and cultivate humility with all diligence; and make it your constant work by God's grace to know yourself thoroughly. Self-knowledge is the nurse of confidence in God, and the motive of Christian humility. It is from distrust of ourselves that confidence in God is born.

St. Francis Xavier.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,
To show how closely wound
Dark threads of Sin and Self
With our best deeds are found.

A. A. Procter.

Let us imagine a number of men in chains, all condemned to death, of whom some are strangled every day in the sight of the others, while those who remain see their own condition in that of their fellows, and wait their turn looking at each other sorrowfully and without hope. This is an image of the lot of man. We must know ourselves.

Ff. Faber.

A sea before
The Throne is spread; its pure still glass,
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest !

Cardinal Newman.

SEPTEMBER 27. FEAR OF GOD.

WITH him that feareth the Lord, it shall go well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed.

Ecclus. i. 13.

The loss of holy fear is the mischief of all mischiefs. For this fear is a special gift of the Holy Ghost, to be sought for by prayer and penance, by tears and cries, by patience and impatience, and by the very yearnings of an earnest and familiar love. . . . Whence so little perseverance in the devout life—whence but from the lack of fear?

Fr. Faber.

Temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse ! so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.

Milton.

The conversion of the heart begins with fear and finishes with love. To return to God simply through fear is, so to say, only half the battle. In order that we may be all for God, we must combine love with fear.

F. Bretteville.

Oh, how I fear Thee, Living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !

Cardinal Newman.

I KNOW thy works, and thy faith, and thy charity, and thy ministry, and thy patience, and thy last works. *Apoc. ii. 19.*

St. Gregory the Great tells us that we cannot offer to the Almighty a more pleasing service than a zeal for souls; and St. Chrysostom assures us that we can do nothing more agreeable to God than to sacrifice our life to the common benefit of all men. Meditate awhile on this.

Fr. Nonet, S.J.

Wouldst thou reach, rash scholar mine,
Love's high unruffled state ?
Awake ! thy easy dreams resign :
First learn thee how to hate.

Hatred of sin, and zeal and fear,
Lead up the Holy Hill ;
Track them, till Charity appear
A self-denial still.

Cardinal Newman.

There is not one who has not a mission to fulfil, without going out of his state in life; not a single person who ought not to connect his own salvation with that of his brethren.

Fr. Croiset.

Feeble and false the brightest flame, by
thoughts severe unfed ;
Book-lore ne'er served, when trial came,
Nor gifts where faith was dead.

Anon.

EVERY man shall bear his own burden.

Gal. vi. 5.

A great soul casts all its thoughts, affections, and aims into an infinite eternity; and since the soul is eternal, it counts all things which are not eternal as nothing. In proportion as you realize that the atmosphere is tainted, you will be careful to use safeguards. Never go out in the morning without bearing in your heart as a holy charm, the good resolutions which you have made in the presence of God. . . . And above all, I would advise you often to cleanse your heart by using the sweet and gracious balm of confession.

St. Francis of Sales.

Learn that each duty makes its claim
Upon one soul—not each on all;—
How if God speak thy brother's name,
Dare thou make answer to the call ?

A. A. Procter.

There is a rule and order which is necessary in this life, a regularity which leads us to God, if we keep it faithfully; if we fail in this, we swerve from the path which conducts us to His heavenly kingdom. *St. Augustine.*

I know that some would here rebuke me,
saying :

It is enough to live and move in God,
With all humanity, not seeking self,
In any such exclusive bound.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

WALK worthy of God, in all things pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God. *Col. i. 10.*

There is not a single thing we do all the day long, which may not, and that quite easily, be made to advance the glory of God, the interests of Jesus, and the salvation of souls. No matter how completely the world may have set its seal upon it, nor how utterly it seems to be an affair of business, or a trivial concern belonging only to the misery of human life. The heavenly motive enters into it, that moment it is all filled with God, and becomes a jewel of almost infinite price, with which the Divine Majesty condescends to be well pleased.

Fr. Faber.

Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends,
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore,
be sure

Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feast-
ful friends,

Passes to bless at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

Milton.

Thus, firm and few,
Now in our fallen time, might faithful bands
Move on th' eternal way, the goal in sight,
Nor to the left hand swerve for gale or shower,
Nor pleasure win them, wavering to the right.

Cardinal Newman.

October

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Holy Rosary.”

THERE is the way by which I will show
him the salvation of the Lord.

Ps. xlix. 23.

Faint not, climb: the summits slope,
Beyond the furthest flights of hope.

I cannot hide that some have striven
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven.

Tennyson.

DO not therefore lose your confidence,
which hath a great reward.

Heb. x. 35.

That the Rosary is pre-eminently the prayer of the people adapted alike for the use of simple and learned, is proved not only by the long series of papal utterances by which it has been commanded to the faithful, but by the daily experience of all who are familiar with it. The objection so often made against its "vain repetitions" is felt by none but those who have failed to realize how entirely the spirit of the exercise lies in the meditation upon the fundamental mysteries of our faith.

Fr. Shipman.

Ye that would drink, come forth and drink !
Within the hills are rivers white and gold ;
Clear mid the day a portent to behold.

Stoop at the water's brink,
Seek where the light is great !

Michael Field.

May the Christian nations cling more and more to the practice of the Rosary, to which our ancestors had recourse as an ever-ready refuge in misfortune, and as a glorious pledge and proof of Christian faith and devotion.

Pope Leo XIII.

Lady, as thy name we ponder,
Surely thou wilt hear our prayer ;
We are frail and apt to wander,
And we need maternal care.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

WORDS spoken by our Blessed Lady to St. Dominic: "Take this holy sword, a gift from God, wherewith thou shalt overthrow the adversaries of my people."

2 Mac. xv. 16.

There is a special feature in the overthrow of enemies, be they spiritual or material, through the assistance of the Blessed Virgin: although the victory is gained by the power of her prayers to God, those prayers are due to the invocations addressed to her by Christian peoples in their distress. Mary is the leader of the combatants, but her arms are peaceful, they are those of fervent, persevering prayer. Moreover, there is one special kind of prayer which seems more than any other to have gained Mary's ready help, and that is the prayer which we call the Rosary.

Dom. M. Barrett, O.S.B.

I have known one word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter,
Looked at through a mist of tears.

Fr. O'Neill, S.J.

Its ends are the love of Jesus, reparation to the Sacred Humanity for the outrages of heresy, and a continual affectionate thanksgiving to the most Holy Trinity, for the benefit of the Incarnation.

Fr. Faber.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
With tender love look down,
And bless the hearts that offer thee
This chaplet for thy crown.

Fr. Conway, O.P.

OCTOBER 3.

THE ROSARY.

WHATSOEVER things are True . . .
think on these things. *Phil. iv. 8.*

To say the Rosary properly you must meditate; but that is not an easy thing. On the contrary, most people find it is a very difficult thing. The Church indeed does not mean you to make a formal and systematic meditation—which would hardly be consistent with the general uses of the devotion, but she does require some sort of consideration. Everyone therefore, according to his mental capacity, ought to make the Rosary a real meditation, and the fruits of his prayer will be largely in proportion to his diligence in meditating.

Archbishop Bagshawe.

In that hour,
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower.

Tennyson.

Who shall declare the secrets of that Heart,
So meek and humble, burning to impart
To all Its boundless wealth of love and grace?
'Tis thine, its confidante,
To know His love, our want,
And lead the poor before His Blessed Face.

Fr. Digby Best.

This is thy gift—oh, give it us !
To make God better known. *Fr. Faber.*

IT is better that two should be together,
than one: for they have the advantage
of their society.

Eccles. iv. 9.

I cannot conceive a man being spiritual who does not habitually say the Rosary. It may be called the queen of indulgenced devotions. First, consider its importance, as a specially Catholic devotion, as so peculiarly giving us a Catholic turn of mind by keeping Jesus and Mary perpetually before us, and as a singular help to final perseverance, if we continue the recital of it, as various revelations show.

Fr. Faber.

When evening falls, and foes abound;
When difficulties hem me round;
When sloth and self-will conquer love,
Leaving no rescue save above;
And I, all conscious of my need,
Strongly as possible would plead;
I know thy power of victory;
I trust to thee, my Rosary.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

The Rosary is the most powerful, at the same time the most efficacious of daily devotions, since all kinds of favours are granted to those who recite it devoutly and regularly.

Fr. Dijon.

I know the Sacred Heart was moved,
And heard my prayer.

M. R. Hicks.

HE armed every one of them, not with defence of shield and spear, but with very good speeches and exhortations.

2 Mac. xv. 11.

We should couple some duty or virtue with each mystery, and fix beforehand on some soul in purgatory, to whom to apply the vast indulgences. . . . But we must not strain our minds, or be scrupulous; for to say the Rosary well, is quite a thing which requires learning.

Fr. Faber.

Anon my heart is overcast:
The ghosts arise of sins long past,
Join hands with sins of yesterday,
And terrify all joy away.
The tempter whispers in my ear,
“ You cannot pray: God will not hear.”
In such a time of misery,
I cling to thee, my Rosary. *Fr. F. C. Kolbe.*

You have opinions sufficiently capable of inducing you to place entire confidence in this form of prayer. *Fr. de la Colombière, S.J.*

Mother of God ! when near thy heart,
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love,
For sinners gone astray.
O sinless heart, all hail ! all hail !
God's dear delight, all hail ! all hail !

Fr. Faber.

I WILL rise, and will go about the city:
in the streets and the broad ways I
will seek Him whom my soul loveth.

Canticles iii. 2.

The words, "Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not," are suggestive of the teaching power of the Rosary. "Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates," may be taken as a promise of reward for our daily practice of this devotion, which keeps us in our Heavenly Mother's presence.

Dom. M. Barrett, O.S.B.

Mary seems to bless
The kneeling crowd assembled at her feet,
Who came with canticles of joy to greet.
The Queen Immaculate. . . .
And now her children pray: from out the
night
Ten thousand "Ave's" float upon the air,
A spoken rosary.

Fr. Metcalf.

Promises of Our Lady to those who devoutly recite the Rosary: "He who calls on me through the Rosary shall not perish. Whatever you ask through the Rosary shall be granted. Those who propagate my Rosary shall be helped by me in all their necessities. Whoever recites the Rosary, devoutly meditating on the holy mysteries, will not be cast down by troubles nor perish by an unprovided death, but if he is a sinner, he shall be converted; if he is virtuous, he shall increase in grace, and become worthy of eternal life."

E. de M.

AS a tower of David which is built with bulwarks; a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armour of valiant men.

Canticles iv. 4.

The first founders of the holy Rosary, filled with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and all on fire with divine love, made their appearance as new apostles ready to sacrifice their lives, and shed their blood, for the love of Jesus Christ, for the honour of the Church, and for the defence of their faith.

Fr. Dijon.

From loving fingers drop the Ave-beads—
White, as the lilies Gabriel doth bear,
Greeting the Angel's Queen. . .

“Ave, Maria; hold us dear in death,
Loosen with thy pure touch from earthly
thrall,

Our struggling prayers, so poor and faint of
breath.”

Anon.

Mary is continually enabling mankind to triumph over the enemy of God and of man. “Thou alone hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world,” sings the Church in praise of her; through her intercession, and the assertion of her prerogatives, error has always been overcome.

Dom. M. Barrett, O.S.B.

Live, Mistress of our song. And when
Our weak desires have done their best,
Sweet angels come and sing the rest.

Crashaw.

FIRST GLORIOUS MYSTERY: "THE
RESURRECTION."

I HAVE risen and am still with thee.

Ps. cxxxviii. 18.

As penitent sinners let us rejoice in the Resurrection. He came "not to call the just but sinners," and now, rising again, His work is to console and strengthen penitent sinners, that "having risen with Him," they may "die no more." Mary's tears, her penitence, her love, brought Jesus to her. "Mary's sins were forgiven her because she had loved much," and that same love now made her search for her Lord, and gave her the joy of finding Him. I have been a sinner, let me then imitate her in faith: fully seeking my Lord.

Archbishop Bazhawe.

On the immortal sense,
Which is to God's Presence
As coloured rays from Light whence all light
flows,
Fell shadowings, and the word
Of severance first was heard—
"Love is gone hence,
New night
Withdraws Him from our sight!"
Then forthwith rose
In the angelic hearts new love to birth,
Named Faith, in wonder looking down to
earth.

Laurence Housman.

Remain with us, Lord, for it is late, and the
day is now far spent.

St. Luke xxiv. 29.

SECOND GLORIOUS MYSTERY: "THE
ASCENSION OF OUR LORD."

AND whither I go you know, and the way
you know. *St. John xiv. 4.*

"Why stand you looking up to heaven?"
You have your work to do; your time is
short. He has left you here to labour
faithfully, to lay up treasure in heaven, and
on His return He will repay you a hundred-
fold for all you have done. Jesus, Lord!
let me always remember Thy Ascension into
Heaven, that I may work diligently and
always be found "looking for the blessed
hope and coming of the glory of the Great
God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Archbishop Bagshawe.

Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be
ye lifted up, O eternal gates: and the King
of Glory shall enter in. *Ps. xxiii. 7.*

When from the mount they saw Him upward
go,
His glad disciples stood a-marvelling,
As if their souls they after Him would fling.
Angels in wonder asked, "Why gaze ye so?"

Thus near His presence both in wonder are;
But once we see our God the mystery ends.
Where the sun rises, there must be the morn.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

I will come again, and will take you to
Myself; that where I am, you also may be.

St. John xiv. 3.

**THIRD GLORIOUS MYSTERY: "THE
DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST."**

AND they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

Acts ii. 4.

The Holy Ghost came down on the Church as a body, to be its perpetual life and light, but moreover each individual Christian soul was to be made the Temple of the Holy Spirit. . . . How marvellous was the effect of His divine light on the Apostles! It transformed them, at once, from poor, ignorant fishermen into the great Teachers of the World. It brought back at once to their minds all the wonderful lessons Jesus had taught them—which they had been so slow to understand. Make me "know in this my day the things that are to my peace."

Archbishop Bagshawe.

Come ye to Him and be enlightened.

Ps. xxxiii. 6.

Creator Spirit, Lord of life and light,
Under Thy brooding care the world began.

O Love, who through this elemental strife,
Didst bring a universe to such increase,
Brood o'er the chaos of my sin-fraught soul.
Let there be light in me: let order, life,
Reason and grace resume their sway, and
peace

Subdue my little world from pole to pole.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

FOURTH GLORIOUS MYSTERY: "THE ASSUMPTION."

ARISE, My beloved, and come, for the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

Canticles ii. 11.

If St. Paul was "straitened" by his desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, what must have been the longing of our Blessed Lady during her sojourn on earth! How long must those years have seemed to her, when her heart was already gone before her. Each day she longed, more and more earnestly, to be again united to her Divine Son. Let us look at death in this way. It is the entrance into life.

Archbishop Bagshawe.

Hark! she is called, the parting hour is come;
Take thy farewell, poor World, Heaven must go home.

. . . And while thou go'st, our song and we
Will, as we may, reach after thee.

. . . Thy precious name shall be
Thyself to us; and we,
With holy care will keep it by us,
We to the last
Will hold it fast,

And no Assumption shall deny us.

Crashaw.

Love Divine comes forth,
To light her on her way,
Through the short gloom of night,
Into celestial day.

Fr. Faber.

FIFTH GLORIOUS MYSTERY : " THE
CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIR-
GIN MARY."

HE that is mighty hath done great things
to me, and holy is His Name.

St. Luke i. 49.

Our Lady's crown was not all for her dignity. There is something in it to which we can aspire in our degree. Her Crown is adorned with those precious stones which represent the fulness of grace which God bestowed on her, and her correspondence with grace. We see there the lustrous pearls of her spotless purity, the sparkling diamonds of her faithful and humble service as handmaid of the Lord, the gold of her most tender love, and, more than all, the blood-red rubies of her seven dolours. How glorious is our Queen !

Archbishop Bagshawe.

Hark ! hark ! through highest Heaven,
What sounds of mystic mirth !
Mary by God proclaimed,
Queen of Immaculate Birth,
And diademed with stars,
The lowliest of the earth !
See ! see ! the Eternal Hands
Put on her radiant Crown,
And the sweet Majesty
Of Mercy sitteth down,
For ever and for ever,
On her predestined Throne.

Fr. Faber.

Hail, holy queen of humble hearts !
We in thy praise will have our parts.

Crashaw.

FIRST JOYFUL MYSTERY: "THE
ANNUNCIATION."

MARY was troubled at this saying, and thought within herself what manner of salutation this should be.

St. Luke i. 29.

Would you honour this great Queen ?
Would you honour her Immaculate Conception ? Would you make some reparation to the Queen of Heaven for the blasphemies that are spoken against her and her Divine Son—some slight atonement for the flippant way she is spoken of by heretics ? Do it through Jesus. Come to His feet like Magdalen, and lay the burden of your iniquities there.

Bishop Sheehan.

Heaven's balance was all trembling when
it eyed
Mary, unwonted trouble on her brow,
Confronting God with an imperial "How ?"
For once, this once, Heaven hoped to be
denied,
Nor hoped in vain. To be no earthly bride,
Was always Mary's gift to Heaven; and now,
Strong in the splendour of her virgin vow,
She waves the Motherhood of God aside.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

The Ave is the prayer of all,
The watchword of the Christian camp,
The praise of lisping infancy,
The hymn of all who hope in Thee—
Ave Maria, gratia plena !

Fr. Digby Best.

SECOND JOYFUL MYSTERY: "THE
VISITATION."

MARY, rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda.

St. Luke i. 39.

What does the visitation reveal? The heroic charity of Mary. When the aged Elizabeth meets the child of fifteen, what does she do? What Protestant pride will not do. She humbles herself before her, and salutes her as the Mother of God. "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my God should visit me?" What are the effects of Mary's visit? The regeneration, through Mary's instrumentality, of the Precursor in his mother's womb.

Bishop Sheehan.

O God of Mary, Thine own Hands
Which made her also fashioned me;
And if her gifts, received from Thee,
Allured Thee to these desert lands—

O Mary's God
Art Thou not mine?
My Love Divine!
My heart's Abode!

Fr. Digby Best.

Mary, make haste thy child to win
From sin, and from the love of sin.

A. Muzzarelli, S.J.

THIRD JOYFUL MYSTERY: "THE
NATIVITY."

AND she brought forth her first-born Son,
and wrapt Him up in swaddling
clothes, and laid Him in a manger: because
there was no room for them in the inn.

St. Luke ii. 7.

Mary has looked upon the Face of the
Incarnate God. In one glance she has read
there voluminous wonders of heaven, and
yet sees that its loveliness is inexhaustible.
The vision has surpassed all expectation,
even such expectation as hers. She gazes;
and as she gazes, she can understand how
the mightiest spirits of angels and of men
in the full-grown stature of their imperish-
able glory will unfold themselves in the sun-
light of that beautiful countenance.

Fr. Faber.

O eyes, with heavenly light that shine,
And yet resemble mine !

O hands that cling, O lips that press
In rosy loveliness !

O golden curls and dimples sweet !

O smiles that all too quickly fleet !

Sleep now and take your rest,

My arms your nest.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,

Young dawn of our eternal day ! . .

We saw Thee; and we blest the sight.

Crashaw.

FOURTH JOYFUL MYSTERY: "THE
PRESENTATION."

AND Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary His Mother: Behold this Child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted.

St. Luke ii. 34.

If our Blessed Lord claims our entire love, He by no means intends to exclude His Mother. We cannot therefore honour the Mother of God too much; nor can we too fully confide in her. We cannot honour her too much because we know that every offering we make to Mary finds its resting-place in the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son.

Bishop Sheehan.

To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The Shepherds while they feed their sheep.
To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves !
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves !
At last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

Crashaw.

Yea, a child, a tender handful, sleek
As a pearl—and the dire earthquake's power
In His little body set, to wreak
Dread requital on the souls that cower,
Mad with desolation, naked, lost.

Michael Field.

FIFTH JOYFUL MYSTERY: "THE
FINDING IN THE TEMPLE."

AND it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions. *St. Luke ii. 46.*

The undying instinct of Christianity to honour the Mother of Christ has been smothered remorselessly for three hundred years. To-day it is beginning to assert itself. From the walls of the Protestant Churches that have stared blankly on the people for three centuries, the mild face of the Madonna is again beaming. It has lost nothing of its kindness during its long banishment. In this fact is visible a gleam of hope for future. . . . Never yet did the Mother of God leave a single petition unanswered, or a single favour unrequited.

Bishop Sheehan.

O Mary ! who sorrowing sought Him and
found Him,
Lead all unto Christ, where His flock lies
around Him,
The Shepherd who sought the lost sheep.

Fr. Digby Best.

Subject He was, because he reigned
Within His Mother's heart;
And Mary, while her God she ruled,
Played still the Handmaid's part.

Fr. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

FIRST SORROWFUL MYSTERY: "THE
AGONY IN THE GARDEN."

AND His sweat became as drops of blood
trickling down upon the ground.

St. Luke xxii. 44.

Our Lord's sufferings were so great because His soul was in suffering. The first anguish which came upon His body was not from without—it was not from the scourges, the thorns, or the nails, but from His soul. His soul was in such agony that He called it death: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

Cardinal Newman.

O soul of Jesus, sick to death !
Thy blood and prayer together plead ;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
Like storms that bend the feeble reed.
My God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now ?

Ever when tempted make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
My God alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding on the earth He made.

Fr. Faber.

Who can praise Him in His depth and height,
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary
fight ?

Cardinal Newman.

SECOND SORROWFUL MYSTERY: "THE
SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR."

AND Pilate therefore took Jesus and
scourged Him. *St. John xix. 1.*

All pain of body depends on the living mind which dwells in that body. . . . Brute animals feel more or less according to the intelligence within them. Man feels more than any brute, because he has a soul; Christ's soul felt more than that of any man, because His soul was exalted by personal union with the Word of God. *Cardinal Newman.*

While the fierce scourges fall,
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall

He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds! *Fr. Faber.*

Think of Jesus fast bound and dragged through the streets of Jerusalem: the astonishment, the uproar caused in those quiet streets: the reproaches heaped on Him as He passed. . . . How often does this scene repeat itself even now—the Lord of Glory reviled by His own creatures! At least let me follow Him faithfully.

Archbishop Bagshawe.

Let me not be a reed to smite
The thorns within Thy forehead tight,
And urge to sight
Thy sacred blood and urge Thy pain.

Michael Field.

THIRD SORROWFUL MYSTERY: "THE
CROWNING WITH THORNS."

AND the soldiers plating a crown of
thorns, put it upon His Head.

St. John xix. 2.

It is a relief to pain to have the thoughts drawn another way. Excitement and enthusiasm are great alleviations of bodily pain. . . . Now Christ suffered, not as in a delirium or in excitement, or in inadvertency, but He looked pain in the face ! He offered His whole mind to it, and received it, as it were, directly into His bosom, and suffered all He suffered with a full consciousness of suffering.

Cardinal Newman.

That crown of thorns 'twas I who wove,
When I despised His gracious love.
Then to those feet I'll venture near,
And wash them with a contrite tear,
And every bleeding wound I see,
I'll think He bore them all for me.

We must fix these truths in our hearts and ask our Lord to give us a love of pain and of the Cross ! There is the secret of the saints, there is the place of refuge, refreshment, and peace !

Fr. de Ranjuan.

Wrapt in His Blood, O heart,
We must bear witness that His purple dress
Is not the dressing of an actor's part,
But of a Royalty no woof of man
Might clothe that Day of Woe,

Michael Field.

**FOURTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY: "THE
CARRYING OF THE CROSS."**

AND bearing His own Cross He went
forth to that place which is called
Calvary.

St. John xix. 17.

Our Saviour's bodily pains were greater
than those of any martyr, because He willed
them to be greater. . . . Yet withal His
soul was so calm and sober and unexcited
as to be passive, and thus to receive the full
burden of the pain on it, without the power
of throwing it off Him.

Cardinal Newman.

Thou victim of Thy own free-will,
Redeemer of humanity,
To follow Thee on Calvary's hill,
A captive I become for Thee.
Thy Cross, O Jesus, is my light;
My law shall be Thy life divine.
May love and suffering both unite
To link my sacrifice with Thine.

Fr. F. C. Kolbe.

This was the fairest sight for ever looked
upon—

Jesus, His Beloved, only-begotten Son,
Obedient to Him
As sworded Cherubim.

Michael Field.

Marking the way with Blood;
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds !

Fr. Faber.

**FIFTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY : " THE
CRUCIFIXION."**

JESUS crying with a loud voice, said:
" Father, into Thy hands I commend
My spirit." And saying this, He gave up
the ghost.

St. Luke xxiii. 46.

O tormented Heart, it was love, and
sorrow, and fear, which broke Thee. It was
the sight of human sin, it was the sense of it,
the feeling of it laid on Thee. . . . That strong
heart, that all-noble, all-generous, all-tender,
all-pure heart was slain by sin.

Cardinal Newman.

A King, yet crucified between the thieves;
A Prophet, whom the prophets could not
save;
A Priest, of whose dear Blood priests guilty
stood.

Suddenly, Angels, where the Mother knelt,
Lit up the place with strange unearthly glow:
One on her pallid brow a bright crown placed,
One in her hand, a sceptre, sign of rule;
While others gave her robes meet for a Queen.
Then said I, Thus they honour her because
From her pure womb the Bridegroom
deigned to come.

And questioned I, Is this sweet, maiden
Queen,

She who with bowed head knelt awhile ago ?
Yea; it is she. . . .

Chatterton Dix.

THIRD WEEK OF OCTOBÉR

“WISDOM.”

What wisdom is, and what was her origin, I will declare.

Wisdom vi. 24.

O ETERNAL Light !

**Sole in Thyself Thou dwellest ; and of
Thyself**

Sole understood, past, present, or to come.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Prov. ix. 10.

The gift of wisdom fills up the measure of the soul's good. Many of the learned are fools; but the wisdom of the Holy Ghost is a science by means of which we taste, enjoy, and penetrate the excellence of the Law and the most sublime teaching of the Gospel. Thus the soul, like a bee, goes from flower to flower of this divine law, sucking the honey of God's goodness. "O Lord, how sweet are Thy words to my throat."

St. Francis of Sales.

There is one only Bond in the wide earth
Of lawful use to join the earth in one;
But in these weary times, the restless run
E'er to its distant verge, and so give birth
To other friendships. . . .

And so is cast upon the face of things,
A many webs to fetter down the Truth. . . .
O shame! that Christian joins with Infidel
In learned search and curious seeing art!
Burn we our books, if Christ's we be in heart,
Sooner than heaven should court the praise
of hell!

Cardinal Newman.

He who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of
Light,
No other doctrine needs.

Milton.

GOD hath given to me to speak as I would, and to conceive thoughts worthy of those things that are given me: because He is the guide of wisdom and the director of the wise.

Wisdom vii. 15.

“The children of this world,” are pronounced, by the very highest authority, “wiser in their generation than the children of light”; yet there is in their wisdom, fair seeming and attractive as it is, a fatal defect; it brings death upon all who take it as the rule of life. This wisdom, shifting and indirect, is wholly opposed to the wisdom of God, which effects its holy purposes by simple and righteous means.

Fénelon.

Commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge—within bounds:—Beyond,
abstain
To ask! nor let thine own intentions hope
Things not revealed, which the invisible king,
Only ommiscient, hath suppressed in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven!
Enough is left beside to search and know.

Milton.

Who up the height
Has thus far been your guide?

Dante.

GIVE me wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne. For if one be perfect among the children of men, yet if Thy wisdom be not with him, he shall be nothing regarded.

Wisdom ix. 4, 6.

Let thy powerless reason be humbled, let thy feeble nature be silent. Learn that man infinitely surpasses the comprehension of man, and be taught by thy Maker, what thou knowest not.

Pascal.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom !

Milton.

Every man naturally desires to increase in knowledge; but what doth knowledge profit, without the fear of the Lord ? Better is the humble peasant that serveth God, than the proud philosopher, who, destitute of the knowledge of himself, can describe the course of the planets.

Thomas à Kempis.

O men, so sedulous in trivial things,
Why faint amid your loftier labours ? Why
Forget the starry seeds and harvests of the
sky ?

Aubrey de Vere.

Happy the man who strips himself that he may be clothed—who treads under foot his own vain wisdom that he may possess the wisdom of God.

Fénelon.

IN her is the spirit of understanding:
 holy, one, manifold, subtile, eloquent,
 active, undefiled, sure, sweet, loving that
 which is good, quick, which nothing hindereth,
 beneficent, gentle, kind, steadfast,
 assured, secure, having all power, over-
 seeing all things.

Wisdom vii. 22, 23.

The more thou knowest, and the better thou understandest, the more severe will be thy condemnation, unless thy life be proportionably more holy. Be not therefore excelled, for any uncommon skill in any art or science; but let the superior knowledge that is given thee, make thee more fearful and more watchful over thyself. Though thou knowest many things, having perfect understanding of them, consider how many more things there are of which thou knowest nothing at all.

Thomas à Kempis.

Much to have lost and yet to find
 New comfort with an open mind;
 Grief to have known, and yet to be
 Clear-eyed to all felicity:
 These are the wells of light which give
 Day to a darkness fugitive.

Laurence Housman.

Pride finds its proper place in wisdom, for it cannot be granted to a man that he has made himself wise. . . . God alone gives wisdom, and therefore *qui gloriatur in Domino, gloriatur.*

Pascal.

Now clear I understand
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched
 in vain.

Milton.

IT is she that teacheth the knowledge of
God, and is the chooser of His works.

Wisdom viii. 4.

Blessed is the man whom eternal truth
teacheth, not by obscure figures and tran-
sient sounds, but by a direct and full com-
munication ! The perceptions of our senses
are narrow and dull, and our reasoning on
those perceptions frequently misleads us.

Thomas à Kempis.

Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much per-
suasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his
complaint :
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold. *Milton.*

The design of God is rather to rectify the
will than to satisfy the understanding. If
there were no obscurity in religion, the un-
derstanding might be benefited, but the will
would be injured. *Pascal.*

SHE is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness.

Wisdom vii. 26.

Blind are all those who, wise in their own conceits, have not the true wisdom. Involved in thickest night, they are eager in the chase of phantoms. They are as those who, in dreams confound visions with realities. Such, and so deluded, are all the great men of the world, the wise men of the earth, the men who give themselves up to the fascinations of false pleasure.

Fénelon.

All is best though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.

Milton.

O ye blind and foolish men who pride yourselves on science, wisdom, wit, and power ! how well do you verify what God has said, that His secrets are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto the little ones—the Babes !

Molinos.

Let her know her place !
She is the second—not the first ! . . .
A higher hand must make her mild
And guide her footsteps.

Tennyson.

I PURPOSED therefore to take her to me to live with me: knowing that she will communicate to me of her good things.

Wisdom viii. 9.

It is an evidence of true wisdom, not to be precipitate in our actions, nor pertinacious and inflexible in our opinions; and it is a part of the same wisdom, not to give hasty credit to every word that is spoken, nor immediately to communicate to others what we have heard, or even what we believe.

Thomas à Kempis.

Be not diffident
Of wisdom! she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her—when most thou need'st
her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent.

Milton.

'Tis right
That all should know what they obey,
Lest erring conscience damp delight,
And folly laugh the joys away.

Coventry Patmore.

The greatness of wisdom, which has no existence save in God, is invisible to the casual and to men of understanding. Men of great genius have their empire, their glory, their grandeur, their victory, their lustre, and do not need worldly greatness. They are seen by the mind; and that is enough. The saints have their empire, their glory, their victory, and want no glory of the flesh or of the mind. They are seen of God and the angels. God suffices them.

Pascal.

WHO shall know Thy thought, except
 thou give wisdom, and send Thy
 Holy Spirit from above. *Wisdom ix. 17.*

Rest from an inordinate desire of knowledge, for it is subject to much perplexity and delusion. Learned, we are fond of the notice of the world, and desire to be accounted wise: but there are many things, the knowledge of which has no tendency to promote the recovery of our first divine life; and it is, surely, a proof of folly, to devote ourselves wholly to that, with which our supreme good has no connection.

Thomas à Kempis.

Half grown as yet, a child, and vain—
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she—cut from Love and Faith—
 But some wild Pallas from the brain.

Tennyson.

Knowledge, to speak generally, a perfecting of man as man, is consummated by acquaintance with divine things in character, life, and word, accordant and conformable to itself and the divine Word. *St. Clement.*

Be Thou my All in All;
 So may obedience lead me by the hand
 Into Thine inner shrine and secret hall.
 Thence hath Thy voice gone forth o'er sea
 and land,
 And all that voice may hear—but none can
 understand. *Cardinal Newman.*

O LORD, how sweet are Thy words to my throat! sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Ps. cxviii. 103.

We must cast away the gifts of the world before we can receive those of the Holy Ghost. The spirit of this world has its gifts—these must be abandoned, as they are incompatible with those of the Holy Ghost. We must surrender our whole heart to Him; beseeching Him to bestow His precious gifts upon us, and to preserve them in our souls even at the cost of all our affections.

St. Francis of Sales.

If, my God,
Thou seest my pride suborn my faculties,
Place me, a witless one, among those witless
That beg beneath church porches.

Aubrey de Vere.

Study to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to things invisible.

Thomas à Kempis.

The soul that leans upon its own understanding, sense, or feeling of its own—all this being very little and very unlike to God—in order to travel on the right road is most easily led astray or hindered because it is not perfectly blind in faith, which is its true guide.

St. John of the Cross.

November

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“The Holy Souls.”

IT is a holy and wholesome thought to pray
for the dead, that they may be loosed
from their sins. *2 Mac. xii. 46.*

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee,
O Lord: Lord, hear my cry. *Ps. cxxix. 1.*

FIRST WEEK OF NOVEMBER

“PERSEVERANCE.”

Woe to them that have lost patience.

Ecclus. ii. 16.

P**A****T****I****E****N****T** endurance attaineth to all things.

St. Theresa.

NOVEMBER 1. PERSEVERANCE.

HE that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved. *St. Matt. x. 22.*

To go along that road, aye, and to reach the goal, is all one with the will to go; but it must be a strong and single will, not a broken-winged wish fluttering hither and thither, rising with one pinion, struggling and falling with the other. *St. Augustine.*

That shall never fail
Which my faith has in hand;
I gave my vow, my vow gave me,
Both vow and gift shall stand.

Ven. R. Southwell, S.J.

Men should often renew their good resolutions, and not lose heart because they are tempted against them. *St. Philip Neri.*

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

A. A. Procter.

It is not for him that runneth, but for him that persevereth to the end, that the crown is reserved. It is he that shall eat of the hidden manna, he that shall have the white stone and in the stone a new name written.

St. Francis of Assisi.

NOVEMBER 2. PERSEVERANCE.

IN the shadow of Thy wings will I hope,
until iniquity pass away. *Ps. lvi. 2.*

Final perseverance,—ought it not to be the constant object of our desires, the aim of all our endeavours, and the motive, so to speak, of all our prayers? . . . It is in reality this gift which gives such a value to our good works. . . . How blind, how mad must we be not to ask Almighty God for the gift of perseverance, and for the means of obtaining this grace !

Fr. Croiset.

Yet fear : the time is brief,
The Holy One is near ;
And like a spent and withered leaf,
In autumn twilight drear,
Faster each hour, on Time's unslackening
gale,
The dreaming world drives on, to where all
visions fail.

Cardinal Newman.

Struggle faithfully against your impatience and conquer it by practising, in season and out of season, kindness and gentleness towards those who are the most distasteful and wearisome to you ; and God will bless your endeavours.

St. Francis of Sales.

Dying is easy ; keep thou steadfastly
The greater part,—to live and to endure.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

NOVEMBER 3. PERSEVERANCE.

CONTINUE thou in those things which
thou hast learned. *2 Tim. iii. 14.*

Consider well that as perseverance in the life of grace is purely a gift of God, so the want of perseverance is simply our own fault. That life of grace which penance renews in us is of its nature as immortal and as incorruptible as is our soul. If, therefore, against the design of God, we lose this grace, it is to ourselves, and not to grace, that we can attribute this loss, and in that consists our irregularity. *Fr. Croiset.*

What we have to gain
Is, not one battle, but a weary life's campaign.
Coventry Patmore.

No man is really timid and weak who knowingly leans upon the assistance of God, however many may be the hindrances to perseverance and perfection of virtue which the enemy of us all may place in his path.

St. Francis Xavier.

A man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper.

Tennyson.

Without perseverance, the most perfect innocence, the most heroic virtue, the most austere penance, go for nothing.

Fr. Croiset.

NOVEMBER 4. PERSEVERANCE.

BE ye steadfast and unmoveable; always
abounding in the work of the Lord,
knowing that your labour is not in vain
in the Lord.

1 Cor. xv. 58.

If we turn our back on His majesty and go
away sad like the young man in the gospel,
when He tells us what we are to do in order
to arrive at perfection, what do we wish His
majesty to do, who will give a reward in
proportion to the love we bear Him? This
love must not be built on our own fancy,
but *proved by works*: yet do not think
He stands in need of our works; He
only wants a resolute will.

St. Theresa.

An even walk in life's uneven way,
Though to have dreamt of flight and not to
fly,
Be strange and sad,
Is not a boon that's given to all who pray.
If this I had
I'd envy none!

Coventry Patmore.

The greatest help to perseverance in the
spiritual life is the habit of prayer, especially
under the direction of our confessor.

St. Philip Neri.

The world shall burn and from her ashes
spring,
New heaven and earth, wherein the just
shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing and fair
Truth!

Milton.

NOVEMBER 5. PERSEVERANCE.

IN doing good, let us not fail. For in due time we shall reap, not failing.

Gal. vi. 9.

We understand by the way, that advance to perfection which is made stage by stage, and in regular order, through the works of righteousness and the "illumination of knowledge"; ever longing after what is before, and reaching forth unto those things which remain, until we shall have reached the blessed end, the knowledge of God, which the Lord through Himself bestows on them that have trusted in Him.

St. Basil.

For to the thoughtful mind,
That walks with Him, He half unveils His
face.

Cardinal Newman.

Son, I ought to be thy supreme and final end, if thou desire to be truly blessed. By this intention thy affection will be purified, which is too often perversely warped to itself and created things.

Thomas à Kempis.

Therefore gird up thyself, and come to stand
Unflinching under the unfaltering Hand,
That waits to prove thee to the uttermost !
It were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thou couldst see His face ; but in the dark !
That is thy one last trial ;—be it so.
Christ was forsaken, so must thou be too.

Mrs. Hamilton King.

NOVEMBER 6. PERSEVERANCE.

BEING aided by the help of God, I stand
unto this day. *Acts xxvi. 22.*

Beware of giving way to any sort of distrust in the divine goodness, which never lets you fall in order to abandon you, but only to humble you and to make you cling more tightly to His merciful hand. Persevere with your religious exercises in the midst of dryness and the languor of devotion.

St. Francis of Sales.

There is not on the earth a soul so base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace;
So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains
Some loosening of his chains,
And earnest of the great release, which rise
From gift to gift and reach at length the
eternal prize. *Cardinal Newman.*

Only after a man is purified from the shame whose stain he took through his wickedness, and has come back again to his natural beauty is it possible for him to draw near to the Paraclete. Through His aid hearts are lifted up, the weak are held by the hand, and they who are advancing are brought to perfection. *St. Basil.*

'Twas trial did convey,
Or grief or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.

Cardinal Newman.

NOVEMBER 7. PERSEVERANCE.

SEE then the goodness and the severity of God: towards them indeed that are fallen, the severity; but towards thee, the goodness of God, if thou abide in goodness.

Rom. xi. 22.

We must pray purely and simply in order to do homage to God and to show our faithfulness. If it pleases His divine Majesty to speak with us, to hold converse with us by His holy inspirations and inward consolations, it is doubtless a great honour and an unspeakable delight; but if He vouchsafes not so to favour us, neither speaking nor even appearing to perceive us, as though we were not in His presence, we must still remain meekly and devoutly before His sovereign goodness, and then He will assuredly accept our patience.

St. Francis of Sales.

Let us own the sharpest smart
Which human patience can endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified and pure!

Coventry Patmore.

“Too late have I known Thee, O ancient Truth,
too late have I loved Thee, O ancient Beauty!”

St. Augustine.

The glorious hours are onward borne;
’Tis lit, th’ immortal flame;
It glows around thee: kneel, and strive, and win
Daily one living ray—’twill brighter glow
within.

Cardinal Newman.

SECOND WEEK OF NOVEMBER

“DEATH.”

It is appointed unto men once to die, and, after this the Judgment. *Heb. ix. 27.*

AND God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more.

Apoc. xxi. 4.

Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant is knocking his dire summons at my door.

Cardinal Newman.

NOVEMBER 8.

DEATH.

THOU art dust, and unto dust thou shalt
return.

Gen. iii. 19.

Death is easier to bear without the thought of it, than is the thought of death without danger.

Men unable to remedy death, sorrow, and ignorance, determine in order to make themselves happy, not to think on these things.

Pascal.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the
man;

And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.

Cardinal Newman.

How well it would be for us to spend each day remembering the account of our actions which we shall one day have to render, so that we may keep ourselves continually in that state in which we should wish to be found at the hour of our death!

St. Francis of Sales.

Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember,
What we are, and whence we came;

Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Tr. : Fr. Caswall.

GOD made not death, neither hath He pleasure in the destruction of the living.

Wisdom i. 13.

The act of dying is a punishment. . . . It is a penalty which nothing could render tolerable to the creature, except the Creator Himself suffering it and diffusing the balm of His own death over the universal deaths of men. Some deaths have been so beautiful, that they can hardly be recognized as punishments. Such was the death of St. Joseph with his head pillowed on the lap of Jesus. . . . Such was Mary's death, the penalty of which was rather in its delay. It was a soft extinction, through the noiseless flooding of her heart with divine love.

Fr. Faber.

And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,
Use well the interval.

Cardinal Newman.

We must accept our own death, and that of our relations, when God shall send it to us, and not desire it at any other time; for it is sometimes necessary that it should happen at that particular moment, for the good of our own and their souls.

St. Philip Neri.

A Saviour's eyes, bent down on me,
As New Jerusalem might be
Come down, adorned with Charity. . . .
Let the tall vessel sweep to see !

Michael Field.

BEHOLD short years pass away, and I
am walking in a path by which I shall
not return.

Job xvi. 23.

Oh, how happy are those who live in holy
indifference and who, while waiting on God's
will, endeavour by a good life to prepare
for a holy death ! All the saints have acted
in this way.

St. Francis of Sales.

Alone ? The God we trust is on that shore,—
The Faithful One whom we have trusted
more
In trials and in woes, than we have trusted
those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly
strife.

Fr. Faber.

Every step which a creature takes, when
he has once been created, increases his
dependence upon his Creator. . . . This is
in fact his true blessedness, to be ever more
and more enclosed in the hand of God who
made him. . . . Death will throw open to him
the gates of another world, and will be the
beginning to him of far more solemn and
more wonderful actions than it has been
his lot to perform on earth.

Fr. Faber.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be. . . .
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Cardinal Newman.

THE souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them.

Wisdom iii. 1.

We must fear death without dreading it, that is, with a quiet hopeful fear; for God has given us many helps to enable us to die a holy death; among others that of contrition which is so comprehensive that it has the power to efface the guilt of every sin. And we have also the sacraments of Holy Church; for they are as it were the channels by which the merits of our Saviour's Passion are conveyed to us, and it is by them that we recover the grace which we have lost.

St. Francis of Sales.

Full of the past, all shuddering thought,
Man waits his hour with upward eye—
The golden keys in love are brought,
That he may hold by them and die.

Cardinal Newman.

All who die well are safe with God. As the life is, so shall the end be.

Fr. Faber.

Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te.

Cardinal Newman.

WHEN thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not cover thee.

Isa. xliii. 2.

Just as it is the lot of the reprobate to die in sin, so it is that of God's elect to die in His love and grace. The faithful never die suddenly, for death can never be unforeseen to him who has steadily pursued his Christian course to the end; but he may die by a sudden death, and therefore we should ask, not merely to be delivered from a sudden death, but from a sudden and unprepared death.

St. Francis of Sales.

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly
wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-
crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet
saith.

Francis Thompson.

Sudden death is the only thing to fear. . . .
We know ourselves so little that many think
themselves near death when they are per-
fectly well, and many think themselves well
when they are near death.

Pascal.

Pray, Mary, pray! My soul is spent!
Thy wings, thy wings, O Gabriel, for my
tent!

Michael Field.

BLESSED are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Apoc. xix. 9.

When a man sleeps, all his wonted habits sleep with him, waking when he wakes; and even so when the good man meets with death he may not die in the external practice of Divine Love, but he none the less dies in God's Love, as the wise man saith: "Though the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest, for the means to eternal life is that death find a man living in habitual love and charity."

St. Francis of Sales.

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent
to shore,

Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber
more,

Than my wearied spirit now longs to leave
my breast.

Oh, come quickly, sweetest Lord ! and take
my soul to rest ! *Bl. Edmund Campion, S.J.*

O Heart, that burns within,
Illuminated, hot !

O feet, that tread the road
As if they trod it not—

So lifted and so winged,
By rare companionship !

. . . Is it my God whose Feet
Wing mine to travel on . . . ?

Who is my way and all my wayfarings'
Desire !

Michael Field.

I WILL come again, and will take you to
Myself.

St. John xiv. 3.

Each Christian death-bed is a world, a complete world, of graces, interferences, compensations, lights, struggles, victories, supernatural gestures, and the action of grand spiritual laws. Each death-bed explained to us, as God could explain it, would be in itself an entire science of God. The varieties of grace in the individual soul are summary infinities of the one infinite life of God.

Fr. Faber.

Soul. . . . Shall I see
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne;
Or hear at least His awful judgment-word
With personal intonation, as I now
Hear thee, not see thee, Angel ?

Angel. A disembodied soul, thou hast by
right
No converse with ought else beside thyself;
But lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouch-
safed

Some lower measures of perception.
. . . So will it be until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified. . . .

Soul. . . . His will be done !
I am not worthy ere to see again
The face of day; far less His countenance,
Who is the very sun.

Cardinal Newman.

THIRD WEEK OF NOVEMBER

“JUDGMENT.”

Behold, all souls are mine. Therefore will I judge every man according to his ways, saith the Lord God.

Ezech. xviii. 4, 30.

REMEMBER in that Day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this
way,
Thy sheep was strayed; and Thou wouldst
be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

Just mercy, then, Thy reckoning be,
With my Price, and not with me.

Crashaw.

IT is appointed unto men once to die, and
after this, the judgment. *Heb. ix. 27.*

Since the cleansed and purified spirit can only find its rest in God, for whom it has been created, so the soul which is in mortal sin can find no other place than hell; God assigns it for its end. At the moment of separation of soul and body, the soul which quitted its envelope in a state of mortal sin betakes itself to its destined place; the nature of sin itself leads it there.

St. Catherine of Genoa.

O King of fearful majesty,
Thou savest freely, O save me,
Thou art sweet pity's Fountain Head.

Archbishop Bagshawe.

What is anything to us, if our sins be not forgiven? Is not that our one want? The thought of eternity is not to be faced, if our sins be not forgiven. . . . See then the tremendous necessity of the Precious Blood!

Fr. Faber.

O dust, have faith according to the term
Of this life's lease! ere the corrupting worm
Hath power to destroy the dust thou art!

Ere the dark rust
Of death can clog the engine of thy heart!

Laurence Housman.

THE judgment of every one cometh forth
from the Lord. *Prov. xxix. 26.*

This, ye faithful souls, who, notwithstanding the corruptions and vices of the age, have served your God in spirit and in truth, this is what must, amidst the hardships of life, have strengthened your resolution, and filled you with consolation. *Bourdaloue.*

When first God stirred me, and the Church's
word

Came as a theme of reverent search and fear,
It little cost to own the lustre clear
O'er rule she taught, and rite, and doctrine
poured;

For conscience craved and reason did accord,
Yet there was one that wore a mien austere,
And I did doubt, and, troubled, asked to hear
Whose mouth had force to edge so sharp
a sword.

. . . And I found

Christ in Himself, considerate Master, took
The utterance of that doctrine's fearful
sound.

The Fount of Love His servants sends to tell
Love's deeds; Himself reveals the sinner's
hell.

Cardinal Newman.

We should, indeed, be mad, and very
blind, not to think of this last judgment,
or to think lightly of it.

Fr. Segneri, S.J.

This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Cardinal Newman.

WE shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. *Rom. xiv. 10.*

First let us ask ourselves: what will God require of us in the judgment? What account will He ask of us, so that we may take His judgment and not our own feeling as our rule of conduct? *St. Ignatius Loyola.*

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from Whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away? . . .
Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

Crashaw.

The soul of a king is of no more value than that of a peasant; the soul of a rich man may be poorer than that of the meanest beggar; dignities and riches are only fleeting advantages, and talents are of no consideration in that other life, where only good works are rewarded. Meditate, my brethren, on this last moment, and employ well every moment of your life. *Fr. L. De Ponte, S.J.*

As silver is tried by fire, and gold in the furnace: so the Lord trieth the hearts.

Prov. xvii. 3.

ACCORDING to thy hardness and impenitent heart, thou treasurest up to thyself wrath, against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the just judgment of God.

Rom. ii. 5.

It is this dreadful moment I ought to have ever before my eyes, since it will be the beginning of either my happiness or of my eternal condemnation. O fatal moment which leads to eternity !

Fr. L. De Ponte, S.J.

I can no more, for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes the man.

Cardinal Newman.

Let us bring back again the old-fashioned respect for the very Name of God; for He has specially legislated for it in His commandments. Let us cultivate in ourselves a clear-sighted fear of His awful judgments.

Fr. Faber.

O that Book ! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light.
O that Judge ! whose hand, whose eye
None can endure; yet none can fly. . . .
My Hope, my Fear, my Judge, my Friend !
Take charge of me, and of my end.

Crashaw.

OUT of thy own mouth will I judge thee.

St. Luke xix. 22.

I can never see the Blessed Sacrament without being reminded of the last judgment of the world. Its very merciful stillness is a continual admonition to me of that resonant pomp and burning majesty. When I hold it in my hands, I can only feel that it is my Judge that I am holding; and this seems to quicken my love rather than restrain it; and Communion is the far sweeter for being always in Viaticum.

Fr. Faber.

Father, whose goodness none can know,
but they

Who see Thee face to face,
By man hath come the infinite display
Of Thy victorious grace;
But fallen man—the creature of a day—
Skills not that love to trace.

Cardinal Newman.

The Gospel bids us judge ourselves severely,
while it forbids us to judge our brethren.
If we did judge ourselves, we should not be
judged by God.

St. Francis of Sales.

When the dread *Ite* shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

Crashaw.

WE know that the judgment of God is according to truth. *Rom. ii. 2.*

The last judgment will not only be favourable and honourable to, but anxiously longed for by, the just and the elect. For their glory, says St. Chrysostom, will shine in the light of day, and their happiness, and even the crowning of their desires will be, that not only their sincerity of purpose, but their purity of intention, will be at last displayed. *Bourdaloue.*

But Thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And with the wings of Thine Own dove,
Fly to Thy sceptre of soft love. *Crashaw.*

The Son of God will come to glorify humility in the persons of the humble. It is a justice He will pay to His elect.

Bourdaloue.

God judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight;
And the useless-seeming man the crown
hath won.

In His vast world above,—
A world of broader love,—
God has some grand employment for His
son. *Fr. Faber.*

Be not proud of well-doing; for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men. *Thomas à Kempis.*

NOVEMBER 21.

JUDGMENT.

GOD is a just judge, strong and patient.

Ps. vii. 12.

Surely it would be death itself to our entrapped and amazed souls, if we did not see the waters of the great flood rising far off, and sweeping onward with noiseless, but resistless inundation, the billows of that Red Sea of our salvation which takes away the sins of the world.

Fr. Faber.

O let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day.
If sin can sigh, love can forgive:
O say the word, my soul shall live !

Crashaw.

At that dreadful moment, when the book of conscience will be open, your hope, enlivened by the sight of the Sovereign Judge, and on the point of being fulfilled, will support you, and will repay you for the unjust persecutions of the world.

Bourdaloue.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are felt more than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgments given.

Fr. Faber.

Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal years.

Cardinal Newman.

EVIL men think not on judgment: but they that seek after the Lord, take notice of all things.

Prov. xxviii. 5.

Death is a sudden stride into the light. Even in our general confessions the past was discernible in a kind of soft twilight: how it will be dragged out into unsheltered splendour. The dawn of the judgment, mere dawn though it be, is brighter than any terrestrial noon; and it is a light which magnifies more than any human microscope.

Fr. Faber.

Ways must have an end,
Creeds undergo the trial flame,
Nor with th' impure the saints for ever
blessed,

Heaven's glory with our shame:
Think on that hour and choose 'twixt soft
and bold.

Cardinal Newman.

O fatal moment which leads to eternity !
the soul which is summoned to appear
will at this moment be alone, deprived of
its body, separated from all visible creatures,
accompanied only by its deeds.

Fr. L. De Ponte, S.J.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye.

Crashaw.

Create in my heart, O my God ! this
wholesome fear, which has made the security
of the just banish from it that fatal in-
difference, which is the greatest danger of
a Christian.

Fr. Segneri, S.J.

FOURTH WEEK OF NOVEMBER

“HEAVEN.”

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered
into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for
them that love Him. 1 Cor. ii. 9.

O ETERNAL Beam !
 (Whose height what reach of mortal
 thought may soar ?)
Yield me again some little particle
Of what Thou then appearedst; give my
 tongue
Power, but to leave one sparkle of Thy glory
Into the race to come. *Dante.*

THERE shall not enter into it anything defiled, or that worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they that are written in the book of life of the Lamb.

Apoc. xxi. 27.

At the Last Great Day God will cause the lost to perceive plainly the beauty of His Countenance and the treasures of His goodness, so that they will long intensely, though vainly, to approach His love.

St. Francis of Sales.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her light below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin.

Tennyson.

Let no one ever turn away from the sight of hell, lest by little and by little, and by very little, a good opinion of himself should grow up within his soul and send him to that drear banishment at last.

Fr. Faber.

Who in Thy portal wait, . . .
Wondering, review their trial-state,
The life that erst seemed long;
Wondering at His deep love, who purged
so base
And earthly mould so soon for th' unde-
filed place.

Cardinal Newman.

COME, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *St. Matt. xxv. 34.*

“Blessed of My Father,” that is our eternal name ! How those words come to us in the tingling stillness of the night, when panic fears oppress our loneliness, and so strangely vex our souls ! How they rise soft and clear above the rolling of the world, in hours of weariness and of obstinate temptation ! How they sing songs to the fear of death, and lull it when it wakens and cries, “Blessed of My Father” ! *Fr. Faber.*

When the self-aborring thrill
Is past, as pass it must,
When tasks of life thy spirit fill,
Risen from thy tears and dust,
Then be the self-renouncing will
The seal of thy calm trust. *Anon.*

It is a thought to make us very grave, that this life of God holds us like a hand and penetrates us like a sword. It is always the same, yet never monotonous. Illimitably outspread beyond all imaginary space, it is full, complete, intense, in every point of space, at every point of time. . . . How shall we hope to measure the Kingdom of Glory, when it is to be measured only by the Divine Magnificence ? *Fr. Faber.*

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth ! *Cardinal Newman.*

BEHOLD the Tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them. And they shall be His people: and God Himself with them shall be their God.

Apoc. xxi. 3.

The very blessed in Paradise, beholding the infinite Beauty of God, would faint and fail from longing to love Him more if His most Holy will did not fill them with His own sweet Rest. But they love His sovereign will so entirely that theirs is wholly merged in it, and they rest content in His content, willing to submit to the limit Love puts on love.

St. Francis of Sales.

I know not! O! I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

St. Bernard.

The very expansion of the faculties of the soul, and the probable disclosure in it of many new faculties which have no object of exercise in this land of exile, are in themselves pleasures which we can hardly picture to ourselves. . . . When we think of heaven, we may own that we know not yet what manner of thing it is to love the Lord our God.

Fr. Faber.

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Fr. Faber.

BLESSED are they that wash their robes
in the blood of the Lamb: that they
may have a right to the tree of life, and
may enter in by the gates into the city.

Apoc. xxii. 14.

Paradise ! what is it ? It is the most
wonderful invention of the wisdom of God,
the masterpiece of His mighty power, the
boundary of His liberality and magnificence,
the worthy cost of the precious blood of a
God ; a boon so grand that God, all power-
ful as He is, could give us nothing better
than Himself.

Fr. Nepveu, S.J.

O born in happy hour !
Thou, to whom grace vouchsafes, or e'er thy
close
Of fleshly warfare, to behold the thrones
Of that eternal triumph.

Dante.

How shall I dare to speak of the sacred
Humanity, or of how we shall share in the
love which Peter once enjoyed upon the
shores of Gennesareth, or John when he
leaned upon the Bosom in which the Sacred
Heart was beating. We have no measures
for a bliss like that.

Fr. Faber.

Thenceforward, what I saw,
Was not for words to speak, nor memory's
self
To stand against such outrage on her skill.

Dante.

GOD shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, for the former things are passed away. *Apoc. xxi. 4.*

If we wilfully neglect to seek the road that leads to God, we shall find that we are as far off, as earth is to heaven. But if we sincerely try to reach that blessed city, we shall soon find ourselves at its gate. That swerving from the right path, does not depend upon the distance, but on the length of our life's journey. *St. Chrysostom.*

They are at rest;
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaints for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it passes by.
Cardinal Newman.

The sweetest of all earthly joys is love: and the life in heaven is a life of love. . . . Eternity will give us new powers of loving. We shall love with some great nameless love. . . . The objects of our love will be multiplied ten thousandfold; and yet the very multiplication of its objects will only quicken the intensity of the love. *Fr. Faber.*

O speak !
How feeble and how faint thou art, to give
Conception birth. *Dante.*

THOU shalt no more have the sun for thy light by day, neither shall the brightness of the moon enlighten thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee for an everlasting light, and thy God for thy glory.

Isa. lx. 19.

God has prepared Paradise for those He foreknows as His; let us strive to be truly His in faith and in works, and He will be ours in glory. And it rests with us to be His; for though it comes of God's gift, He never refuses that gift to any, but offers it freely to all who will heartily consent to receive it. . . . Be it ours so to live that we may be ever His in this life, and yet more for eternity.

St. Francis of Sales.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !

Who doth not crave for rest ?

Who would not seek the happy land

Where they that loved are blest;

Where loyal hearts and true

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through,

In God's most holy sight ?

Fr. Faber.

We shall be eternally swallowed up in eternal love.

Fr. Faber.

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
The last are first, the first become the last;
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free.

Cardinal Newman.

AND there shall be no curse any more:
but the throne of God and of the
Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall
serve Him.

Apoc. xxii. 3.

Consider the beauty and perfection of
the countless inhabitants of that blessed
country. . . . They rejoice with a perpetual
joy, they share a bliss unspeakable, and
unchangeable delights. Consider how they
enjoy the presence of God, which fills them
with the richness of His vision, itself a
perfect ocean of delight, the joy of being
for ever united to their Head.

St. Francis of Sales.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the thrones which angels lost through
pride !

Cardinal Newman.

There is one bright thought in our minds,
when all the rest are dark. . . . It is the
thought of the bright populous Heaven.
There is joy there at least, if there is no
joy anywhere else. There is true service
of God there, however poor and interested
the love of Him may be on earth. *Fr. Faber.*

Thus happiness hath root
In seeing, not in loving, which of sight
Is after growth.

Dante.

HE that shall overcome, I will make him
a pillar in the temple of My God: and
he shall go out no more: and I will write
upon him the name of My God.

Apoc. iii. 12.

The new name will be such as it is not
lawful for man to utter. It will be a word
so secret that no one will be able to hear it,
save God and the soul to whom it is spoken.

St. Francis of Sales.

And is it well with thee ?

Aye, past all dreaming, well !

For here we dwell

Where none may weep,

And Paradise is ours again to keep—

• The tree of knowledge in the midst thereof.

Time-ripened love,

The leaves no more for healing, but for food

Of life renewed,

Fresh with the dew, from vanished faith
distilled,

Of hope fulfilled.

All around us angels be

To guard the gateways, not with sword of
flame,

But fragrant breathings of the Holy Name,
That nevermore an afterthought of sin

May enter in.

J. Banister Tabb.

December

DEVOTION FOR THE MONTH

“Our Lord’s Sacred Humanity.”

BEHOLD the Bridegroom cometh.

St. Matt. xxv. 6.

A voice from ancient times comes up this
way,
Dost thou not hear it, like a trumpet call ?
Surely it cometh near,
Let us go out upon the tower and hear !

Fr. Faber.

We have seen Him ! we have seen Him !
Oh, the beauty of His Face !
Moving through the groves, and pouring
Down the treasures of His grace.

St. John of the Cross.

FIRST WEEK OF DECEMBER

“THANKSGIVING.”

Let every spirit praise the Lord.

Ps. cl. 5.

HAVE you sometimes, calm, silent, let
Your head aspirant rise
Up the mountain's summit, in the presence
of the skies ?

Francis Thompson.

DECEMBER 1. THANKSGIVING.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and never
forget all He hath done for thee.

Ps. cii. 2.

Let us look more closely into the importance of gratitude in the spiritual life. God's mercy is the great feature of the two kingdoms of nature and of grace. Now, gratitude is man's answer to God's mercy; and just as charity to our neighbour is the best test of our real love of God, so gratitude to our neighbour for his kindness to us is a clearer proof of a grateful disposition than gratitude to God, which is mixed up with so many other cogent considerations. If we realize everything as coming from God, then these benefits are from Him, and they come from Him in the most beautiful and touching way, through the mediation of our brother's human heart inspired by grace.

Fr. Faber.

... Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only
Love,
That only Love were cause enough for
Praise.

Tennyson.

I have my music bent
To waste on bootless things its skiey-
gendered rain:
Yet shall a wiser day
Fulfil more heavenly way,
And with approvèd music clear this slip
I trust in God most sweet;
Meantime the silent lip,
Meantime the climbing feet.

Francis Thompson.

DECEMBER 2. THANKSGIVING.

LET us offer the sacrifice of praise always to God, that is to say, the fruit of lips confessing to His Name. *Heb. xiii. 15.*

Happy the man whose life is one long *Ge Deum* ! He will save his soul, but he will not save it alone, but many others also. Joy is not a solitary thing, and he will come at last to his Master's feet, bringing many others rejoicing with him, and the resplendent trophies of his grateful love.

Fr. Faber.

What could He less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, Thanks ?
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them, who could return Him nothing
else. *Milton.*

Only let God see that you are thankful
for what He has given you, and He will
bestow more gifts upon you. *St. Justinian.*

. . . May it be no wrong,
Blest heavens, to you and your superior song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
Awhile dare borrow
The name of your delights, and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.

. . . We will have care,
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.

Come, lovely Name !

Crashaw.

DECEMBER 3. THANKSGIVING.

SING ye to the Lord and bless His Name:
shew forth His salvation from day to
day. *Ps. xcv. 2.*

A soul possessed with the love of gratitude is perpetually haunted by a remembrance of past benefits ; and his abiding sorrow for sin is a sort of affectionate and self-reproachful reaction from his wonder at the abundant loving-kindness of God. Hence it comes to pass that a very grateful man is also a deeply penitent man.

Fr. Faber.

A voice of peace, a voice of joy,
Did never stint to sing.

Francis Thompson.

If you desire free access to the treasures of Paradise, always show yourself grateful to your Sovereign Benefactor. *St. Leonard.*

Praise we our God with joy
And gladness never ending ;
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear,
With Parent's love o'erflowing ;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
On wayward hearts bestowing.

Canon Oakeley.

O you, my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you
have no more. *Crashaw.*

DECEMBER 4. THANKSGIVING.

COME let us praise the Lord with joy:
let us come before His presence with
thanksgiving. *Ps. xciv. 1, 2.*

I would urge all who serve God fervently and faithfully to return Him thanks with peculiar affection and zealous gratitude, at least four times in the day, for all the personal blessings He has been pleased to confer upon us. The first rank among these personal blessings should be held by the grace which has called us either from heresy to the Catholic faith, or from neglecting the Sacraments to a good life, or from relapses into sin to a real conversion.

Fr. Lancicius, S.J.

There is yearning in our music, never rest,
And an ignorance in asking, and a fret;
And our rhythms, surging wildly in the
passion of the quest. . . .

God has music in the movement of a star,
Half His answer in the tremble of a leaf;
But its home within humanity we lose, and
flutter far

From the gladness, to the question that is
grief.

Armel O'Connor.

Ingratitude is a vice that grieves the God
of love. Every sin of ingratitude wounds the
Sacred Heart of Jesus. *Ven. Mary Cherubina.*

And God's new song. O spirit crystalline,
What lips shall better waft it on than thine ?

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 5. THANKSGIVING.

I WILL praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart. *Ps. cx. 1.*

There is one practice of thanksgiving which must enter into all others and be joined to them, thanksgiving, if it might be so of tears rather than of words; gratitude for the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and the Personal Presence of Jesus with His Church. *Fr. Faber.*

. . . While soul, sky, and music blend together,
Let me give thanks. *Francis Thompson.*

What shall I give Thee for all these thousands of benefits? I would I could serve Thee all the days of my life ! *Thomas à Kempis.*

. . . O Light, Light, Light,
How great Thou art. *Aubrey de Vere.*

Speak to God in thanksgiving, and you will get graces more and more abundantly. *St. Bernard.*

Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the powers of praise. . . .

O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;
Mix all your many worlds above,
And loose them into one of love. *Crashaw.*

DECEMBER 6. THANKSGIVING.

REJOICE, ye just, in the Lord: and give
praise to the remembrance of His
Holiness.

Ps. xevi. 12.

The saints love us ardently and wish that we on earth should do the same as they do in heaven—that is, that we should praise God continually. But when we say that they wish us to praise God as they do, we do not mean that it is to be incessant and at all times; for they never cease to bless Him without pause or interruption, and they know well enough that we cannot do that on account of the infirmity of our nature. . . . “Continually” means rather that we should often lift up our hearts to Him, that we should praise Him at certain times and hours of the day and night, as the Church does.

St. Francis of Sales.

Praise to the Holiest in the height

And in the depth be praise !

In all His words most wonderful,

Most sure in all His ways.

Cardinal Newman.

If you return thanks to God, think only of pleasing Him alone; do not seek to be known by men.

St. Chrysostom.

Nor think, though men were worse,
That heaven would want spectators, God
want praise !

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we
sleep.

And these with ceaseless praise His works
behold.

Milton.

DECEMBER 7. THANKSGIVING.

BENEDICTION, and glory, and wisdom,
and thanksgiving, honour, and power,
and strength to our God for ever and ever.

Apoc. vii. 12.

What is our life on earth but a preparation for our real life in heaven ? And yet praise and thanksgiving are the very occupations of our life in heaven. Now the Church on earth reflects the Church in heaven; the worship of the one is the echo of the worship of the other. If the life in heaven is one of praise and thanksgiving, so in its measure must be the life on earth. .

Fr. Faber.

Alas ! and I have sung
Much song of matters vain,
And a heaven-sweetened tongue
Turned to unprofiting strain
Of vacant things. *Francis Thompson.*

Dear, all-adorèd Name !
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee :
Or, if there be such sons of shame,
Alas ! what will they do
When stubborn rocks shall bow
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting
heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of Night
Next to their own low Nothing, they may lie.
They that by Love's mild dictate now will
not adore Thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow and
break before Thee. *Crashaw.*

DECEMBER 8. THANKSGIVING.

IN all things give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

1 Thess. v. 18.

A spirit of thanksgiving has been in all ages the characteristic of the saints. Thanksgiving has been their favourite prayer; and when their love has been grieved because men were unthankful, they have called on the angels to bless God for His goodness.

Fr. Faber.

I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the work of Love this morning
wake you.

. . . Answer my call

And come along;

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.

Crashaw.

Happy is he who, at every grace he receives, returns in thought to Him in whom is the fulness of all graces; for if we show ourselves not ungrateful for what He has given us, we make room for still further graces.

St. Bernard.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
Praise ye Him from the high places:
Praise ye Him, O sun and moon:
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord from the earth;
Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and
all cedars;
Beasts and all cattle:
Kings of the earth and all people:
Praise the Name of the Lord.

Ps. cxlviii.

SECOND WEEK OF DECEMBER

"THE MOTHER OF GOD."

"Hail, Mary, full of grace."

CREATURE of God, rather the sole
than first;
Knot of the cord
Which binds together all and all unto their
Lord.

Ora pro me !

Coventry Patmore.

DECEMBER 9. MOTHER OF GOD.

THE Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel being come in said unto her: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women." *St. Luke i. 28.*

Blessed indeed art thou amongst women, for thou, a virgin, didst bear Him who blesses all the earth and delivers it from the curse of bringing forth thorns. Blessed indeed art thou amongst women, for, though by nature a mere woman, thou wast made in very truth the Mother of God.

St. Sophronius.

Hail, most high, most humble one !
Above the world, below thy Son;
Whose blush the moon beauteously mars,
And stains the timorous light of stars.
He that made all things had not done
Till He had made Himself thy Son. *Crashaw.*

The grace of the Immaculate Conception was like the opening of heaven. It seemed as if the next moment men must see God; and so it was, as moments count with God.

Fr. Faber.

. . . With what a gradual care
Must Thou have shaped that Ark and Shrine
Ordained the Eternal Word to bear,
That garden of Thy mystic vine !

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 10. MOTHER OF GOD.

BEHOLD the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word.

St. Luke i. 38.

When the shadow of the everlasting decree stole upon Mary she was spending the hours of the silent night in closest union with God. . . . It was perhaps one of her intense aspirations, an aspiration into which her whole soul and all the might of its purity were thrown, that drew the everlasting Son so suddenly at last from the Bosom of the Father. . . . Yet His coming was not abrupt. He sent His messenger before He came Himself.

Fr. Faber.

No sudden thing of glory and fear
Was the Lord's coming; but the dear
Slow nature's days followed each other
To form the Saviour from His Mother—
One of the children of the year.

The earth, the rain, received the trust,
The sun and dews, to frame the just;
He drew His daily life from these,
According to His own decrees,
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

Alice Meynell.

He looked on thy humility;
He knew thee, "handmaid of thy Lord."

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 11. MOTHER OF GOD.

WHENCE is this to me, that the Mother
of my Lord should come to me ?

St. Luke i. 43.

There are a thousand ways of obtaining
the grace of being related to the Blessed
Virgin. . . . Since you cannot be a relation
of hers in the same way as St. Elizabeth, be
of her kin by communicating devoutly, and
by imitating her virtues and her most holy
life.

St. Francis of Sales.

She is come with tender speed,
All to help a woman's need.

Maid and Mother, turn with speed
To all women in their need.

Bring thy Son with thee and rest
While their need is heaviest.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

Would you know how much more eminent
is this Maiden than the heavenly Powers ?
They stand by in fear and trembling, veiling
their faces while she presents the human
race to Him whom she brought forth.

St. Chrysostom.

Blest earth whereon she trod. . . .
Blest hills that felt her feet,
The Mother with her God.
More blest, ye friends, whose guest
She silence breaks to speak of heavenly
things,
And where her footsteps rest.

Tr. : Early Latin Hymn.

DECEMBER 12. MOTHER OF GOD.

MARY said: My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

St. Luke i. 46, 47.

Mary is like one of the great scientific truths, whose full import we never master except by long meditation and by studying its bearings on a system, and then at last the fertility and grandeur of the truth seem endless. So it is with the Mother of God. She teaches us God as we never could else have learned Him.

Fr. Faber.

Thou speaker of all wisdom in a word,
Thy Lord !

Speaker who thus couldst well afford
Thence to be silent; ah, what silence that
Which had for prologue thy *Magnificat* !

Coventry Patmore.

Dear Maid ! to thee God's Son was sold,
Bought by thy heart of purest gold.

B. Bentley.

He who is growing in devotion to the
Mother of God, is growing in all good things.

Fr. Faber.

Choicest Flower ! that bloomest in the breast
Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and sacred Head :
O Mary ! sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee.

Fr. Faber.

DECEMBER 13. MOTHER OF GOD.

HE hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

St. Luke i. 48.

Peculiar and unprecedented as was the life of Mary, her expectation is nevertheless a beautiful rich type of all Christian life. Jesus is in each of us by His essence, presence, and power. . . . His supernatural indwelling in our souls by grace is a thing more wonderful than all miracles, and has a more efficacious energy.

Fr. Faber.

“ In all his glory Solomon
Was never so arrayed ;”
Yet far more beautiful is one—
A Mother and a Maid,
Whose loveliness and lowliness
God stooped from highest heaven to bless.

J. Banister Tabb.

It was through her humility that Mary received her various sanctifications. Indeed, it was through her humility that she became the Mother of God. The love of that grace fixed the eye of the Lord, the eye of His eternal choice upon her. He looked upon the lowliness of His handmaid.

Fr. Faber.

O Flower of Grace ! divinest Flower !
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower !
. . . And so it is that utterly,
Mother of God ! we trust in Thee. *Fr. Faber.*

DECEMBER 14. MOTHER OF GOD.

MARY kept all these words, pondering them in her heart. *St. Luke ii. 19.*

Mary lived always in the presence of God, united constantly to Him by thought, affection, occupation. Our life should be of like character. "Mary" signifies *Bitter Sea*. She had a larger share than any other person in the bitterness and afflictions of her dear Son. If our Redeemer so honours us as to allow us to partake of His sufferings, let us accept them gratefully and try to imitate closely the patience, generosity, and resignation of our loving Mother.

Fr. Médaille, S.J.

Silence that crowns, unnoted like the voiceless blue,
The loud world's varying view,
And in its holy heart the sense of all things
ponders !
That acceptably I may speak of thee.

Coventry Patmore.

Marvel at both these things, and choose at which you will marvel the more, whether at the most benignant condescension of the Son or the most sublime dignity of the Mother.

St. Bernard.

Ave Maria ! thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to thee ;
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the sea !

Sister M.

DECEMBER 15. MOTHER OF GOD.

BEHOLD thy Mother.

St. John xix. 27.

The good Teacher does what He thereby reminds us ought to be done, and by His own example instructed His disciples that care for their parents ought to be a matter of concern to pious children. . . . And what are so much home concerns to any one, as parents to children, or children to parents? Of this most wholesome precept, therefore, the very Master of the saints set the example from Himself, when, not as God for the handmaid whom He had created and governed, but as a man for the mother of whom He had been created, and whom He was leaving behind, He provided in some measure another son in place of Himself.

St. Augustine.

And so to thee my Mother,
With filial faith I call,
For Jesus dying gave thee
A Mother to us all.

St. Bernard.

Hail to thee for ever, thou Virgin-Mother of God, our unceasing joy! Thou art the beginning of our festival; thou its middle; thou its end; the most precious pearl of the kingdom. . . . The living altar of the Bread of Life.

St. Methodius.

How close to God, how full of God,
Dear Mother, must thou be!
For still the more we know of God
The more we think of thee.

Fr. Faber.

THIRD WEEK OF DECEMBER

“THE INCARNATION.”

When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law ; that He might redeem them who were under the law.

Gal. iv. 4, 5.

O WHITEST Flower ! O ever blessed
Mary !

To what high purpose wert thou tributary !
How wert thou chosen for the stainless
Birth,

Mother of God ! Chaste Lily of the earth !
Lead us to Jesus, Mother ! for us part
The veils that hang before the sacred
Heart.

Fr. Faber.

DECEMBER 16. INCARNATION.

THE night is passed, and the day is
at hand.

Rom. xiii. 12.

God expended four thousand years in preparing the world to receive Jesus Christ. The Church wishes her children to prepare themselves for the coming of the Messias, and she devotes the time of Advent to this intent. . . . We shall not receive the graces Jesus Christ comes to bring into the world if we labour not to make ourselves worthy of them in accordance with the sentiments which the Church inspires. *Fr. Médaille, S.J.*

O Thou, Who thine own Father's breast
Forsaking, Word sublime !
Didst come to aid a world distress'd
In Thy appointed time:
Our hearts enlighten with Thy ray,
And kindle with Thy love;
That dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above. *Fr. Caswall.*

For the gate in the shape of a cross, whose
wardens are death and night,
Is the gate to the life of life; the gate to
the light of light. *Emily Hickey.*

Amid an ordered universe,
Man's spirit only dares rebel:
With light, O God, its darkness pierce !
With love its raging chaos quell.

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 17. INCARNATION.

PREPARE ye the way of the Lord; make
straight His paths. *St. Mark i. 3.*

All that Jesus has done for us has been done with such unnecessary abundance, with such outpouring of affection, with such supernatural profuseness of mercy and compassion, that it is plain at every step, in each separate mystery of the Incarnation, that what He wants is, not our salvation only, but our love also. *Fr. Faber.*

I sing the Name which none can say
But touched with interior ray:
The Name of our new peace: our good:
Our bliss: and supernatural blood.

Crashaw.

What is there that this Divine Lover has not done to prove His love for us? He has loved us with a love of complacency, for His delights were to be with the children of men; and that He might draw man to Himself, He made Himself man.

St. Francis of Sales.

The childlike heart shall enter in;
The virgin soul its God shall see:—
Mother, and Maiden pure from sin,
Be thou the guide: the way is He.

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 18. INCARNATION.

GET thee up upon a high mountain,
thou that bringest good tidings to
Sion: lift up thy voice with strength, thou
that bringest good tidings to Jerusalem: lift
it up, fear not. Say to the cities of Juda:
Behold your God.

Isa. xl. 9.

The Angel who proclaimed the birth of our infant Saviour sang "Glory to God," announcing that he published joy, peace, and happiness to men of good will. To receive this child all that is needed is to be of good will; even though as yet one may have effected nothing of good; for Christ comes to bless all good wills; and little by little, He will render them fruitful, provided we allow Him to govern them.

St. Francis of Sales.

Come, love, and let us work a song,
Loud and pleasant, sweet and long;
Let lips and hearts lift high the noise
Of so just and solemn joys.

Crashaw.

The nearer a thing is to God, the more blinding is the light in which it lies, and therefore the more assiduous and patient must the study of it be. Hence it is that nothing requires so much study as the Sacred Humanity of Jesus.

Fr. Faber.

DECEMBER 19. INCARNATION.

IN His Name the Gentiles shall hope.

St. Matt. xii. 21.

The Incarnation lies at the bottom of all sciences, and is their ultimate explanation. It is the secret beauty in all arts. It is the completeness of all true philosophies. Happy are those lands which are lying still in the sunshine of the faith.

Fr. Faber.

Rejoice, O Sion, for thy night
Is past: the Lord, thy Light, is born:
The Gentiles shall behold thy light;
The kings walk forward in thy morn.

Aubrey de Vere.

No sooner had man eaten of the forbidden fruit than our Lord, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, resolved to come down from heaven to redeem him at the price of His most precious Blood; clothing Himself with our human nature, which He united inseparably to His divine person so as to be able to suffer and die.

St. Francis of Sales.

To Thee, thou Day of Night ! thou East of
West !

Lo, we at last have found the way
To Thee the world's great universal East.

Crashaw.

DECEMBER 20. INCARNATION.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel;
because He hath visited and wrought
the redemption of His people.

St. Luke i. 68.

Nothing can trouble the inward peace of those who are stayed on God. If a gentle sadness passed over Joseph, as he was repulsed from house after house, because he thought of Mary and the Child, he doubtless smiled with holy peacefulness when he looked into her face. The unborn Babe was rejoicing in the foretaste of His coming humiliations. Each unsympathetic voice that spoke, the noise each door made as it was closed against them, was music in His ear. This was what He had come to seek.

Fr. Faber.

He leaves all His glory behind
To be born and to die for mankind;
With grateful beasts His cradle chooses,
Thankless man His love refuses—
Lord, have pity and mercy on us !

C. T. Gatty.

Our Blessed Lady did not slumber; she answered the divine call at once and came forth at once. She had no need to make long considerations, because she possessed the grace of discernment. She came forth and went whither God led her, and the King of heaven desired her beauty and chose her, not only for His spouse, but for His Mother.

St. Francis of Sales.

Yield then, O yield that Love may win.

Crashaw.

DECEMBER 21. INCARNATION.

WILL God in very deed dwell with men
on the earth ? 2 Chron. vi. 18.

Our Lord is the appointed way to God. The Incarnation lies all round Him, and faith has no access to the throne except over that region, whether they who traverse it have explicit knowledge of its time significance or not. And our Incarnate Lord is the life as well as the way. We cannot dispense with the sacred Humanity in time or in eternity. It is our abiding life.

Fr. Faber.

O Thou that ledest like a sheep
Thine Israel ! All the earth is Thine !
Thy mystic manhood still must sweep
Thy worlds with healing shade divine !

Aubrey de Vere.

Cheer thee, my heart !
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the great throng
Of this unbounded all-embracing song.

Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All Heaven by Thee,
Leaps at Thy birth ! . . .
Come, royal Name, and pay th' expense,
Of all Thy precious patience.

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 22. INCARNATION.

SHE shall bring forth a Son: and thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins.

St. Matt. i. 21.

It is easy to understand why the Incarnation is the central event of all human history. God dwells in inaccessible light. The Incarnation brings Him before our eyes. It has enabled man to know and love God in a way which, to natural reason, would have seemed impossible. *Fr. Headley.*

Light, uncreated light, to cheer the blind;
Infinite mercy sent to heal and bind
All wounds encountered in life's well-fought
field;

These are God's gifts to man—nor these alone:
Himself He gives to all who make those
gifts their own. *Aubrey de Vere.*

Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices
And ten thousand Paradises,
The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art,
To awake them, and to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart,

Crashaw.

DECEMBER 23. INCARNATION.

HE shall not contend, nor cry out,
neither shall any man hear His voice
in the streets.

St. Matt. xii. 19.

In the Scriptures the Face of God is spoken of as if it were the magnet of creatures. There is no doubt that by the word Face is commonly meant the Vision of God, together with all sensible presence, of Him, but especially the Vision of Him. Men lived on sight. . . . The hidden Face of the Creator, the unveiling of that hidden Face—it was for this men were to yearn. It was the lesson life was to teach them, that there was no true life away from the vision of that blessed and beautifying Face. *Fr. Faber.*

'Tis not the work of force but skill
To find the way into man's will.
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock,
Who knows the word, he needs not knock.

Crashaw.

How wonderfully great are our Lord and His Blessed Mother ! what more beautiful and profitable subject for consideration can there be for us, than the humility which our Saviour loved so dearly ?

St. Francis of Sales.

Who Mary love
The long year through have Christmas nigh
them !

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 24. INCARNATION.

WHAT is man that Thou art mindful
of him? and the son of man that
Thou visitest him? *Ps. viii. 5.*

The sun sets on the twenty-fourth of December on the low roofs of Bethlehem, and gleams with wan gold on the steep of its stony ridge. The stars come out one by one. Time itself, as if sentient, seems to get eager, as though the hand of its angel shook as it draws on towards midnight. Bethlehem is at that moment the veritable centre of God's creation. How silently the stars drift down the steep of the midnight sky! Yet a few moments and the Eternal Word will come. *Fr. Faber.*

From end to end, O God! Thy will
With swift yet ordered might doth reach.

Aubrey de Vere.

When we have imagined to ourselves all that we can imagine of the purity, intensity, and gladness of a mother's love, we have still to remember that she who longed to see her Child's Face was the Mother of God, and the Face she longed to see the Face of the Incarnate God.

Fr. Faber.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid; the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist. *Tennyson.*

Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass.

St. Luke ii. 15.

DECEMBER 25. CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE Word was made *Flesh*, and dwelt
among us. *St. John i. 14.*

Welcome all wonders in one sight !
Eternity shut in a span !
Summer in Winter ! Day in Night !
Heaven in Earth ! and God in man !
Great little One ! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to
Earth. *Crashaw.*

Unto us a Child is given.

Isa. ix. 6.

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn, once sent—
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New-born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.

Alice Meynell.

Poor world, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger ?
Is this the best thou canst bestow ?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger ?

Crashaw.

DECEMBER 26. INCARNATION.

WHILE all things were in quiet silence,
and the night was in the midst of
her course, the Almighty Word leapt
down from Heaven from Thy royal throne.

Wisdom xviii. 14.

Come, we shepherds whose blest sight
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the sun that lies too long.

We saw thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal Day;
We saw Thine eyes break from their East,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee; and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Crashaw.

The world His cradle is;
The stars His worshippers;
His "place on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new pressed to hers. *J. Banister Tabb,*

. . . On her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
The fair star is well fix'd, for where, oh
where,
Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere?
'Tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven she sees, Heaven's
God there lies;
She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her
eyes.
This new guest to her eyes new laws hath
given:
'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to
Heaven.

Crashaw.

DECEMBER 27. INCARNATION.

WE have seen His star in the East, and
are come to adore Him.

St. Matt. ii. 2.

How little there was to lead the Kings of the Epiphany, and yet what would they have lost, if they had decided not to follow the star ! We may take this star as an illustration to us of the doctrine of vocations and inspirations. Many a star has risen to us in the clear blue light of faith and we have not followed it. Many a leading light has stood over where the young Child was, as it were beckoning to us with a brightness, in which, modest as it was, we felt there was something heavenly. If we could but have hearts to feel !

Fr. Faber.

Thus shall that reverend Child of Light,
Come forth great Master of the mystic Day,
And teach obscure mankind a more close
way. . . .

To read more legible Thine original ray
And make our darkness serve Thy Day.

Crashaw.

I cannot hold within my hands
Thy gift, but here my Mother stands,
To take it as my own.
It is through her I came to Thee,
And now our go-between is she,
Till I am older grown.

J. Banister Tabb.

DECEMBER 28. INCARNATION.

BEHOLD Me . . . and seekest thou great things ?
Jer. xlv. 6.

The Beasts, the Manger, the Straw, the Darkness, and the Cold ! Such were the preparations which God made for Himself. From the first dawn of Creation every step, and there were countless of them, in the worlds both of spirit and of matter, was a preparation for Jesus. It was a step towards the Incarnation, which was at once the cause and the model of it. While each step seemed to take creation further on, it also brought it a step backward, a step homeward, a step nearer the original idea of it all in the mind of God. *Fr. Faber.*

To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves :
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves :
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

Crashaw.

God is lovable everywhere ; but He appears more so in the manger than elsewhere ; He is a little child ; He is beautiful, winning, perfect ; He is poor by choice. Can I help loving Him ? *Fr. Faber.*

Thy love outstrips us on our way :
From Thee, O God, we fly—to Thee.

Aubrey de Vere.

DECEMBER 29. INCARNATION.

HE came unto His own, and His own
received Him not. *St. John i. 11.*

The world of philosophy needed the Babe of Bethlehem. But it was not conscious of its need, neither did it suspect its coming; neither, though it had sought Truth these hundreds of years, would it know Truth when He came and looked it in the face.

Fr. Faber.

One only knew Him. She alone
Who nightly to His cradle crept,
And, lying like the moonbeam prone,
Worshipped her Maker as He slept.

Aubrey de Vere.

The Treasures of the Godhead are unlocked by a series of shocks or sweet surprises, as is the case when we allow the mystery of the Incarnation to unfold for us the hidden recesses of the Godhead. Thus the littleness of the Babe of Bethlehem, touched in our hearts by the faith in His Divinity, sends us by a kind of impulse far into the understanding of His Infinity.

Fr. Faber.

Tho' Almighty, far from me,
Little Babe, you cannot be;
If perchance you get away,
Back you come on Christmas Day,
And we children hold you here
In our hearts a Prisoner.

J. Banister Tabb.

DECEMBER 30. INCARNATION.

THE least shall become a thousand, and
a little one a most strong nation: I the
Lord will suddenly do this thing in its time.

Isa. lx. 22.

What can be more weak and helpless than that little weary Child, in whose first months this hard pilgrimage to Egypt has to be endured? Yet both that weakness and that weariness are full of mysteries. In His weakness faith sees His omnipotence. That little One is boundless, boundless as an unimaginable sea, and what awful might does not such immensity suppose?

Fr. Faber.

That God who made the sun and moon
In swaddling bands lies dumb and bound!
Love's Captive! darker prison soon
Awaits Thee in the garden ground.

Aubrey de Vere.

Do you ask what you must do to keep yourself always with the deepest reverence before God, as being most unworthy of this grace; remember that He is our God, and that we are His feeble creatures, all unworthy of this honour.

St. Francis of Sales.

Nations now no more,
Shall any day but Thine adore.

Crashaw.

DEC. 31. LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

I AM Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.

Apoc. xxii. 13.

God is our last End as well as our First Cause. Another day is gone, another week is past, another year is told. Blessed be God then, we are nearer to the end. It comes swiftly, it comes slowly too. Come it must. But there are stern things to pass through, and to the getting well through there goes more than we can say. One thing we know, that personal love of God is the only thing which reaches God at last.

Fr. Faber.

Have I laid by from summer hours,
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers ?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon ?
Is God in all things more and more,
A King within me than before ? *Fr. Faber.*

Discover to me, O my God, the nothingness of this world, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time, and the length of eternity.

The Garden of the Soul.

O let me run to Thee, as runs a wind,
That leaves the withered trees, it moved,
behind,
And triumphs forward, careless of its wake !

Michael Field.

FINIS

Behold I come quickly.

Apoc. xxii. 7.

BUT frame Thee first a perfect crown
Of spirits freed from stain;
Souls mortal once, now matched for ever-
more
With the mortal gems that formed Thy
wreath before. *Cardinal Newman.*

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